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Time.

Say, is there aught that can convey
 An image of its transient stay?
 'Tis a hand's breadth, 'tis a tale,
 'Tis a vessel under sail:
 'Tis a courtier's straining steed,
 'Tis a shuttle in its speed.
 'Tis an eagle on its way,
 Darting down upon its prey.
 'Tis an arrow in its flight,
 Mocking the pursuing sight.
 'Tis a vapour in the air,
 'Tis a whirlwind rushing there.
 'Tis a short-lived, fading flower,
 'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
 'Tis a momentary ray
 Smiling on a winter day.
 'Tis a torrent's rapid stream,
 'Tis a shadow, 'tis a dream.
 'Tis the closing watch of night
 Dying at the rising light.
 'Tis a landscape, vainly gay,
 Painted upon crumbling clay.
 'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires,
 'Tis a spark that quick expires.
 'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh,
 Be prepared, O man, to die

James Golding's Boy.

CHAPTER I.

TWAS Saturday night, a clear, fine evening in July, and the Hilton people were beginning to draw breath after a hot, busy day. For Saturday, as everyone knows, is market day at Hilton, and about twice as much business is done on that day as during the rest of the week, when Hilton is as sleepy and lazy as most other small country towns.

James Golding has not time yet to get breath, hardly time to wipe his hot forehead between handing the square packet of tea, and little cone of sugar to one customer, and dropping the money into the till, and turning to the next with a "Well, ma'am, and what's for you?"

James Golding's was only a small shop, and stood quite in the outskirts of Hilton, looking across the cricket-field, and away to the river; there was only himself and a boy to attend to his customers, and there was not much to be seen through the small panes of his little shop window; and yet many a farmer's gig or spring cart stops at Golding's, as it is driven out from market, rather than at Parker's, the grand grocers in the market-place, with the large-plate-glass windows, and the china man with a nodding head, and the heaps of coffee, and the pyramids of sugar in the window, and the row of smart, obliging young men in white aprons. For Golding's was an old established business, his father had kept the shop before him, and the fathers and mothers of the present race of farmers and farmers' wives had dealt there, and found the things good, before Parker or plate-glass had been thought of in Hilton.

A small, sharp-faced man was James Golding, older looking than his years, which were about forty-five, his hair was growing thin on his temples, and there were lines on his forehead, and round his mouth, that told of trouble in his life. Few people, indeed; see forty years of this troublesome life without a dark cloud or two, and James Golding has not been free, as we shall hear, if we listen to those two women, who, having stowed away the various packets in their baskets, are turning home together in the fast growing dusk.

"He must be making a smart bit of money, Master Golding must," said one.

"Ay, ay," was the answer; "he sticks to his business, he does, and sees to things himself, and that's the way to make money."

"I don't see, neither, why he need be working so hard, when he's only his own mouth to fill, and not a chick nor child to think for. It was a sad thing his losing his wife and child so sudden."

"Yes, so I've heard tell. He felt it terrible bad, they say."

"Ay, that he did, I mind it well. He weren't over young when he married, and folks did say as how he might have chosen better, for she was one of them smart ones, dressy and fond of company and that; and she made the money fly faster than Golding liked altogether. But he was terrible foolish over her, and she had her way in most things. They made no end of fuss over the baby, and it was dressed up to the skies pretty near; my lady's at the

James Golding's Boy.

Hall was nothing to it in its ribbons and laces. And then she went off to see her people, they wasn't of these parts, lived t'other side of London, or somewheres, and there she and her baby died. I never heard tell much about it, but it must have been quite sudden, and James Golding felt it terrible, and couldn't abear to hear a word of it; but it made an old man of him."

"A bad job for him," replied the other; "but there, it's always the way, them as has plenty has nobody to give it to, and poor folk like us, as find it hard to make two ends meet, have half-a-dozen children, and next to nothing to put in their mouths."

And then their talk turned from Golding's trouble to bad times and babies, where we will not follow it.

The little oil lamp was lighted in the shop window before the customers ceased coming. No early closing on Saturdays for the Hilton shopkeepers. What would the labourers wives have done, who only got their wages when their husbands came home from work, and then had to go to shop with them? So the shops were open later on Saturdays, and Golding's was often one of the latest. Nine was striking from St. Peter's on the Hill, when Golding at last bid the boy put up the shutters; but even then some one pushed open the door, with its little jingling bell, and came up to the counter. All the afternoon and evening a woman had been loitering about near the shop, a dirty, poor-looking woman, a regular tramp, with broken, dusty boots, and ragged bonnet pulled down low over her face. A child was with her, a little boy about three, a bright and merry little fellow, who seemed quite contented, playing about in the dust, and rolling on the grass. Through the hot afternoon this woman and child had stayed on the dusty bit of turf opposite the shop, between the road and the hedge of the cricket-field, the woman dozing, and the child playing, but Golding had been too busy to notice them. He was making up his books as the woman entered, and at the same time keeping an eye on the shop-boy, who was as much given to mischief as most boys.

"Gently, Tom, gently, them shutters ain't made of iron—6 and 4 is 10 and 9 is 19, 1s. 7d.—mind that glass there—carried forward £2 1s. 7d. No, my good woman, I haven't anything for you. Come be off, we're just closing."

The woman made no answer, but laid one thin, worn hand, with a wedding ring on the third finger, near James Golding's on the counter, while with the other she pushed back her ragged bonnet, and cleared the rough hair from her forehead and eyes, and stood looking at him. For a minute he did not notice her, for he was still busy reckoning, but when he had reached the bottom of the column, he turned to her again, angrily: "Come, did you hear what I said?" and then the words died away on his lips, as his eyes met hers. There was something more than the entreaty of an ordinary beggar in those eager eyes, and the misery of that haggard, worn face.

"James," said a weak, hoarse voice, and the sound seemed to break the spell that kept James Golding staring at the woman's face. "I've nothing for you," he said, coldly, and turned to his books again. "I don't want any beggars here."

James Golding's Boy.

"Have you forgotten——" the woman began, but he interrupted almost fiercely, though his voice was low, lest the strange meeting should be noticed by the boy outside the window. "No," he said, "I have not forgotten that I had a wife once, but I lost her two years ago—Do you hear? She died, as far as I am concerned, and there's an end of it."

"I don't ask anything for myself," the woman's weary, hopeless voice went on, "God knows I've no right to ask anything of you, but it's the child—poor little boy—your boy, James Golding, your boy! have pity on him!"

Golding's face was white and set, and his voice came hoarsely from his shut teeth. "If you don't go off this minute with that brat of yours, I'll have the constable to turn you out. And don't let me ever see you face again."

"It isn't likely," the woman said, as she took the child's hand, "as you'll ever be troubled with me again; but the child, oh! James Golding, the child! God have mercy on it, if you won't!"

"4 and 5 is 9 and 6 is 15."

James Golding was back at his books again, and, as the boy came in from putting up the shutters, he met the ragged woman and child going out into the dark street. The woman's shawl caught on the sugar-cask at the door, and tore, but she did not seem to notice it, passing on into the night without a look back, and his master was busy still with his books and took no heed. But the figures were dancing and swimming before Golding's eyes, and he shut the book with a bang, saying to himself that he was tired and must do it another time.

The shop boy bid him Good night, and ran off whistling down the street, and James Golding locked the door after him and turned into the little back-parlour where his solitary supper was set ready for him. It was all very nice and comfortable, but the room seemed hot and stifling to him, and he opened the little casement and looked out into his garden behind. There were heavy clouds coming up, and he said to himself that a storm was coming, and even as he thought it, a low rumbling sound of thunder in the distance, and the first heavy drops of rain showed that he had said true. It came on quickly, heavy peals of thunder, bright, dazzling flashes of lightning and pouring rain, a storm that made one glad to be under a good shelter, as Golding was. His supper was waiting for him, and his pipe lay ready filled on the shelf, and upstairs his bed was inviting him to rest after his hard working day, but he did not seem inclined for either, but sat watching the storm, and, forgetting the comforts and shelter he enjoyed, his mind followed two homeless, shelterless wanderers, going on with weary feet and drenched clothes, and in spite of himself he heard the voice of a tired little child crying in the storm, and he heard again the woman's despairing voice—"It's the child! God have mercy on it if you won't!"

The storm was passing, and James Golding got up and shook himself, as if to shake off his oppressive fancies, and spoke aloud, "I swore I'd done with them, and I'd well nigh forgotten them, and I won't be worried with them now;" and he turned to his supper



and went up to bed, and soon fell asleep and dreamt of old days when he was the happiest and proudest man in Hilton, with his little boy in his arms, and his pretty wife, and his happy home, and he woke with a start, fancying he heard a child crying, and turned over saying, "I've done with them for ever," and went to sleep again.

A hard man was James Golding, but he had borne a great deal, and the cold touch of trouble had frozen, not broken, his heart. He had idolized his wife and baby with all the love of a narrow nature; they had been his one thought and hope in this world and the next. His very love and faith in God seemed only part of his love and faith in them, and his kindness to his fellow-men was only the overflowing of his exceeding kindness to his wife and baby.

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When then one day, as he was thinking of the delight of his wife's return from a visit to her parents to the home that was so lonely without her, he received a letter from her father, full of shame and anger, against his daughter, saying how she had been false to her husband, and sinned against God, and how she had left her father's house, taking the baby with her; Golding's faith, his love, his peace of mind, crumbled to dust, and his life was ruined; words of comfort and sympathy were added, but what good were they to his crushed heart. In the bright morning of that day the neighbours saw James Golding creep out white and dazed, and blinking, like one dazzled in the sun, and with his own hands put up the shutters.

"Anything wrong?" asked one, passing by.

"Yes," was the answer; "my wife and child are dead."

CHAPTER II.

ST. PETER'S on the Hill was a small, plain church at the unfashionable end of Hilton. It had been built when St. Margaret's could no longer pretend to hold all the town, and had been divided into a separate parish, and was now independent of St. Margaret's altogether, and had schools and clergymen of its own. Mr. Percy was the name of the incumbent, and he was much liked. A plain, kind-hearted man, with free sympathy for all troubles, great or small, from the man who had lost his fortune to the child who had broken its doll. He had not many rich people in his parish, for at St. Margaret's were to be found the fashionables of Hilton, and little St. Peter's had a poorer class of worshippers, who, I am sure, praised God no less heartily that they worked hard all the week. It was to St. Peter's that James Golding went every Sunday. He had been one of the first to go there when it was consecrated three years before, and his wife was at his side then. His baby was baptised there, and Golding still went on attending regularly at the morning and evening service after his trouble fell on him.

Mr. Percy had noticed the change in Golding, caused, as he supposed, by his intense sorrow at his wife's death, and he tried to lead the man to speak of his grief, and so lighten the load that lay on his heart. He spoke to him of not sorrowing as one without hope, of the pleasant memory of his peaceful married life, of the troubles and sorrows his wife had escaped, of the safe haven she and her baby had found free from the trials of this transitory life, and of the hope of meeting them both again in heaven; and he never guessed how his kindly meant words only sent a new sting into the man's sick heart. But when he found that all his attempts at comfort were met by respectful silence, and only added to Golding's gloom, he gave them up, commending him to a better Comforter. He would not quite let him go, however, but tried to win his friendship, though he could not gain his confidence. He tried to interest him in parochial matters, invited him to join the choir, where his bass voice was very useful, and often consulted him and talked over matters with him, till Golding was called Mr. Percy's right hand man.

James Golding's Boy.

At first Golding would rather have been let alone ; but as the pain deadened in his heart, as the sharpest pain will, he began to take a pleasure in his position at St. Peter's, and to be pleased at being treated as a man in authority and a confidential friend of Mr. Percy's. Sunday was his happiest day, only it was happy with the praise of man, not of God.

The day following that evening described in the last chapter was one of those bright, fresh days that so often follow a thunder-storm, when the summer seems to have taken a new lease of beauty. The bells of St. Peter's were ringing as Golding locked his door behind him and turned up the hill. Groups of people in their Sunday clothes were going in the same direction, and all round nature, too, seemed to be more than usually adorned to do honour to God's day, even the piece of turf, where the beggar woman had sat the day before, was washed free from dust and looked green and fresh. But James Golding felt out of tune with all around him, he avoided the groups of people he knew, shut his eyes to the beauty of the morning and grumbled to himself that the way was steep and the road muddy. In church, too, nothing pleased him ; the prayers were tedious, the sermon long and dull, the singing flat, the church hot and close. It was generally the custom at St. Peter's for the choir men to stop at the gate till Mr. Percy came out of the vestry, as he often had some remarks to make on the morning service or instruction to give for the evening, and Golding was always one of those who stayed, but this morning he kept his seat till the church was quite empty, hoping that the talk would be over and Mr. Percy and the others gone before he got out ; but he was disappointed, for when at last he ventured out, he found that Mr. Percy had been detained and the men were still there, and all clustered round Smith, the stationer, who was giving some description which seemed to interest all his hearers. As Golding approached, the circle opened to admit him, and Smith turned to the new comer, "I was just telling them, Master Golding, of the woman who was found dead in the Low meadows."

"Who?"

"A poor tramp woman with a little child."

It was well for James Golding that just at this moment Mr. Percy came out and joined the group, and the greetings to him drew away attention from the ashy paleness of Golding's face, which otherwise might have betrayed him. The story was now told to Mr. Percy, and Golding was able to listen unnoticed with strained hearing and beating heart, while Smith told the few details he knew.

Some children coming to school had heard a child crying in the Low meadows, and had found a woman lying on her face, as they thought, asleep. But when they found they could not rouse her, they got frightened and ran for help. But help was too late ; she had been dead, the doctor said, for hours, and they carried the body and the little child to the workhouse. "I saw her," said the man, "as they carried her by ; she was quite a young woman, but worn, poor soul, almost to a skeleton."

"Were there any signs of violence?" asked one.

James Golding's Boy.

"Oh, no; she was evidently quite hopelessly ill, and fell from exhaustion, and died where she fell, that was what the doctor said, but they'll hold the inquest to-morrow."

"Do they know where she came from?"

"No, they can't even tell her name, but they'll try and find out."

"Poor creature," said Mr. Percy; "it's sad to think of the want and poverty in this rich Christian land of ours. But where's Golding? I wanted a word with him."

"He was here a minute ago, Sir, but he stepped away just now."

"Well, good day."

"Good day, Sir."

That was a splendid Sunday afternoon, a cloudless blue sky and golden sunshine pouring down on everything like God's great justice, yet with a soft West wind blowing gently, like God's mercy tempering His justice. Justice and mercy, sunshine and wind, both entered the great bare workhouse room where a rosy, little boy had cried himself to sleep on the floor and sobbed even now in his sleep for "Mother." The sweet, soft wind alone stole in to that quiet room, detached from the other Union buildings where lay the body of the woman who had been a sinner. It moved the hair on her pale forehead as gently as if no brand of shame was there, and stirred the rags on her still breast as tenderly as if the heart that once beat there had been pure—gentle and tender as God's great loving-kindness, for His mercy endureth for ever.

The sun beat fiercely into Golding's little parlour till he rose and shut it out impatiently, for his head ached, and the brightness and beauty of the day were hateful to him. It would be impossible to describe all the thoughts that passed through his brain, those hours that he sat with his head leaning on his hands and his elbows on the table. Sometimes those bitter two years faded away, and there was nothing left but sorrow for his pretty wife; but these softer feelings were soon driven from him by anger and shame. Had she not wronged him enough that she should come back to shame him before everyone? She had ruined his happiness and spoiled his life, and now she was come back to hurt him more by her death than she had in her life. He had sworn to have done with her, and now the world would know, the little world of Hilton—that was the whole world to him—that he had been disgraced, that his wife had died a miserable outcast almost at his door, and his child had been taken in rags to the workhouse. How could he look anyone in the face? When would Mr. Percy and all hear of it? Perhaps even now they did know, and were wondering and talking of him. She had robbed him of the last thing he had left, the respect and good opinion of his neighbours.

With these thoughts the afternoon passed, and, before he thought the time had nearly come, the old woman, who came from a neighbouring cottage to attend to his house, came in to get his tea, and roused him by her chatter about the weather and the storm. She, at any rate, had not yet heard who the woman was, and he felt a moment's relief. As he finished his tea, the church bells began for evening service, and he hesitated whether he should

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

go or not. Well, if they all knew it, his going would do no harm, and if they did not know, they would wonder at his not being there. He reached church just in time, and, as he looked round, his heart stood still, and he told himself that the worst had come, for his eyes met those of the master of the Hilton Union fixed upon him. All through the service he was in a dream. What should he do? He would go away, sell the business and go with the little boy; a feeling of pleasure even came across him at the thought of himself and his boy going away together and beginning life again somewhere else. But the sermon was over, the blessing was given, the organ sounding, and he must go out with the rest of the congregation. The hot church is left behind, and he is out in the open air under the beautiful evening sky. He was almost clear of the congregation, when he heard a step coming hastily behind him, and felt a hand on his arm, and heard the master's voice say, "Golding, I want a word with you."

It was just as he expected and had pictured to himself, but now—he had not a word to say, and stood waiting for the next.

"Why, man alive!" went on Mr. Giles, "are you ill? or have I startled you out of your senses? You're walking home, I'll come with you, and we'll have a pipe together, if you're at leisure. It was about that tea and sugar I wanted to speak, as I'd the chance."

What came next Golding did not hear or care to hear, he could only say to himself again and again that he was still safe and his secret was not known. And then Mr. Giles spoke of the dead woman, and said that they could not even find out her name, and that there seemed no way of finding out anything about her, and the child was too young to help them.

After Mr. Giles was gone, James thought calmly over it all. He was safe, no one need ever know the wretched story, unless indeed he proclaimed it himself and took the child, and that was out of the question now. He had sworn to have done with his wife, and he had; she had made her bed, and must lie in it, even though that bed were her death-bed in the long, damp grass of the Low meadows or a nameless pauper's grave, and the child must take its chance. He would forget all about it, and be happy in his shop and business, in his respectability, and in being looked up to by other people.

(To be continued.)

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF PRIZZLAND.

THE WARDENS.



HE day has happily passed when Mrs. Jowler, whose husband had recently been elected Churchwarden, insisted on being called 'Mrs. Churchwarden Jowler,' not because the office was regarded as an high and important religious office, but only because she thought to gain control over the big, square pews and to displace the wife of a neighbouring farmer, against whom she had a long standing grudge.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

That day (let us be glad of it) is over, and so too is the day when (under 1 Eliz., c. 2) Churchwardens were bound to levy a fine of one shilling, to be given to the poor, on all such as did not attend Church on Sundays and Holydays, unless they could give a reasonable excuse for their neglect; for it is folly to attempt to force men to be religious, sad and sinful though it be for a nation to forget God in its laws.

And let us rejoice, too, that the day is gone for ever when, unhappily for the Church of Christ, Churchwardens were frequently notorious for being Non-Communicants, for being quite unfit for their important and religious duties, and when their Wardenship was deemed worthy of Parochial approval in proportion as the Church-rate was reduced to the lowest possible poundage, and when, as a result, meanness and even filthiness were permitted in the house of God and at its diminished services, until what even came to be known as 'Churchwardens' Mould' crept, like a leprosy, along the walls,—sad symbol of the spiritual leprosy which festered in the hearts and souls of many Church-people of that period.

These things are gone. Let us thank God for it. It is a blessed thing they are gone.

But the office of Churchwarden has not ceased. It exists as of old, and it is likely to become of greater importance than ever. It occupies one of the most ancient positions amongst the Lay Offices of the Church. From the earliest days Laymen were called on to assist in Church matters; only, as is clearly shown in the New Testament and in Ancient History, there was no clashing in action, no mingling of their respective functions betwixt them and the Clergy.

Churchwardens represent the privileges of the Laity in things spiritual within the Church. They are eminently the great connecting link between the Clergy and the Laity. They would be worth retaining, therefore, if this alone were the reason for so doing. But there are other important reasons for this. The office of Churchwarden is one of great felicity in its mode of introducing Laymen for work within as well as outside of the Church, but with a well-defined distinction between the spiritual function of the ordained Deacon or Priest, and the religious duties or functions of the unordained Churchwarden.

The Churchwarden ministers, subject to law and the Bishop, in many holy things between the people and the Priest.

It is his especial duty and privilege to see to the proper condition of the Church, for, as the great Blackstone says, "Churchwardens are the guardians or keepers of the Church, and representatives of the body of the parish." It is his duty to assist in decently and devoutly collecting the Offertory every week and to bring it for presentation.

It is his duty to have regard to the proper and due celebration of the two Sacraments, and to see to it that all things are right and comely for the ministration of both the one and the other.

It is, as it ever was, his duty to secure, if possible, the use, day by day, of public prayers in his Church, to assist at these, and at all

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

occasional services, especially at Confirmations and other occasions of concourse, and generally to promote punctuality, order, reverence and devotion in the ministration of all services.

To the Churchwarden, too, belong the privilege and duty, as the representative at once of the Bishop and the people, of properly placing the parishioners in Church for worship, endeavouring to accommodate all who come, and to promote the utmost reverence and devotion by every means in his power.

The Churchwardens also ought to have frequent regard to the furniture of the Church, taking care that all things are comely, and in proper order, for the purposes for which they were intended. They ought often to look into the Belfry and the Ringing Chamber, and to see to it that no kind of misconduct takes place anywhere within or about the sacred edifice. Churchwardens, too, should take care that the Church is well furnished with a Prayer Desk for the Prayers, a Lectern for the Lessons, and, it may be, a Faldstool for the Litany, and that the Pulpit is suited to its purpose, and also that the Lord's Table is, in all particulars, adapted to the sacred ministration of 'that holy mystery.'

May it not be, too, that Churchwardens ought, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, to induce due obedience to the wise orders of the Rubrics, which evidently intend, that after Non-Communicants have withdrawn (after the Prayer for the Church militant) Communicants shall be '*conveniently placed for receiving the Holy Communion*?' Attention to this would render the celebration often a much heartier, livelier, and warmer act than it now is, when all sympathy is chilled by the miserable separation of the people from one another. The whole power and charm of the 'sympathy of numbers' is lost by inattention to this rubric; and Churchwardens could soon, therefore, do a grand work here. In a few old Churches this custom (as well as of marrying in the body of the Church) is happily maintained.

Churchwardens, too, may, by a little tact and wisdom, put an end to all misbehaviour just outside the Church. We have known them issue forth always at a *certain hour* (with more than one object, perhaps, as it was sermon time!) professedly to see that beer-houses were closed, but, in fact, *by their punctuality*, to keep them open until that time! By irregular and uncertain sallies out around the Church (and we do not advise their going far), they may soon put a complete stop to much that is often very annoying about the House of God.

Especially should they see to it that ill-behaved persons do not congregate near the Church just before the close of Divine service.

It is a matter of much thankfulness that often, now-a-days, Churchwardens may be seen not alone discharging their exact duties, but displaying an amount of zeal and singleness of heart and self-denial, which it is refreshing to witness, and will, we trust, extend on every side.

It is the recognised duty of every Church-person, wherever he or she may be, to assist in the performance of any of the offices of the Church (baptisms, burials, or whatever it may be that happens to be proceeding), and clearly it must be much more the duty

Sir Thomas More in the Tower.

of the Churchwardens to do so. Of course, every Churchwarden ought to be a Communicant. The primitive Church said that "No man is a complete layman, but he that is in full communion with the Church;" surely then no man can be a complete lay officer of the Church who is not a Communicant! But all we urge may be summed up in the one word, "Heartiness."

And we earnestly and affectionately call on all Churchwardens, in whatever part of the world they may be, that, without delay, they endeavour, by the grace of God, prayerfully and wisely to promote everything which may render God's House on earth, and the services therein, warm, earnest, and congregational.

We say to them, Work heartily with your minister and your people. Do nothing rash. Do nothing rashly. But do something, yea, do much. Do all wisely, humbly, prayerfully, and thus begin this year with the grand work of the promotion, in the discharge of their many religious functions, of "Heartiness amongst Churchwardens."

The New Year.

TIME slips from under us. The year is gone!
And now—what comes? Hark to the headlong bells,
Whose sudden cries shoot through the circling air,
Like lightning through the dark. What birth is next?
The year,—the new-born year! Cold, weak and pale,
She enters on her round. No flowers awake
To herald her; no winds start forth to pipe
Their Bacchanalian welcomes in her ear:
But silence and inanimate Nature lie
In watch, awaiting her first look serene;
And, deep within her breast, what marvels sleep;
What deeds of good and ill; what dreams,—desires,
Flowers like the stars, and thoughts beyond the flowers;
Laughing delights, mute woes, passionate tears;
And kindness, human sunshine, softening all!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sir Thomas More in the Tower.



IR THOMAS MORE, who was made Chancellor in 1530, boldly opposed King Henry VIII.'s divorce from Catherine of Arragon, for which he was sent to the Tower, brought to trial, and condemned to lose his head, which sentence he endured with courage and

dignity.

Whilst he was a prisoner in the Tower, he would not so much as suffer himself to be trimmed, saying, "That there was a controversy between the king and him for his head, and till that was at a happy end, he would be at no cost about it."

Upon which quaint saying an old writer makes this reflection:—"Certainly, all the cost we bestow on ourselves, to make our lives pleasurable and joyous to us, is but mere folly till it be decided what will become of the suit betwixt God and us, what



SIR THOMAS MORE IN THE TOWER.

will be the issue of the controversy that God hath against us, and that not for our heads, but for our souls, whether for heaven or hell. Were it not, then, the wisest course to begin with making our peace, and then we may soon lead a happy life."

Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

On the rock of Thy commandments
Fix me firmly lest I slide;
With the glory of Thy presence
Cover me on every side,
God, for ever glorified.

S. JOHN DAMASCENE,
Hymns of the Eastern Church.



NOT long since, the writer overheard in a public place a somewhat sharp passage of words between two earnest, intelligent, but not highly educated men. The lively, interesting discussion carried on with such eagerness and vigour quickly attracted several listeners. Almost at once there were two parties as well as two talkers. With no ordinary zeal each set of partizans attempted to aid its leader with apt quotations. Expressions of dissent or approval, as arguments adverse or favourable were advanced, became frequent and lusty. Even the most careless spectator must have observed an unusually strong desire to come at the right of the matter by some means or other. Each word appeared to be challenged—scrutinised—thoroughly sifted and discussed—before it was allowed to be taken as proved. Many were the minor alterations of phrases before statements made were conceded. Inch by inch, so to speak, was the ground gallantly contested, till at length the defender had to yield his position. It was a healthy and refreshing spectacle. Earnest, candid, thinking, yet untrained, men spending their leisure time in such a bracing and improving manner. Just freed from engrossing daily labour—these anxious and ardent controversialists were ready at once to enter with keenest zest on an intellectual contest about matters of great importance.

As it should seem, the occasion of this debate was a recent purchase which had been made by one of the disputants. Passing a book-shop, he observed a copy of the New Testament in English, published by Baron Tauchnitz, and edited by that celebrated German scholar, Constantine Tischendorf. To see it was to buy; and the preface of that edition, in its simple yet impressive diction, was read and read again! The man was resolved so far to master its conclusions and understand its terms as to be able to convey to others some faint idea of the importance of this new discovery in the region of Biblical knowledge; and he spent every moment of the brief intervals of leisure in perusing with unabating diligence, pencil in hand, chapter after chapter. Each search seemed to yield some fresh store of wisdom from the abundant harvest thus furnished by the casual investment in this unpretending little volume.

What patience, ability, acuteness, were manifested in the attempt to decipher the foot-notes, so as to be able to form some opinion upon the consequences of the alterations suggested! The outlook upon the Past, how strange it was! When, but as yesterday, the English Bible as in common use—as quoted from the pulpit—was held as the *very words* spoken by God to man—how quickly had this dream of life been dispelled! Well into middle life—the man had had the most vague and hazy notions—even if any notions at all as to *how* the Holy Scriptures came into existence. There was a guess, or suspicion, or idea, that somehow or other the

book was found by the Reformers in the sixteenth century. This mist which had hung about the mind soon showed symptoms of departure on the arrival of this vivid, powerful, welcome beam of light. The elements of a sound, true and satisfactory knowledge having been thus introduced into the mind, there was a thirst and longing to obtain fresh additions to the present limited stock.

It should be observed, then, that it was in the very early days of possession, when almost in a delirium of delight, that the controversy which has been mentioned took place. By the merest chance there was this meeting with a shrewd, sturdy, obstinate stickler for the belief that every single syllable of the English Bible is a special and direct inspiration of God. Then came this smart, prolonged combat of words. Though by far the abler man, and with much the strongest arguments in his favour, the man of new fangled notions was now and again made to feel extremely uncomfortable. The management of his new found weapons was a difficult task. He was now and then consciously aware that he was playing with edge tools without sufficient knowledge or practice. At intervals there was a break, an awkward pause, a hesitation, a wavering, a waiting for the right word, the correct date, which more than suggested, that, however strong the wish to become conqueror in the argument, the power to gain a decided advantage had yet to be acquired. 'Original language,' 'canon,' 'codex,' 'manuscript,' 'version,' 'translation,' 'recension,' 'interpolation,' 'omission,' 'text,' 'reading,' these were terms which as yet had no clear, definite meaning in his mind.

It was only of late that he could himself claim an acquaintance with these words, and so it was only likely that mistakes would occasionally occur. In such unpractised hands the wrong word would, as a matter of course, make its appearance. If a fact must be declared, instead of proving a formidable artillery against his opponent's position, the frequent misuse of terms delayed and protracted the struggle.

The end came, however, at length. The defender of the authorised English version could not answer this question. If every English word in the English Bible is a special and direct inspiration of God, how is it that in the Prayer Book there are many words in the Psalms which are not the same as in the Bible?

Now, it may be, perhaps, that there are those of our readers who would consider it the greatest profanity to suspect the genuineness of even one English word within the covers of our English Bible, who would almost avoid the company of a doubter about a verse, and who still need more information than what they at present possess. They are unacquainted with certain facts which it is well to be aware of in these active days. Unacquainted, not willingly, yet actually so. Uninformed simply because the means of enlightenment have never been within their reach. Wherefore some modest instalments of information upon the Origin and History of the Old and New Testament may not be ill-timed now; when every tittle of reliable intelligence is eagerly sought after and received; and it is this, that the writer hopes to be able to give in succeeding papers, in as simple a form as he can use on what is a somewhat difficult subject.

Reflection

ON A CHILD STOPPING HIS EARS WHILE BEING TAUGHT.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

"Even like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears; which refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."—Psalm lvi. 4, 5.



IN an old hall in the East Riding of Yorkshire, belonging to a branch of my family, hangs a very beautiful picture by a French artist—Greuze, I believe—of a little boy about five years of age being taught his letters by a young and interesting mother. He stands by her lap, leaning his elbows on her knees, with his forefingers in both his ears, while the archness of his look betrays a lively consciousness how utterly the lesson of his painstaking parent is thrown away upon him! She nevertheless appears bent on persevering; and, though doubtless aware of the little urchin's perverseness, hopes, almost against hope, that some seed of her instruction may slip in between whiles, and take root even in such unpromising ground.

This child, indeed, is partly excusable, for he hardly knows better; and the kind mother bears meekly with his natural averseness to learn, which seems part of our original birth-sin. But what shall we say of those who, being no longer babes, but full-grown men and women, thus obstinately shut their ears against the truth, avoid to come within hearing of the preacher, or, if brought to Church against their will, shut their ears, and refuse to hear his voice, charm he never so wisely.

The charmer, in the case of this little boy, was one so fair and lovely, that one would have thought it scarcely possible for even a child not to listen to her winning accents. The charmer in our case is our blessed Saviour, speaking to us early and late, in the tenderness of love, through His appointed ministers, anxious to gather us together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, but we will not.

Who will not blame this child, young as he is, for making no other use of his ears than to put his fingers in them in order to block up this principal avenue of instruction? But naughty as he is, we are worse. He does but shut out the voice of his parent teaching him what it was high time and most needful that he should know. We, some of us at least, not only shut out the voice of Wisdom, but open the portals wide to the voice of Folly. We listen eagerly to the sly whisper of the serpent, while we are deaf to the louder but loving note of the dove.

Unlike the wise Ulysses, who stopped the ears of his crew with wax against the Sirens' song, and caused himself to be fast bound to the mast, in order, if by any means, to escape their fascinations; we rush headlong upon the ruin which we know awaits us from the deadly poison that entereth in at the ear, and even invite our comrades to partake with us of the baneful draught. But let an angel from heaven call upon us to walk still in the narrow path of duty and shun the broad highway of sin, he shall call to us in vain; he addresses himself to ears close stuffed with cotton. We are fast bound by the chains of our sins, and hug them with a willing mind.

This child, if he persisted long in his obstinacy, would grow up

Reflection.

an ignorant, and therefore an unhappy, man, and who to blame but himself? The patient mother avoids compulsion, and hopes to win by long endurance; and haply she will succeed in time. But what



of the grown-up reprobate, who will neither turn nor hear, even though Christ bear long with his wilfulness, and seek him once and again? What of the perverse spirit that would die sooner than enter the doors of a Church; or entering, comes only to scoff and to despise? I see not the difference between putting the fingers in both ears during the delivery of a sermon, and allowing the words to pass through them unregarded. As well stay away from Church altogether as come with thoughts pre-occupied with the farm or the shop, and, as it were, with a settled purpose to refuse instruction in the way of holiness. "He that hath ears to hear," said our Saviour, "let him hear." "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." We shall be judged hereafter as surely for neglect of the due use of the ear, as we shall for the undue use of the tongue.



Rutherford's Last Words.



AMUEL RUTHERFORD was one of the ablest Scotch writers in the early part of the seventeenth century, who displayed a fine Christian spirit through stormy times. He was silenced in 1636 for preaching against the articles of Perth, and was for a time imprisoned.

His letters, many of which were written in jail, are rich in Christian experience, and have also a literary value as specimens of the English then in use among scholars. In 1639 he was appointed Professor of Divinity at the New College, St. Andrew's, and was one of the Commissioners at the Westminster Assembly. His *Lex Rex*, a Treatise on Civil Polity, written in reply to the Bishop of Ross, was, after the Restoration, burned by order of the Committee of Estates. *Anwoth*, where he fulfilled his ministry, is one of the loveliest spots in Scotland. The Solway, coming up between round hills, encircled by still rising heights covered with shrubs to the top, presents a beautiful picture in summer. The following lines on his last words, '*Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's Land,*' which breathe the spirit of his own works, were written by a lady, and some of them are truly exquisite.

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks:
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes;
Dark, dark, hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, well it is for ever!
Oh, well for evermore!
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore.
Yea, let the vain world perish,
As from the ship we strand,
While glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the red rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heart-most bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume:
Oh, to behold it blossom,
Be by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty
Without a veil is seen;
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.
The Lamb, with his fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fulness,
His mercy does expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oft in yon sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst,
For *Anwoth* was not heaven,
And preaching was not Christ.
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little new Jerusalem,
Like to the one above,—
"Lord take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand,
"Take me to love's own country,
And to Immanuel's land."

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew,
So Christ from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew;
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scanned,
But glory shadeless shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of *Anwoth*,
I used to count them blest,
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest.
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory deathless dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair *Anwoth* by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear;
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
If but one soul from *Anwoth*
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land.

New Year's Day.

I've wrestled on toward heaven
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
As fall the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.
Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp!
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
Oh, to join Hallelujah!
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove:
But aye the dens of sorrow
Were lustered by His love.
I'll bless the Hand that guided,
I'll bless the Heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down life's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert briar
Break into Eden's rose.
The curse shall change to blessing,
The name on earth that's banned,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.
Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into His house of wine.

I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Filled with His likeness rise
To love and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
'Twixt me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand,
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.
The Bride eyes not her garments,
But her dear Bridegroom's face,
I will not gaze at glory,
But at my King of grace.
Not on the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand,
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.
I have borne wrath and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproached me
In Christ's thrice blessed name;
Where God's seal's set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noon-day
In Immanuel's land.
They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come;
My Lord says "Come up hither,"
My Lord says "Welcome home!"
My kingly King at His white Throne
My presence doth command,
And "glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

New Year's Day.

Rise, sons of merry England, from mountain and from plain,
Let each light up his spirit, let none unmoved remain:
The morning is before you, and glorious is the sun;
Rise up, and do your blessed work before the day be done.
"Come help us, come and help us," from the valley and the hill
To the ear of God in heaven are the cries ascending still:
The soul that wanteth knowledge, the flesh that wanteth food;—
Arise, ye sons of England, go about doing good.
Your hundreds and your thousands at usage and in purse,
Behold a safe investment, which shall bless and never curse!
Oh, who would spend for house or land, if he might but from above
Draw down the sweet and holy dew of happiness and love?
Pour out upon the needy ones the soft and healing balm;
The storm hath not arisen yet—ye yet may keep the calm:
Already mounts the darkness,—the warning wind is loud;
But ye may seek your fathers' God, and pray away the cloud.
Go, throng our ancient churches, and on the holy floor
Kneel humbly in your penitence among the kneeling poor;
Cry out at morn and even, and amid the busy day,
"Spare, spare, O Lord, Thy people;—oh, cast us not away!"
Hush down the sounds of quarrel; let party-names alone;
Let brother join with brother, and England claim her own:
In battle with the Mammon-host join peasant, clerk, and lord,
Sweet charity your banner-flag, and God for ALL your word.

ALFORD.

The Mountain of Miseries.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, A.D. 1672—1719.



It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed amongst the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of before that which would fall to them by such a division.

As I was ruminating on this, seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep, when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds. There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying-glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as her garments hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me. There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion.

I observed one person carrying a fardel (*i.e.* a bundle) very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap, at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties. I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who, I did not question, came laden with his crimes; but, upon searching into his bundle, I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When all had thus cast down their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when, of a sudden, she held her magnifying-glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it than I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon

The Mountain of Miseries.

which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and return to his habitation with any such bundles as should be allotted to him. Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and, parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time were not to be expressed. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout instead, but made such wry faces that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made—for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain. I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, than he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side, I found that I had myself no great reason to triumph, for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it.

I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish exchange between a pair of thick, bandy legs and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarcely knew how to move forward upon his new supporters.

The whole heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter, at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear; There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure. Her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious, but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter. Her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows than, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree

Short Sermon.

that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbours' sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

The Spectator.

Short Sermon.

Trust and Fear Not.

(A SIMPLE NEW YEAR SERMON.)

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ASHTON OXENDEN, D.D.,
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Isaiah xii. 2.—“*I will trust, and not be afraid.*”



HIS is my New Year's text. This is what I wish you, each one, to feel as regards your future. I wish you to enter upon this New Year with the prophet's words on your lips and in your hearts, “I will trust, and not be afraid.”

How much there is that crowds in upon us just at this time. The sins of our past lives seem to rise up before us, and fill us with shame and sorrow; and as for our many mercies that we have received, it is a special season when we should count them up. We are now beginning a New Year—we are entering upon a fresh stage in our lives—we are come to another milestone on our earthly journey. I think, then, it is well to make at least some one good resolution for the future, and then pray earnestly to God to enable us to carry it out. And what shall our resolution be? I might suggest many, but I shall choose one, and that is concerning *the Holy Supper of our Lord*. Let us think more than we have done about the Lord's Table, and endeavour to act as He, whose servants we are, would have us act. Perhaps you are not a communicant; then I earnestly hope that you will resolve to become one this year; for until you obey this commandment of the Saviour, you cannot be one of His.

I would not say that all who *do* come are on the road to heaven, but I must say that those who do *not* come have yet a step to take before they can feel they are on the way thither. We must not obey our Lord in *one* thing, and *disobey* Him in another. ‘If ye love

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me,' He says, 'keep my commandments;' and again, 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.' And yet here is one command week after week disregarded. Do not think that your state can be right, so long as you neglect this ordinance. You may say you are not 'fit,' but be not content that this unfitness should continue one moment longer. Ask God to make you more in earnest, and more decided—ask Him to give you a stronger and truer love to the Saviour, and then you will delight in coming to this blessed sacrament.

You, who never come to the Lord's Table, ask yourself, whether there is not some sin that keeps you away? And, oh! at once put it from you, or it will destroy your soul. You, again, who are not without thought, but feel a little uneasy at not being a Communicant, entreat God to show you whether or no it is His will that you should this year become one. And you, who are in the constant habit of coming to the Holy Table, pray that your attendance there may be more devout, and therefore bring to you a fuller blessing.

And now let us for a minute or two cast our eyes forward into the Future, and try to enter into the spirit of our text.

It is possible that many of you who read this may have at this time some trial, or some difficulty, that weighs down your spirit; or, when you look onward, you may see some coming trouble looming in the distance. Oh! how light will all these become, if you can only bring yourself to say, 'I will trust, and not be afraid.' I will cast all my care on Him who careth for me. There are some persons who are always looking forward despondingly. Instead of being thankful for present blessings, they are always foreboding ill, and to such persons everything appears dark. The fear of evil always haunts them. It poisons all their enjoyments, and kills many a little joy which is sent to cheer them on their way. They are like travellers, who, instead of rejoicing in the smooth road and cheerful sunshine as they journey on, are always in fear of some approaching storm, or of some *possible* danger, though all at present is calm around them. Surely, as Christians, we should take a brighter and more hopeful view of what is before us. Since God has hitherto helped us, we should look up to Him with unflinching confidence—we should cling to Him as a feeble child clings, full of love and trust, to his parents, and so wait with calm resignation for whatever our Heavenly Father may order for us.

And then, if our sky should suddenly become overcast, and storms should break forth from some unexpected quarter, we shall be ready to cope with them—we shall go forth to meet the future prepared in all things. Yes; whether the New Year brings us a crown of unlooked-for joys or a cross of sorrow, we should accept either the one or the other with cheerful trust. For if we are not content and happy with what our Father gives us, then we do not deserve to be called His children.

Do you wish for a bright example of such trust? You may see it in the story of Daniel in Holy Scripture (Daniel vi.). That holy man of God dared to be faithful, in spite of the king's decree. He knew the danger that was before him, and was not alarmed; and

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even when he found himself in the den of hungry lions, he was still calm and fearless. He trusted, and was not afraid.

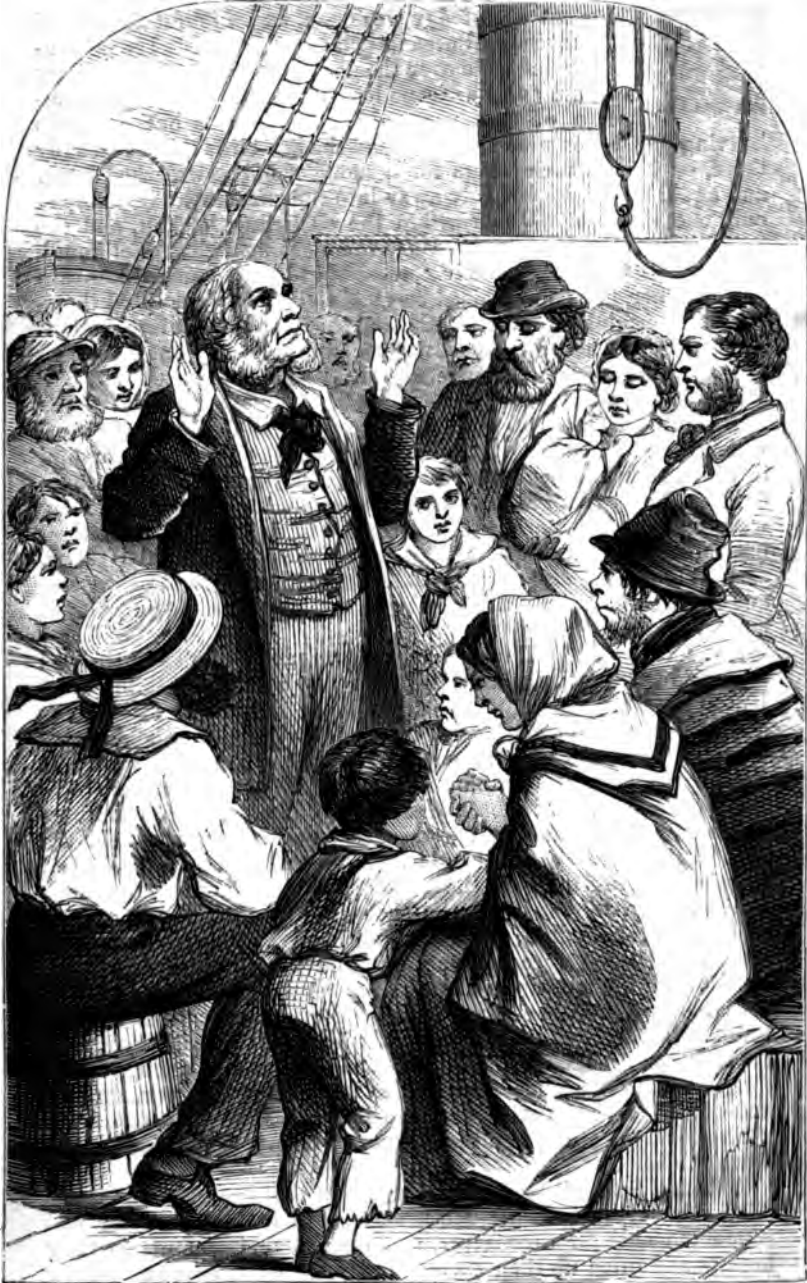
Shall I give you an instance of the same trustful spirit, which I am recommending in our own time? It happened that, when once staying at a seaport town in France, I wandered down to the harbour, and there I beheld a scene which I shall not easily forget. There was a busy stir among the fishing vessels, and presently one and another was towed out into the open sea, men and women eagerly helping with ropes till the boats cleared the mouth of the harbour. And then they all stood on the pier-head, making farewell signals to their friends, who were now fairly on their way, and gradually passing out of sight. These hardy fishers were engaged in the cod-fishery, and the expedition they were now going on was somewhat long and perilous. It was, indeed, a touching sight; but it was not yet over, for presently, when the vessels were far away, and many a husband or brother was thus separated for awhile from those whom they had left behind, we saw a little band of those women kneel down together at the end of the pier, and offer up in silence their prayers to Him Who alone could watch over and defend their absent ones. They knew their danger, but they 'trusted, and were not afraid.' Oh! who could have looked on those humble, trustful women without envying their faith? And who could have doubted that they rose from their knees strengthened and comforted?

Dear friends, let us also try and exercise this trustful spirit. To-day we are taking our first step, as it were, in a New Year. We are leaving one path, and entering on another. Behind us lies our past life, like a long dream; before us is the Future, like an unknown country clothed in mist, so that we cannot see our track.

Oh! trust your Saviour, and He will bring you safely on your way; He will make darkness light before you, and crooked ways straight. Are you poor? He knew what poverty was, and He will provide for you. Are you in trouble? He was 'a Man of sorrows,' and can feel for you and help you. Are you in doubt or difficulty? He will be your Counsellor: Do you now feel an earnest desire to become a real and decided Christian? Jesus will take you under His loving care. He stretches out His arms towards you—He invites you to His own Holy Feast, for the strengthening and refreshing of your soul. 'Trust, then, and be not afraid.'

Yes, my God, Thou wilt help us. Full of trust, we will lean upon Thee; and whatever may befall us during this year, nothing shall turn us away from Thee, or destroy our confidence in Thee. The future can have no terrors for us, for we know that Thou art by our side. No loss can dishearten us, so long as we do not lose Thee. All the days of the New Year will we walk, leaning upon Thine arm. We will place full confidence in Thee. Yea, we will 'trust, and not be afraid.'





"AN OLD GREY-HEADED MAN ROSE TO PRAY."

The Transport.

The Transport.



HE great eye of day was open, and a joyful light filled air, heaven, and ocean. The marble clouds lay motionless far and wide over the deep blue sky, and all memory of storm and hurricane had vanished from the magnificence of that vast calm. There was but a gentle heaving on the bosom of the deep, and the sea-birds floated steadily there, or dipped their wings for a moment in the wreathed foam, and again wheeled sportively away into the sunshine. One ship—only one single ship—was within the encircling horizon, and she had lain there as if at anchor since the morning light, for although all her sails were set, scarcely a wandering breeze touched her canvas, and her flags hung dead on staff and at peak, or lifted themselves uncertainly up at intervals, and then sunk again into motionless repose. The crew paced not her deck, for they knew that no breeze would come till after meridian.

And it was the Lord's Day.

A small congregation were singing praises to God in that chapel which rested almost as quietly on the sea as the House of worship, in which they had been used to pray, then nestled far off on a foundation of rock, in a green valley of their forsaken Scotland. They were emigrants—nor hoped ever again to see the mists of their native mountains. But as they heard the voice of their psalm, each singer half forgot that it blended with the sound of the sea, and almost believed himself sitting in the kirk of his own beloved parish.

But hundreds of billowy leagues intervened between them and the little tinkling bell that tolled their happier friends to the quiet House of God.

And now an old grey-headed man rose to pray, and held up his withered hands in fervent supplication for all around, whom, in good truth, he called his children, for three generations were with the patriarch in that tabernacle. There, in one group, were husbands and wives standing together, in awe of Him who held the deep in the hollow of His hand; there, youths and maidens, linked together by the feelings of the same destiny, some of them perhaps hoping, when they reached the shore, to lay their heads on one pillow; there, children, hand in hand, happy in the wonders of the ocean; and there were infants smiling on the sunny deck and unconscious of the meaning of hymn or prayer.

Suddenly a low, crackling, seething sound was heard struggling beneath the deck, and a sailor called with a loud voice, "Fire, fire! the ship's on fire!" Holy words died on the preacher's tongue; the congregation fell asunder, and pale faces, wild eyes, groans, shrieks, and outcries rent the silence of the lonesome sea. No one for a while knew the other, as all were hurried as in a whirlwind up and down the ship.

A dismal heat, all unlike the warmth of that beautiful sun, came stifling on every breath. Mothers, who in their first terror had shuddered only for themselves, now clasped their infants to their breasts and lifted up their eyes to heaven. Bold, brave men grew white as ashes, and hands, strengthened by toil and storm, trembled like the aspen leaf.

"Gone, gone! we are all gone!" was now the cry; yet no one

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knew from whence that cry came; and men glared reproachfully on each others' countenances, and strove to keep down the audible beating of their own breasts. The desperate love of life drove them instinctively to their own stations, and the water was poured, as by the strength of giants, down among the smouldering flames. But the devouring element roared up into the air, and deck, masts, sails, and shrouds were one crackling and hissing sheet of fire.

"Let down the boat!" was now the yell of hoarse voices; and in an instant she was filled with life. Then there was frantic leaping into the sea; and all who were fast drowning, moved convulsively towards that little ark. Some sank down at once into oblivion—some grasped at nothing with their disappearing hands—some seized in vain on unquenched pieces of the fiery wreck—some would fain have saved a friend almost in the last agonies—and some, strong in a savage despair, tore from them the clenched fingers that would have dragged them down, and forgot in fear both love and pity.

Enveloped in flames and smoke, a frantic mother flung down her baby among the crew; and as it fell among the upward oars unharmed, she shrieked out, "Go, husband, go! for I am content to die. Oh! live, live, my husband, for our darling Willy's sake."

But, in the prime of life, and with his manly bosom full of health and hope, the husband looked for a moment till he saw his child was safe, and then, taking his young wife in his arms, he sank down beneath the burning fragments of a sail, never more to rise till, at the sound of the last trumpet, the sea shall give up the dead that are in it.

On a Mistletoe Thrush

BUILDING AND THEN SITTING IN AN EXPOSED SITUATION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



IN our garden this spring a mistletoe thrush, which is naturally a very shy bird, has built a nest in the fork of a pear-tree, about four feet from the ground. This portion of the tree has not a twig to conceal it, nor even a honeysuckle or other creeper to mask it, and will be as bare and exposed all through the summer as it was in the depth of winter. The tree, moreover, stands in a narrow flower-border, close to a gravel walk leading to the garden pump, and is passed a dozen times at least every day by some of the household.

Yet, curious enough, this bird has succeeded, by the help of her mate, in building her nest, early and late, unobserved by anyone; nor was it discovered till four eggs had been successively deposited therein. She is now, however, at length sitting, and has attracted the notice of all the family. Yet she is not alarmed, and keeps so constant to her seat, that, though I have passed the place at all hours, from six in the morning to seven in the evening, I have

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never once observed her absent. Nor is she startled by the trundling of the garden roller or wheelbarrow, or the hoeing and raking of the bed where the tree stands. Yesterday we had occasion to lop off some dead branches from an adjoining apple-tree, and which had to be dragged past where she was sitting, but even this



noise and rustle did not cause her to leave her nest; and this evening, though men were firing at the rooks for two or three hours in the neighbouring plantation, the undaunted bird still held on to her appointed task.

What a lesson, methinks, does this faithful creature afford us! So long, indeed, as the objects of our pursuit are comparatively unimportant, so long does it beseem us to set about them quietly and unobtrusively; nor is it material if we intermit them, as occasion serves. But when once the call of duty becomes urgent and imperative, then to be absent or wanting to the claim upon our time and talents, becomes a sin. Whole years of labour may fail of their destined fruit by the untimely neglect of a single day.

Had this indefatigable bird forsaken her nest but for one hour at the critical moment, all her hopes of a progeny for the present year would have vanished. Four addled eggs would have rewarded the pains of a month's toil and anxiety.

The business we have once deliberately undertaken, if done only

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by halves, or deserted in the midst, had as well or even better have been never begun at all.

Lastly, what a perfect example of *faith* have we in this feathered creature! How she dwells on the conviction of a sure though unseen fruit of her labour! How she realises the substance of that which as yet is not!—So little have these eggs the appearance of the life that is in them, that a sparrow will sit for weeks upon half a dozen oval chalk stones when its natural eggs have been removed.

Cannot we, then, trust our inmost hopes to the unfailing promises of Scripture, and believe though we see not; and, strong in that belief, should we not persevere stedfastly to the end, through all the rather fanciful than real terrors and difficulties by which we are assaulted in our heavenward course?

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CHAPTER III.

It is not generally difficult to forget. It is, I think, one of the saddest things in this sad world of ours how soon we forget our joys, our sorrows, our blessings, our sins. It seemed at first as if it would be so with James Golding. After the inquest was past and the nine days' wonder was over, after Smith had told the story till he was tired and had some fresh marvel to relate, everything seemed to settle down as if that wretched Sunday was merely a dream. He threw himself with fresh vigour into his business, and his hands were full of work, but he found that to forget was not so easy. Every day something seemed to recall to his mind what he would so willingly have forgotten. One day it was a ragged morsel of a shawl still clinging to the sugar-cask that brought a flood of memories. Another day, as Smith left the shop after making a purchase, he stopped, and, looking across the cricket field and meadows beyond, said, "How they have been cutting the trees here; I declare you can see right across to the Union."

And it was true; a corner of the ugly red brick building was visible, and every time he left his shop, Golding's eyes looked across to the place where his child was being brought up as a pauper. Hitherto he had scarcely heard of the Union, but now it seemed constantly in people's mouths. Sometimes it was in jest, as when a neighbour would jingle the money in his pockets, and say, "Ay, Golding, you and I may have to thank the parish for board and lodging yet;" or, in earnest, as when another would say, "I hope neither me nor mine may ever come to the Workhouse." Then, too, if Golding went out, his business seemed constantly to take him by the Low Meadows or the Workhouse; or if he went in another direction he met the Workhouse school, and could not help glancing at the faces as they passed and wondering if his boy was one. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no one guessed how much bitterness lay hid in Golding's heart who outwardly seemed so prosperous, and who was so highly respected. Money seemed to grow under his touch, and his business had never been so thriving

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Thus time passed, leaving Golding much as it found him, only turning his hair more grey, and his face more thin and sharp, and making him more keen in his business, and more fond of money for its own sake.

Two years had slipped away, and it was again July, and still Golding was busy. There was something doing in the cricket field opposite, but Golding was too busy to notice it. He did not know that there was anybody in the shop, when a tapping on the counter startled him, and, coming from behind his desk, and looking over, he saw two round grey caps with a button in the middle of each; and underneath these, two pairs of bright eyes looking up at him, and a hand grasping a penny.

"We wants a ha'porth of lollies," a voice said.

"Which'll you have, my man?"

"Them pink uns."

Golding shook out a liberal paperfull, and the children turned to go. As they came to the door he could see them better, and at once recognised the Union dress. Two little boys, about five or six, much of a height, only one was stronger and rounder looking than the other. Both had brown eyes, and one had curly hair and a merry, laughing face, and the other had straight hair and a more thoughtful, serious look. It was only the latter that Golding's eyes fixed on with a sudden pain at his heart. But the door shut with a jingle of the little bell, and the children were out of sight.

A few minutes later Smith came in. "Just come across the road, Golding; there's a sight there worth seeing, if you're not too busy." So they went across to the stile opposite. The field was full of children playing, boys hard at work at cricket, very serious in their play, after the manner of English boys; and girls, hot and happy, over drop-the-handkerchief, and oranges-and-lemons, while under the old elms, a table stood, heaped with mugs and baskets of cake, and forms were being set ready and cans of hot tea were being brought from a neighbouring house.

"It's a school-treat to all the children in the place," Smith said, "and they've not left out one, I should think, not even the Union, poor little souls! Look there now;" and he pointed to two boys who were standing near the gate, the very two that had just been in Golding's shop. "There's two fine little fellows. Come here, my men, and tell us your names."

The curly-haired boy was evidently the leading spirit, and he spoke for both. "He be Johnnie and I be Jack."

"Jack and Johnnie! Well, be good lads, there's a halfpenny a-piece for you and be off; tea's ready and you don't often get plum-cake, I reckon."

The Union schoolmaster came up just then to fetch the boys, who did not want much calling, to run off to the attractive place where there was as much as they could eat, and more.

"Who are they, Mr. Field?" Smith asked.

"Well, one of them is the child of that woman who was found down yonder dead, and the other was born in the house. Good little chaps, but there's not much chance for them, they're pretty sure to turn out bad." And then he went away; and Golding, with

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a wretched feeling weighing on his heart, hurried back to his shop.

But I must not linger over this time. It is enough to see that Golding was constantly reminded of his boy's existence, and that, do what he would, he could not quite forget, nor go on comfortably, as if nothing was wrong; but people noticed that he grew colder and more reserved, and seemed to care for nothing but his business and money-getting. He was 'age-ing fast,' people said, and indeed he looked much older than many a neighbour who seemed to have twice his cares. There was Smith, for instance, with eight little ones and a poor sickly wife, and a hard struggle to keep them decently, but those baby fingers can smooth out the furrows they cause, and as he held his wife's aching head on his breast, it drove away the selfishness and coldness of time and age from his heart. But Golding grew furrowed, and cold, and selfish, for his wife was dead and his child in the Workhouse.

And so time passed; nine years rolled away since his wife died, when the chaplaincy of the Union became vacant, and Mr. Percy took it. He especially devoted himself to trying to help and improve the children who were growing up among such bad influences, and who seemed to have such small chance of becoming good, and useful, and happy men and women. The girls were the special objects of his pity, and many of the Workhouse girls had to thank Mr. Percy for placing them in situations where kindness and forbearance and great patience gradually weeded out the bad and nourished the good, and made the right path smooth and pleasant, and not hopelessly difficult and wearisome, so that at last they became steady, respectable servants, thanking God that they were not like so many who, alas, from gaols and reformatories, point to their workhouse home as the beginning of their downfall. The boys were not forgotten either, and soon after his taking the chaplaincy, Mr. Percy asked his parishioners to give him their help for two boys in whom he was deeply interested. He thought there was much good in them; they were both strong, active boys of twelve, and, as far as he could tell, well-meaning and honest, though, God knows, poor little lads, they have not been in the way of learning much good. "I thought," he added, "that perhaps some of you might be in want of a boy to help in your shop or run errands, and would take one of them, and keep an eye on him, and teach him a bit."

Mr. Percy's eye was fixed on Golding; he knew that he was doing a good business, and could well afford to keep another lad, and he knew that several boys had made a good beginning at his shop. But Golding was silent. A strange feeling at his heart told him that it was his own boy who was now offered him, and a curious conflict was going on within him; he thought that it might perhaps quiet that restless conscience of his to have him, and do something for him; but then if he was constantly with him the secret might creep out; and then again, why should he burden himself with a boy who might turn out badly and be a constant worry and vexation to him? But while he hesitated others spoke, and Mr. Percy turned from Golding with a look of disappointment to the

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warmer-hearted people who were not so cautious. One of them was Smith.

"You see, Sir," he said, "I always have kept a boy to take the papers round, but I thought as my own boy was ten I might do without and save a bit; but I've managed so far, and if the boy doesn't want much, I can manage to give him his food and a trifle a week, and I'll teach him a bit of an evening, and I'll do my best to make a man of him, if I can."

Miles, the market gardener on the hill, offered to take the second with his other boy, anyhow through the summer, and maybe longer; it was satisfactorily settled, and Mr. Percy was much pleased, though he still felt a lingering regret that Golding should not have offered to take one.

Smith's shop was only a few houses from Golding's, and it was not long before Golding saw the new boy going in and out with the papers, and soon recognised him as one of the two whom he had seen in the cricket field, and sometimes since; he was the quieter one of the two, Johnnie, whom Golding had felt from the first was his boy. A tall, strong boy he was now, but still with the serious, thoughtful look that pleased Golding's fancy, as the look of one who would be sure to get on in life, though what matter it was to him he did not know. "Well, perhaps," he said to himself, "if he grows up steady, and I ever felt inclined, the time might come when I could do something for him, but that's not likely."

When Miles's cart came rattling down on market day heaped up with cabbages, he also recognised Jack mounted on the top and urging on the shaggy pony at a great rate—still curly-haired and rosy and merry-eyed, and as proud as a king to pass by his friend Johnnie at that wonderful pace.

"He's a pickle and no mistake," Golding said to himself, "and he'll get into no end of scrapes. I hope he mayn't lead Johnnie into any, but there—what does it matter to me?"

"Have you seen that boy of mine?" Smith asked, as he came in one evening in the first week of having Johnnie. "It's early days to talk, but he's a capital one, he is, and as sharp as a needle, although he looks so quiet. I warrant he'll do, he's so quick and handy, and as far as I can see, he's not got any bad tricks."

What right had Golding to feel pleased? What was praise or blame of the boy to him? And yet a feeling of pleasure crept into that frosty nature of his in spite of himself. "What's the lad's name?" he asked.

"Well, we call him Johnnie; it sounds more kindly with my boys, and my wife she's taken quite a fancy to him. John Blake they call him; but there—you know his story, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure I do," Golding said, hurriedly, and turned away to avoid the too familiar story that he had hoped to bury under time and business and prosperity, and which yet came springing up to meet him at every turn.

It was not only from Smith that Golding heard continually of Johnnie Blake. It strangely chanced that Mrs. Wilmot, the old woman who had for years looked after Golding's house, and cooked and washed for him, found a room in her house where

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Johnnie could sleep, as Smith had no corner to put him in, and the kind old body took him in for a mere trifle a week, not only to her house but to her heart, and soon began to care for the workhouse boy as tenderly as she had for her own sons, now working their way in different parts of the world. She was getting old and talkative, and many a time would pour out to Golding the praises of "her boy," as she soon grew to call him; but as she did not allude to his former history, Golding did not mind. Mrs. Wilmot thought that the sooner his starting point was forgotten the better, and so she would not talk about it.

Johnnie Blake and Jack Stone (for so the other boy was called) still kept up their friendship, and were together as much as they could. Jack Stone had not been so fortunate as Johnnie Blake in falling among kind-hearted, easy-going people, like the Smiths and Mrs. Wilmot. Miles, the nursery-man, was kind and well-meaning on the whole, but he was stern and strict, and would not stand any carelessness, and many was the rough word and blow that Jack bore. But it did him no harm; he was light-hearted and merry, and needed a tight hand to keep him out of mischief, and in spite of their constant falling out, Jack liked Miles and Miles liked Jack, and often laughed in his sleeve at the mischievous monkey tricks he had to punish.

Out of work hours, Jack was left quite to himself, and as long as none of his doings reached Miles's ears, his master did not much care what became of him.

The other boy there was a good deal older than Jack, and was an idle, good-for-nothing lad. At first, he and Jack were great friends, and spent their Sundays together in all sorts of amusements, but, happily for Jack, this did not last long. One Sunday they met Johnnie, who was going to church with Mrs. Wilmot. Johnnie had been taken into St. Peter's choir, and as he had a good voice and was fond of using it, it was a great pleasure to him. Johnnie called out to Jack to come too, but Jack did not think himself smart enough, but said that perhaps he would come next Sunday. As soon as they had parted, Hallett, the other boy, began chaffing and calling Johnnie a saint and a humbug, and asked Jack if he meant to be the same. But Jack was no coward, and would not be laughed out of his intentions, or hear a friend of his abused, and he gave Hallett back his words with interest, and the next day, when the subject was revived, the words came to blows, and Jack being the smallest, got the worst of it, and also got a flogging from Miles for having a black eye, and breaking a fuchsia in the scuffle. However, next Sunday Jack was ready with a shining, well-washed face and crisp curly hair to go to church with Johnnie, and when he had once begun, it soon grew into a regular habit, and though it was begun to show Hallett that he was not to be bullied, it was continued from a better motive.

After a time, Johnnie did not appear such perfection as he had at first. He was inclined to be sulky, and sometimes would be silent and sullen for days together, but Smith hoped that he would grow out of it. He was a great favourite with Mr. Percy, who lent him books, and helped him with his learning, and as he was quick and

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intelligent, he quite repaid the trouble. "He takes after his mother," Golding used to say to himself, "she was terrible fond of a book, but he has his father's care of his money, not like that Stone whose money burns holes in his pockets."

CHAPTER IV.

SMITH'S business very much improved during the next few years; he never regretted taking Johnie, and when Johnie was fifteen, and worthy of a better place, he was able to increase his wages and keep him on, with a smaller boy to take round the papers. Jack, too, was kept on. They had both grown tall, strong lads, but Jack was the strongest and hardiest of the two, from his constant out-of-door work. All seemed going well with the boys, when suddenly a cloud came up which threatened a storm.

One day, Smith came into Golding's shop looking troubled and anxious. "I don't know what to do," he said, "and I want you to advise me, Golding. It's very vexing. I'd rather that anything had happened than this."

"Well! what's up?"

"Why, I've missed some money from the till, and that's the fact."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I stand here, and it's not once but two or three times now. Only a little, a few shillings, but still it's thieving all the same."

Golding felt a strange coldness at his heart. "Who is it?" he said.

"Ay, ay! I know what you'll say, that it's Johnnie, but I don't believe it. I'd trust him with anything. I'd sooner think it was myself. No! I'll tell you who I've my eye on—Jack Stone; he's so often about the place on one excuse or another, and he's not a steady chap like Johnnie."

Golding gave an involuntary sigh of relief. "The young rascal," he said, "I'd give him a good lesson if I was you. Speak to Miles, he'll teach him to keep his fingers to himself, I warrant."

"Well, I was thinking as I'd speak to Miles, but still it may not be the lad, and it's no use getting him into trouble for nothing. I can't think who else it can be, though. I'd like to prove it before I said anything."

"Well, mark some money. Set a trap for the young rogue."

"I'd a deal rather prevent him from taking it than find him out," kind-hearted Smith said.

"Ay, but it's not fair; he'll go on if he's not found out, and there's no knowing where it may stop."

"Very well," Smith said, "I'll mark some money—like this—do you see?"

A few days after this, Jack came into Golding's shop, whistling like a bird, and as happy and gay as one, and bought some tea. He was tossing a shilling up in his hand. When Golding held

James Golding's Boy.

out his hand for the money, he laughed and gave it a spin in the air: "We'll toss for the money, Master Golding—heads I win, tails you lose—here you are," and he tossed the money on the counter. It was a marked shilling.

"Come here," Golding said, and Jack followed him much surprised into the parlour. "Now, my young man, you're caught; that shilling you stole so cleverly was marked, and you're found out, sharp as you think yourself."

Jack got very red. "What do you mean?" he stammered, "if you weren't an old man, I'd knock you down."

"Mean? You young thief, you'll see soon enough," and Golding shut the door on him, and locked it, and was in Smith's shop in a minute. Johnnie was standing folding the papers that had just come in, but Golding did not care for his presence, and, in a few words, told Smith what had happened. Smith was dreadfully grieved. In his heart, I think, he would rather have been robbed of half his income than have found it out. Even now he was all for hushing it up, and letting off Jack with a good talking to. But Golding was not inclined for such mild measures, and spoke of its being Smith's duty to make an example of the boy. As they turned their steps back to Golding's shop, they did not notice that Johnnie followed them with a pale face and anxious eyes. Smith was quite ready to be gentle and forgiving to the penitent, conscience-stricken culprit whom he expected to find, but he was quite unprepared for the burst of anger that met him when the door was unlocked. Jack stormed till Smith was quite silenced, and Golding spoke of sending for the police. Smith stood wiping his hot forehead, and looking helplessly at Golding, while Johnnie stood in the shop outside, listening to his friend's loud, angry voice. Where did the shilling come from, if he had not stolen it? That was the question, and it was just this that Jack did not seem willing to say. If he would only have confessed his theft, and asked pardon, Smith's kind heart was ready to grant it; but, in spite of the accusing shilling, Jack stuck to it that he was innocent—"brazened it out, the scamp!" as Golding said.

"Will you go and tell Miles of it?" Smith said, nervously, to Golding. "I don't want to put you in jail for it, Jack, but it's not fair to your master not to let him know, for he may trust you."

Jack's face was red, and his eyes bright and angry, and he turned to Golding, with a laugh—"Come along," he said, "who's afraid? Hit him hard, he's got no friends. There's plenty of room for me in the house yonder, if old Miles gives me the sack."

Then he was silent, and passed through the shop and up the road by Golding's side, without another word. It was hot and dusty, and Golding was not so strong as he had been, and he could hardly keep pace with Jack as he marched doggedly along with hands in his pockets, whistling "Home, sweet home!" As they came up to the garden they saw Miles coming out of one of the hothouses, and Golding called to him. Jack stood at the gate, chewing a bit of grass, and saying not a word, while Golding told the story. Then Miles turned to Jack; he was not a bad sort of man, and there was a warm corner in his heart for Jack. "Well,

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lad," he said, "and what have you got to say?" Then Jack tossed the grass away, and took off his cap, and stood facing his master in the broad sunshine. "I didn't take the money," he said, "and that's the truth."

"Then, I believe you, Jack," Miles said.

"You believe him?" Golding exclaimed, "a boy that steals can tell lies easy enough."

"He's never either stolen or told lies with me," Miles said, shortly, "and he's not the sort to do it."

"He might have learnt either where he came from—"

"Hold hard!" Miles called out, "I won't have that brought up against him. He's been three years and more here, and though we've had many rows together, still he's been a good lad."

"Ah, well," Golding said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "it's your own look out, and if you like to trust his word, it's no business of mine."

"If you see Mr. Smith," Miles said, "you can tell him as I think he's made some mistake, and that I'll wait a bit afore I'll put Jack into jail. You be off, you idle young monkey, and see to them flower-pots."

At this very moment Smith himself made his appearance, hot, panting, and excited. He was so out of breath that he could not speak a word, but he caught hold of Jack's hand and shook it, with tears standing in his eyes.

"Well!" Miles said, drily, looking at the two, "that's a new way of punishing a thief."

And then Smith found words—

"Thief! not he, it was all a mistake. I'm terrible sorry, Jack."

"Don't speak of it, sir," Jack stammered, more ashamed and awkward now than when he was accused.

"He's as troublesome a young varmint as ever was," Miles said, with a slap on Jack's shoulder that contradicted his words, "but I know he wasn't a thief. But how came the mistake?"

Smith's face fell. "I can't bear to think of it," he said; "I'd have trusted Johnnie Blake like my own son; but he's told me all about it, and I've promised to look over it this time, and he's in a great way about it, and I hope you won't speak about it to anyone."

Miles and Jack both at once declared that no one should know of it. Golding alone remained silent. He felt as if he owed Jack a grudge for being innocent and leaving the guilt for Johnnie; and when Smith turned to go home, and called him to come too, he went without a word to Jack, whose eyes followed him till he was out of sight. "He might have said a kind word to a chap," he thought, "but I do think he'd rather I'd have stole it. He's a queer sort."

Golding, that night, as he settled up his accounts right to a halfpenny, thought to himself that he had done the wisest thing he could after all, in keeping his secret, and that as Johnnie was turning out badly, it was well that he was only Johnnie Blake, the workhouse boy, taken by Smith out of charity, and not well-to-do James Golding's son.

(To be continued.)



The Death of the Christian.

How beautiful on all the hills
The crimson light is shed:
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
'Tis like the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

And now above the dews of night,
The shining star appears;
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore,
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

PRABODY.

Heartly Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.O.L., VICAR OF FRIEZLAND.

THE SIDESMAN.



HAVING discussed 'Heartiness amongst Churchwardens' in the discharge of their functions, it may be thought that little remains to be said to the Sidesmen, beyond a kind exhortation to work well with those Churchwardens with whom they are, as Lay Officers of the Church body, happily associated.

Such an exhortation is desirable, and it shall be given by-and-by; but it will be useful, first of all, to ascertain, if we can, what are the distinctive and peculiar functions of a Sidesman.

It is true that he is a Church Officer *besides*, or in addition to, the Warden, and it is true that he often stands near to or *by the side of* that functionary; but we must not therefore derive the word 'Sidesman' from 'side' and 'man,' as does Dr. Johnson, or infer its origin from *besides*, as some would do. There is much in a word often. There is much in the true word representing a Sidesman. It contains a little Church History. It tells a story of good old sensible plans and practices. It reveals an age of carelessness and indifference coming up afterwards, and hints, perhaps, at something of a desire to get all Church matters entirely into the hands of the Clergy.

It ever was, and ever will be, just as pernicious to let the Clergy alone control Church matters, as to give Church affairs entirely to the Laity, and to coerce and rule the Clergy. No true servant of Christ, no one who wishes to advance true religion will like either of these plans. Priestcraft is bad; and so is Erastianism, and the one is as bad as the other. 'Alexander the coppersmith' did as much harm as 'Diotrephes.' Well, what has this to do with Sidesmen? Very much indeed. The Sidesmen were, and ought now to be in deliberative councils of the Church, what Churchwardens are in the official working machinery of the Church, viz., the fair representatives—under the Church law administered by the Bishops—of the Laity. Dr. Johnson, as we said, is wrong in tracing their name to *side* and *man*, and so is Tyro Tooquick in tracing it to the position of the Sidesman in Church, *by the side* of the Warden! The word, accurately given, tells the story already alluded to, and describes the chief functions of the Sidesman which are quite distinct from those belonging to him as merely the Assistant to the Churchwarden.

In olden times Bishops used to do what, we trust, Bishops will soon do again,—they used often to summon Episcopal, or Diocesan Synods. To these synods they called together creditable persons from the various parishes within their jurisdiction. It was the duty of these Laymen to give information of, and to *attest* the disorders which might exist amongst the Clergy or the people. From this circumstance they are called '*Testes Synodales*' (Synodal Witnesses). In the course of time they became standing officers of the Church, especially in great cities, and then they came to be called 'Synodsmen,' which has gradually been corrupted into 'Sidesmen.'

And now, by Canon 90, they are to be appointed yearly, in

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Easter week, by the minister and parishioners, if they can agree, otherwise by the Ordinary of the diocese. It should be noted too that they are also called 'Quest-men,' from their being expected to 'inquire' or 'make inquest' after men guilty of offence. And so long as Churchwardens were required to take an oath for the due performance of their functions, a somewhat similar oath was taken by the Synodsmen.

And there is no doubt that Synodsmen are as liable as are Churchwardens for neglect of their duties.

Synodsmen, or Questmen, are spoken of as such in at least nine of the Canons of 1603, and we have taken some pains to describe their origin and ancient duties, because we think that a right comprehension of these may stimulate that heartiness which we especially desire to stir up amongst Synodsmen as well as Wardens.

We therefore venture to urge two distinct suggestions for their consideration. Taking the old constitution of the Sidesman, we ask whether his history does not attest that good sensible plans once existed in the Church by which Lay representatives thereof came into actual conferences with the Bishops, and whether the circumstance of this excellent plan falling into disuse does not also testify to influences which have greatly injured Lay-interest in parochial matters?

For these reasons, therefore, we urge Synodsmen to consider how far it may not be their duty, after much enquiry and deliberation, to endeavour to resuscitate this wholesome mode of parochial representation in Synods of their Dioceses?

It is probable that their numbers (averaging perhaps four in every parish) is too large for a representative assembly, but the number might be reduced by the Synodsmen of every parish selecting one of their number to represent the rest, or by all the Synodsmen of a Rural Deanery choosing a given number, selected by themselves from amongst themselves, to appear for the Laity at the Synod of the Diocese. It may be difficult to find so good a method of representing the Laity as that afforded through Synodsmen. In this, however, there needs to be much forbearance, prudence, and enquiry; and heartiness rather than eagerness. At the same time, we are convinced that herein lies the true method of representation of the Laity. We commend it therefore to the attention of our Synodsmen, or Sidesmen, or Questmen.

Then, too, as assistants of Churchwardens, and irrespective of their powers in a Synod, they have important and valuable services to render in things pertaining unto godliness. Canon 88 enjoins on them by name as well as on the Wardens, not to suffer any profane use to be made of the Church or Chapel (of ease), or Churchyard, or of the bells. Bells certainly ought never to be rung except in connection with religious things belonging unto the Church in which the bells are placed. By Canon 90, Sidesmen are diligently to endeavour to secure attendance of all the people at the Church, and that none walk or stand idle or talking in the Church, or Church-porch, or Churchyard. Canons 109, 110, 111, and 112 repeat these and similar injunctions, showing in fact that, in his parish, a Synodsmen

A Valuable Receipt for Lowness of Spirits.

may do an immense work for Christ and His Church if he will; and that in reality he actually possesses some of the spiritual functions which, in a greater and not wholly desirable degree, are assigned by the Presbyterians to the Elders. We must refer, however, once more to the Canons, viz., to the 113th. It states that it often comes to pass that Churchwardens, Sidesmen, Questmen, and others neglect their duties. Ah, there it is! 'They forbear to discharge their duties through fear of their superiors or through negligence.' What says the hearty Sidesman to that? What says the God-fearing Sidesman to that? What says the true-hearted Churchman and Sidesman of to-day to that? Why he will say, 'I will up and be doing. As regards my plain duties, of assisting the Churchwardens within the Church—in placing the people, in collecting the Offertory, in keeping all things decent, and in preventing misbehaviour,—I will heartily co-operate with the Churchwardens, and also in all things outside the Church which may help to bring men into Christian ways and practices. I will no longer regard my office as a mere remnant of antiquity, but rather look on it as an office full of usefulness, in proportion as the duties of that office are heartily fulfilled. And in all these things I will bear in mind that I am an Assistant to the Churchwarden, and in some degree, therefore, I am to regard him as superior officer. For this reason I will co-operate with him in his lawful wishes without jealousy, and with much good will. And then, as regards those Synodical functions which belong to me and not to him, while anxious to see the Laity well and wisely represented at our much-needed Diocesan Synods, I will not act with a hasty zeal, or with an indiscretion which may do more harm than good, but I will take counsel with my brother Sidesmen, and with my Rector; and whatever I do in the way of promoting Diocesan Synods, shall not have for its object the raising of my position as a Synodsmen, but the best benefit of the Church of Christ. And in this two-fold manner, first, in the manner of co-operation with the Churchwardens, and secondly, in my manner of trying to renew Diocesan Synods with representative Synodsmen, I will endeavour, prayerfully and calmly, to infuse "Heartiness amongst Sidesmen."'

A Valuable Receipt for Lowness of Spirits.



TAKE one ounce of the *seeds of resolution*, properly mixed with the *oil of good conscience*, infuse into it a large spoonful of the *salts of patience*, distil very carefully a composing plant called *others' woes*, which you will find in every part of the garden of life growing under the broad leaves of disguise, add a small quantity, it will much assist the *salts of patience* in their operation; gather a handful of the *blossom of hope*, then sweeten them with a syrup of the *balm of Providence*; and if you can get any of the *seeds of true friendship*, you will have the most valuable medicine that can be administered.

The Song of the Brook.

You must be careful to get the seeds of *true* friendship, as there is a weed that very much resembles it, called *self-interest*, which will entirely spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, which may be called *pills of comfort*, take one *every night and morning*, and in a short time the cure will be completed.



The Song of the Brook.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern
To bicker down the valley.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

With graceful sweeps I sing and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows,
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses,
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses.

TENNYSON.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

Thy Word, a wondrous guiding star,
On pilgrim hearts doth rise ;
Leads to their Lord, who dwells afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light
E'er sink in night,
But still in every spirit shine,
That none may miss Thy light Divine.

LYRA GERMANICA.



VERY precious and dear are the counsels of God unto the believer ; will they be held in lighter esteem if a friendly hand endeavours to name and describe the channels through which they have passed in their course from the Divine Author to the pages of our present Bible ?

Is it not very fairly to be supposed that, in the preservation of the several books through the chequered scenes of so many centuries of history, there must be some most desirable and interesting scraps of information ? For instance, that the instruction of the "book of the law" should have been remembered in such turbulent times as the period of the Hebrew judges, the later years of the Jewish monarchy, the captivity at Babylon, is marvellous. That the precepts of this same Book should be handed on, generation after generation, as the Divine rule of life, is a striking proof that God can guard His own Revelation, as well from the fraud and malice of evil men, as from the constant gnawings of the tooth of time.

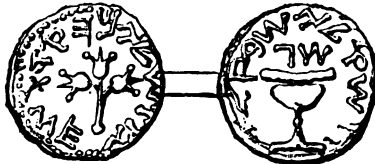
The first subject which claims attention in this wide and important enquiry is this: the language, or rather languages, in which the various books of Holy Scripture were written. There is one step further back towards the spring-head of Scripture, namely, the origin of language itself ; but as nothing satisfactory or conclusive can be furnished, even by those who have devoted years to the study of the subject, it seems better to keep on safe ground, where something more definite can be learnt. The design in these pages is to set before the reader hard historic facts, not mere theories or speculations.

"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Peter i. 21.) In those earlier times, what form of speech was employed in setting down as received the Divine precepts and annals ? So far as the Old Testament is concerned, there is scarcely room for a doubt. The fullest, the most convincing evidence can be produced that well nigh all the books, from Genesis to Malachi, were written at first in Hebrew. There are some few chapters and some few verses evidently in another tongue ; still, these are not numerous enough, or of sufficient importance to require particular mention. In that primitive—that earliest of all known forms of speech—that tongue which many great scholars suppose was employed at the interviews between the Creator and our first parents in the Garden of Eden (Genesis ii. iii.)—in that language in which the Divine message reached St. Paul on his journey to Damascus (Acts xxvi. 14), there is written the revealed will of God, which in each succeeding age was received by the Jews as a sacred deposit of truth, and, as such, was treasured with the utmost reverence and care.

Origin and History of the English Bible.

The English Churchman is specially concerned in the task of searching out every matter of importance touching the Old Testament, inasmuch as he is taught that there, in that ancient record, as well as in the later Revelation, "everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ." (Article vi.) How pleasant then to know that what he has been taught to regard as a priceless heirloom is still extant in the language in which it was written. It seems almost a Providential arrangement that this cluster of sacred writings should, so to speak, be guarded with equal vigilance by two hostile armies. Jew and Christian watch with keenest eye the Divine legacy to mankind, in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for the Hebrew original or the English copy to be tampered with or mutilated. And again, should the mind be perplexed with any minor difficulty, it is soothing and re-assuring to know that in the present day, in the Jewish synagogues in England, children of tender age worship God in the very syllables of Holy Writ—syllables which, when rendered into our own tongue, furnish us with noble hymns of praise, and sober forms of prayer. If on no other account, yet surely on the score of age, Holy Scripture, in its Hebrew dress of two thousand years' antiquity, should command from every intelligent reader a deep and unfeigned respect.

In this earthen, but durable vessel, Moses and Ezra laid up their historic facts, David enshrined his noble psalms, Isaiah and Malachi stored their warnings, Job and Solomon hoarded their experiences and wisdom; and so well adapted for the purpose has the Hebrew language proved itself, that it yields up its treasures in generous supply to men of every creed and every country, without stint or grudging. From the confusion of tongues at Babel until the captivity at Babylon, Hebrew was the only known medium of intercourse used by the chosen people of God. In their speech, in



[THE JEWISH SHEKEL.]

their writings, on their coins, the same language was current. But, as with any other language, so also with Hebrew—there was a growth, an expansion, a constant addition of new words. As discoveries were made in agriculture or manufactures, or fresh emergencies arose in war or commerce, original terms were found by the Jews to express in a concise shape the new addition to their stock of knowledge. As might be expected, this natural growth in the language is very easily to be traced in its various stages of progress. The simple narratives of the earlier books, though of immense importance, yield presently to the poetry of David and Solomon, and, later on, to the sublime and rythmical flow of the prophetic writings of Isaiah and Ezekiel. One by one, we may take the goodly fellowship of inspired writers, and observe how each brings into the store-house some special words and forms of expression unused by

Origin and History of the English Bible.

others. The writer delivered his message in words which he understood, and with which he was familiar. Hence there are diversities of style and diction; and yet, after all, there is a visible bond of union subsisting between the most conspicuously differing books. Humble learners may take courage when they hear that the words of the Old Testament are now, as in the time when our Blessed Lord was on the earth, read Sabbath after Sabbath, by the Jewish Rabbis in their well-loved, sacred language. Hebrew, ancient and hoary with years—even without the aid of the vowel-pointing of our printed copies—is used in the public worship of the Jews still. Its almost uninterrupted use, to a certain extent, for such a length of time well nigh enables one to say of the language, as of its Divine Author, "Thou art the same; and Thy years shall have no end." (Psalms cii. 27.)

Coming now, to consider the language in which the several books of the New Testament were written, we shall have to acknowledge that there is somewhat of an apparent surprise to be encountered. Most of the chief writers of the New Testament were Jews, and like their Master, in all probability, used in their ordinary discourse the speech current among the people at that time—Aramaic. And yet there is a unanimous consent of opinion that every book of the New Testament was originally written in Greek. There was at one time a suspicion that the Gospel according to St. Matthew had been composed in Hebrew, but it has faded away; even very lately one who once entertained it, having publicly abandoned it. It is not hard, however, to give a good reason for this adoption of a well-known and widely used form of speech instead of a mere provincial dialect, in writing books of such vital consequence as the Gospels and Epistles. The writers themselves were soon to pass away, their vivid oral teaching was presently to cease; their glad tidings, however, were to live on perpetually, and thus must be put down in a language intelligible to a race of men who were eminent for their powers of colonization, and whose members were to be found in almost every part of the then known world. Whereas, very few would have cared to understand Aramaic, a world-wide interest would be felt in a Gospel or Epistle clothed in a Greek dress.

It is very singular, however, that in writing these several books in Greek, every now and then, the writer makes use of a word from another language, without taking the trouble to translate it into Greek, sometimes an Aramaic word, sometimes a Hebrew word, sometimes a Latin word: as if he would thus say, his work was for every nation under heaven, and his truths and doctrines for men of every tongue.

Again, in the Greek used, there is a certain amount of Hebrew colouring, showing that the writers were not able to throw away completely their early training and associations, however anxious they may have been to render their productions as acceptable as possible. Indeed, the difference between the language of the New Testament, and what is called pure Greek, is so great, that the language of the New Testament has been christened by the name of *The New Dialect*.

How soon shall it come to pass that numbers now content to regard Hebrew and Greek as 'Dead Languages,' commence in earnest a course of patient study, and try to learn from sources old as well as new, the depth of the goodness and mercy of God?

Short Sermon.

The Tree and its Fruits.

BY WILLIAM B. CLARK, M.A., RECTOR OF TAUNTON.

St. Matt. vii. 20.—“*Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.*”



MEN do not gather, or attempt to gather grapes from thorns, neither do they gather figs from thistles. Every plant and tree bears fruit according to its own nature; so that the kind, the quality, and the abundance of the fruit will determine our judgment of the nature and excellence of the tree.

So it is in things natural; so also is it in things moral and spiritual; only that the test is more necessary in the invisible world than in the visible. You may know the nature of a tree—there are those who may even discern something of its excellence—without seeing its fruits; but you can know nothing certainly of human character unless you have the means of examining its effects in men's actual lives, in the words which they speak, and in the actions which they perform, in the principles of their life as they are illustrated in their conduct.

Our Lord's caution was, in the first place, applied to the appearance of false teachers. But the rule has a still wider application, which extends to the whole life of man, and not to this one part of it alone. The verses which immediately follow the words of the text prove that they have, by putting before us the diverse characters of those who are mere hearers of the Word on the one hand, and those who are both hearers and doers on the other. Our Lord tells us that they who hear His words and do them not, are like a man who builds his house upon the sand. And the warning as to the awful destiny of such comes immediately after the caution which we are now considering: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

By *our* fruits *we* shall know *ourselves*. Surely this is not the least important application of the rule. What manner of men are we? What effect has been produced in us by the Christian privileges which we have enjoyed? We are trees of the Lord's planting, planted in the heavenly vineyard of Christ. Yea, doubtless He has often come to us, seeking fruit and finding none, and has borne with us, and has patiently waited and granted us supplies of His grace, that we might show forth the fruit of His work in us. And He knows us, and He desires us to know ourselves by our fruits.

Let us ask very briefly what are those fruits by which men may be known, whether they are the children of God, the children of this world, or the children of the devil.

Short Sermon.

Unquestionably, they are men's works—not their mere feelings, or thoughts, or words. Our Lord does not say that a tree is known, as regards its quality at least, by its leaves or its blossoms, but by its fruits; and He warns us against calling Him Lord, while we neglect to obey His commands. There is a sentimental religion, which spends its energies in mere thoughts and feelings about the things of heaven and the duties of earth, but brings no fruit of good works to perfection; and there is a religion of the tongue, which is most fruitful in good words, which is very indifferent as to good works; and both of these are in the sight of God very worthless.

That life which alone is well-pleasing to Him is the life which abounds in deeds of truth, of righteousness, and of love. You will not suppose me to mean that our thoughts and words are indifferent; that it matters nothing what we think or say. On the contrary, our thoughts and our words are often deeds in the truest sense, and reveal character to ourselves and to others no less truly than our actions. But what I do mean, and what the Bible tells us often enough, is this, that religious sentiments and religious language are unreal and deceptive, unless they are accompanied by a religious life. What, then, is the kind of action which we believe to be the fruit of the Spirit of God? What are the actions which may serve to show that we are not without a measure of the mind which is in Christ Jesus?

1. They are, first of all, acts of *truth and righteousness*. The man who does not consciously and resolutely endeavour to do that which his conscience tells him to be right, has not the slightest pretension to be a Christian. I do not place these acts first, as though they were the first developed in the Christian life. I put them first because they belong to every form of religion, the lowest as well as the highest. One man may have a much higher and purer light to guide him than another; but with all men the least that can be required is that they follow the light which they possess, if not with absolute constancy and uniformity, yet with constantly-renewed resolutions and endeavours.

2. Then, again, there must be acts of *penitence and humility*, at the thought of past sin and present weakness and unworthiness. A mere heathen may strive as earnestly as the best Christian does to obey his conscience; but a heathen will hardly experience that godly sorrow which worketh repentance, which is aroused in the hearts of men by the Cross of Christ. And we must not fail to examine ourselves and to judge ourselves by a reference to this principle. What do we know of penitential sorrow? What do we know of that broken and contrite heart which God will not despise? What are our thoughts of ourselves as we stand in spirit before the throne of our Father in heaven? Is it in a spirit of self-satisfaction that we look back upon the Past, or carefully scrutinise our inner life? Or is it in the spirit of that holy man who, although the most laborious of all the apostles of Christ, could yet say that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom he was the chief, and that he was less than the least of all saints? I would not forget that the depth and intensity

Short Sermon.

of such feeling may often depend upon peculiarity of temperament; but we must also remember that it is only the humble and the penitent, the poor in spirit, the mourners, and the meek, that our Lord will acknowledge as His own.

3. Then, again, our Lord expects the fruits of *love and charity* in His disciples. We must not only do justly, but we must love mercy, and walk humbly with our God. There is a certain cold, hard, worldly kind of justice, which is very unlike the righteousness of the kingdom of heaven. There is a certain way of teaching and obeying the golden rule which our Lord would not recognise as His own. Compare the words of some men who think themselves very good Christians with the language of Christ, and you will see the wide difference between them. Hear the man who says, 'I keep the commandments; I do to other men as much as I expect other men to do to me; I ask no more than this, and I will do no less.' Compare this with the words of Jesus—'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another;' or with the language of St. Paul—'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up . . . beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' A spirit of justice, so called, which is ignorant of this spirit of charity, is not one of the fruits of Christ.

4. Then these fruits are fruits of *love to God*, as well as to man, and their reality is shown in the life of communion with God, and of devotion to His service. We are here touching again upon what may be called more peculiarly the *religious life*; and I would earnestly remind you that these two spheres of our life may usefully correct and verify each other. Our love to God may properly be tested by our love to man. The true fountain of our love to man may be ascertained by examining the nature of our love to God. For there may be a kind of human benevolence and charity, which is the result of natural amiability and a good education, and which has not for its companion and support a true love of our Father in heaven. Now, surely, wherever this love of God exists there will be a true love of the Word of God, of the worship of God, and of the ordinances of the Church. If we love a human being, we like to be where he is, we like to hear him speak, and to hold communion with him. And so it must be if we love God; if we are, in the true sense of the word, religious men and women. †

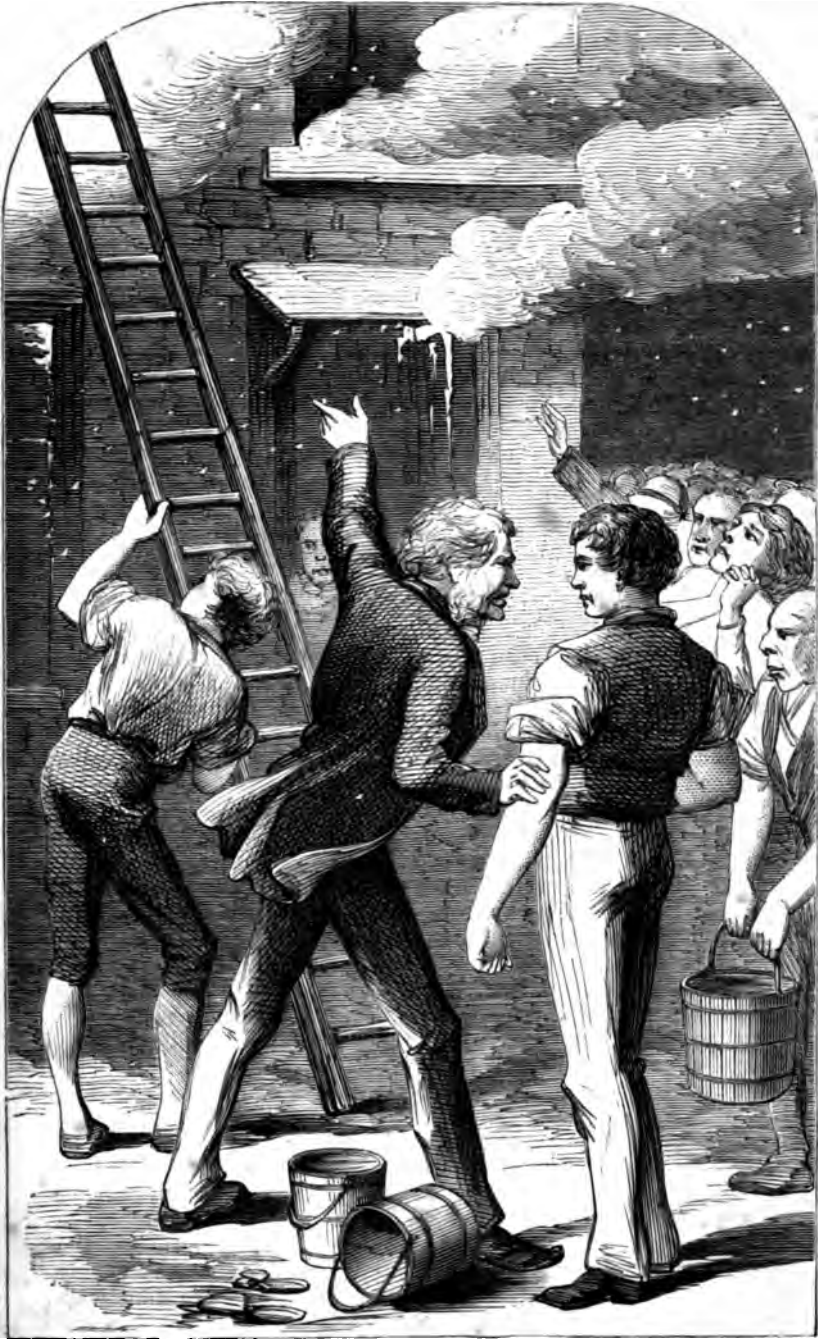
Let us ask how it is with us in this respect. Do we care for God's Word and worship? Do we pray in private? Are we regular and devout in public prayer? There are some persons whose love for God must be of the coldest, if we are to judge by their love of His house. Do you think that a man can be thought to be a religious man, who is quite satisfied that he has performed his religious duties if he comes to church once in a week, and, perhaps, is not very much distressed if he occasionally misses that one poor tribute of homage to his God? I am not now speaking of persons who are sick or in feeble health, but of persons who are strong and healthy. I can hardly bring myself to believe that such persons can be regarded as religious men and women, even according to the most charitable

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construction of their conduct. Then there are many who are fairly regular in their attendance at the house of prayer, who never come to the Lord's Table. Such persons, however estimable they may be in many respects, cannot be regarded as Christians. I am quite aware of the excuses which are urged for them and by them. Such excuses only prove more completely the truth of my assertion. They are kept back by some secret sin, or by worldliness, or by self-will. Is their case improved by such an apology? It seems to me to be made worse. Our Lord does not find in us the fruits of obedience to His will if He finds us disobeying His plainest command—neglecting this duty, refusing this privilege.

I should have liked to mention other evidences of a true consecration of the heart to God, such as frequent and earnest private prayer, meditation on sacred subjects, willingness and liberality in helping forward the work of Christ in the world, and I must ask you to remember these things in the work of self-examination; but I will here only add one caution to those who apply the principle of the text to themselves and others. I would say to them, 'Be as severe as you please in applying this test to yourselves, and as charitable as possible in applying it to others; and more especially let us remember that the presence of faults, and even of conspicuous faults in others, will not prove that they are unfruitful trees, nor will the absence of such faults in ourselves prove that we are fruitful; there is nothing which men are more prone to do, than to fasten upon special faults which they discern in others, and to congratulate themselves that they are free from them, and so dash to the very illogical conclusion that others are irreligious men, and they are religious. Nothing can be more fallacious. A tree which bears only, or chiefly evil fruits, must be an evil tree; but one which is laden with rich and beautiful fruit, and here and there has bad fruit, is a good tree, the exceptions notwithstanding. But it is equally clear that the tree which, indeed, is free from bad fruit, but is also without any good fruit upon it, is a bad and worthless tree, a cumberer of the ground, fit only to be cut down and cast into the fire.

It is well that men should strive after a life of perfect innocence; but we must beware of judging harshly the faults of others, while we overlook their virtues and graces, and we must not too readily conclude that the absence of glaring faults in ourselves will be accepted by our Lord as signs of true fellowship with Him. We may require of others, especially of those who either profess to teach us or who seek our fellowship or our friendship, that they be not destitute of the fruits of the Spirit of God; but we shall, if we are true to our Lord and to our own souls, exercise a far more jealous scrutiny over ourselves, and labour and pray that our 'love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment; that we may approve things that are excellent; that we may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ, being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ. unto the glory and praise of God.'



"OH, SAVE HIM, SAVE HIM!"

James Golding's Boy.

But, though Smith spoke no more of the excellence of his lad, though Johnnie was no more seen in the choir at church, and no longer held up his head as a model boy, and a favourite of Mr. Percy's, he did not turn out badly. Indeed, it was the very best thing for him when he was found out, for Smith's kindness was the means, in God's mercy, of making him truly sorry for his dishonesty, and he resolved to show his gratitude and win back his master's confidence. He did not know what his dishonesty had cost him; for Golding no longer thought, as he had lately often done, of the future day when he might, perhaps, tell Johnnie the story, or part of the story, and enjoy the boy's wonder and delight at the good luck in store for him. He would not claim a son who had been found out in thieving, and so as time passed he left off noticing or thinking of the lad, or young man as he was now, and indeed he was so wrapped up in his business that he had small time or thought for anything else.

One day, when he went into Smith's shop for a paper, he was surprised to find another young man, who came forward to serve him. "Where is Blake?" he asked.

"Blake? he's been ill this fortnight. Mr. Smith said, this morning, that there was little hope of his living out the day."

"What is it?"

"Some kind of fever; I don't rightly know what."

As Golding walked down the sunny road, he felt cold and sick. To feel that what had been lying within his grasp for years, so that he had but to close his hand and it was his, was out of his reach for ever, came like a blow to him. Though from the first he had never even breathed to himself any regular plan for claiming his son, and for the last two years had scouted every thought of such a plan, and had thought himself lucky in being free from a thieving boy—yet now, when it was too late, it seemed the dearest hope of his life; and business, money, respect, were nothing in his thoughts compared to 'his boy,' as he now, for the first time, called him. Of late he had not noticed when Johnnie's tall figure passed the window; but now the day seemed darker and the street emptier, without him. When Mrs. Wilmot came in, to get his tea, he should hear. How was it the old gossip had never told him?

But tea-time seemed as if it would never come, and, unable to wait any longer, he left his errand-boy in charge of the shop, and set off for the narrow lane, not far off, where Mrs. Wilmot lived. It was a hot afternoon, and everything was very still, as Golding went on his way. As he came to the narrow entrance of the lane, he met some one coming out quickly—a tall young man, who nearly ran against him, as they met. It was Jack Stone, and he drew his sleeve quickly across his eyes, and said "Good day," in a choked tone, and then hurried on. "They were friends," Golding said to himself, with a pang at his heart. This is the cottage, the bedroom window is open, and the blind moved softly by the slight breeze; the door is partly open, and in the little tidy kitchen, Golding can see the old woman sitting with her Bible open before her, but she is not reading, for her spectacles are dim and her eyes too. Golding stood looking in, taking in all the scene and listening to the clock ticking on so steadily, as if Time were not so

James Golding's Boy.

soon over and Eternity so near. Such a hush in the house, the clock seemed saying "Too late, too late!" to his troubled mind. But the next moment Mrs. Wilmot saw him, and got up, and put her finger to her lips, and glanced towards the stairs leading up to the bedroom. The blood rushed back to Golding's heart, and sang and throbbed in his head; the hush, as of death, was gone, and the tone of the old clock sounded differently, it was saying "Not yet, not yet!"

"He is asleep," Mrs. Wilmot said, in a whisper, "and doctor says, please God, he'll wake up better. I'm sure I never thought as he'd see another day, but God knows best. Would you like to see him?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, no," Golding said, quickly; "I'm glad he's better, and I hope he'll come round all right," and he went off. He was afraid of betraying himself in the sudden relief, of saying something rash and imprudent that he might regret afterwards. People grow so prudent and far-seeing in old age. He would certainly claim his son, oh yes, he would, and tell him all, some day; but he would do it calmly, not in a hurry, not in excitement; not yet, not yet.

Johnnie got well, slowly; but still, Golding said to himself, "Not yet;" he regained his strength and went back to his work, and was again constantly in Golding's sight, but still, "Not yet," and the old clock went steadily on, and the days, and weeks, and months passed. The old clock marked at last the dying moment of its old mistress, and old Mrs. Wilmot went to her rest, and Johnnie lost a kind friend and had to seek new lodgings; and Golding had to find some one else to do for him, and got a new woman who did not understand his ways, and put him about sadly. "But there! he's getting old and fidgety," he overheard her say to a neighbour. *Was* he getting old? Sixty-two next birthday; not so old as many a one round; not what one would call an *old* man, but he was not as strong as he used to be, he got easily tired and done up. Ah, dear! an old man!

Then he got a cold in the winter and had a bad cough; it hung about him and he could not get rid of it or pick up his strength, and when he lay by for a week or two, the man in charge of the shop mismanaged everything, and it was all in such a muddle when he looked into things, that it made him ill again setting them right. "Ah," Smith said, "if you'd such a lad as Johnnie now, you might lie by and spare yourself a bit, like I do, for we're not so young, Golding, as we were, neither of us."

As the spring came on and he only felt more weak and unequal to his work, his mind became gradually made up, and he let himself dwell on all the pleasure and comforts of having a son, and such an one as Johnnie, to be his right hand. He should no longer be a lonely man with no one but himself to care for. He would make it a pleasant home for Johnnie, and he would not mind then sitting by as an old man, if his place was so well filled.

One evening he was down in the Low Meadows, and as he stood where his poor wife died, his mind was finally made up, and he resolved to seek out Johnnie and tell him the whole truth, and ask his forgiveness and pity, and with this resolution he set off homewards.

CHAPTER V.

Occupied with his thoughts, Golding turned his steps towards his own home which was so soon to be brightened by the light of affection and comfort, and which in his mind grew even brighter and pleasanter than the old home long ago. Surely the blessings to come would repay him for all the sadness of those twenty long years of loneliness and labour. So absorbed was he by these dreams of his that he did not notice the signs of excitement in the people who hurried past him, nor heed what they called out to one another, till he found himself in a crowd of people, all moving in one direction, and was being urged along in the direction of one of the narrow lanes of Hilton, from whence a thick column of smoke going up towards the peaceful evening sky, witnessed the truth of the people's cry—"Fire! Fire!" which now broke upon his ears. As soon as an opportunity offered, he drew himself away from the crowd and stood in a doorway watching the scene.

Even in quiet Hilton a crowd soon gathers, and the little lane was already thronged with gazers. It was one of the older houses of the town, which might once have seen better days, built of stone, with large mullioned windows and heavy stone copings. It had taken fire in the lower story during the absence of its inmates, and till the engines arrived, it seemed hopeless saving any of the furniture and goods within, and the crowd were only trying to prevent the flames spreading by throwing water on the thatch and tiles that stood dangerously near. Foremost among the helpers Golding saw Jack Stone with a ready hand wherever it was most wanted, and a kind word to the terrified neighbours who came out of their houses carrying children and goods, for they could not tell which way the flames might spread that were gaining ground so fast in the old house. The engines were long in coming, the keys of the engine-house could not be found, the man who knew about it was away and without anyone to guide their efforts, the confusion and alarm were great. Golding, as he stood watching the scene, told himself that, if he had been a younger man, he would not have stood there idle, but have been in the front of it all, where Jack Stone stood; but he could not help feeling glad that his boy Johnnie was not there to be in danger. Luckily there was no wind to spread the flames, but the smoke poured up straight to the sky, where, one by one, the stars were coming out. The flames were showing plainly in the lower rooms, and from more than one of the upper ones the smoke was bursting, and the hot glass was cracking and falling down, when suddenly a thrill seemed to run through the crowd—a thrill of horror and fear—and Golding heard a man telling of a lad coming in from work tired and worn-out, and throwing himself on his bed, and being left there asleep by the other inmates of the house, when they locked the door and went out, and this was the house, and up there was the window which the flames had not yet reached, where the lad lay, stifled already, may be, in his sleep, or still to wake up to the horror of such a death.

James Golding's Boy.

The excitement of the crowd was intense. "What would they do?" Golding wondered, as he saw a cluster of men talking eagerly, and a long ladder being brought out. One of the men was Jack Stone, and he seemed wild with eagerness and anxiety, and again Golding thanked God that Johnnie was not there; when suddenly the name, that was in his thoughts and that had been dwelling in his mind so much of late, was taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth in the crowd, "Johnnie Blake, Johnnie Blake," and then it flashed across his terror-stricken brain that it was his boy, the son he had neglected so long but had hoped so soon to claim, who lay there in the very arms of death.

How much agony can be condensed into a moment! Surely, in the moment when he stretched out his hands towards the flames with a helpless, hopeless cry and then staggered back, sick and faint with horror, against the wall behind, a lifetime of remorse and pain was endured. But it was but for a moment—the next, how he made his way through the pushing, driving crowd, he could not tell and did not notice, but he was there in the front by the side of the group of men who still stood in eager discussion, and he had got his hand on Jack Stone's arm and was crying out, above the roar of the flames and people, in a shrill voice that sounded strangely in his own ears, "Oh! save him, save him. You won't let him die there, like a rat in a hole.

At first they hardly heeded the feeble old man's words, but he still kept his grasp on Jack's strong young arm and urged him to help, till one of the men turned to him, and, not knowing or recognising him in his excitement, said, "What be you after, old man, urging the lad to his death, for death 'twould be to go in yonder now."

"And you'll let him die?" shrieked Golding, wringing his hands together; "die in his sleep? Oh, Jack Stone, you and he were always such friends. He wouldn't have done so by you."

Jack's hand grasped the ladder and he made a step forward but stopped. He was no coward, and he loved Johnnie as David loved Jonathan, but life is sweet, and fire is an awful death.

"I'd go myself," another man said, "but there's my wife and little ones."

"Ay! but he's got no one as cares. Cowards! I'm an old man but I'll go myself." He made a push forward, but was roughly pulled back, and Jack Stone, shaking off the kindly hands that held him back, had already his foot on the ladder.

"Right enough," he cried; "there's none as cares for Jack Stone. Here goes!"

It has taken long to tell this, but it was but a few minutes between the time that Golding stood watching the fire without a thought of danger to him or his, and that Jack went up the ladder into the burning house. The ladder could not be placed straight under the window, which still stood dark and free from fire, the only one now in all the house from which neither flame nor smoke streamed. The flames were bursting out below it, and would have caught the ladder in a moment, if it had been put there, so it was set against a corner of the old house, where a solid buttress gave it

James Golding's Boy.

support, and Jack had to walk a few yards along the coping at the top of the house before he reached the window in the roof, to which all eyes were turned. As he made his way along quickly and firmly, with his form showing out black and clear against the lurid smoke, a breathless silence settled down upon the crowd, and when the window was reached, and he dashed in the glass and disappeared into the room, in spite of the roaring and crackling of the flames, the silence was so intense, that Golding thought the beating of his heart must be heard by all.

There were prayers going up from many a heart in the crowd in this moment, hearts feeling their own utter helplessness, and crying to the great God who holds the elements in His hand to save those two lives which were in such deadly jeopardy. How long was it? How the flames gained ground, leaping and stretching like living, hungry creatures greedy for the strong young prey in their clutches. Golding had sunk on his knees, and hid his face in his hands. A noise in the crowd roused him, a gasping sound, half sob, half shout. There was a movement within the dark window. He is coming back! *They* are coming!

Yes! it is true; two forms are seen coming, and none too soon, for the smoke bursts out with them through the window. That is Johnnie Blake first, he seems half stupified, and Jack, as he comes behind, has to hold him up and guide him along the dangerous path. Jack's shirt is torn, and his arm blackened with smoke, and his hair singed, but the crowd can see the bright, bold look on his face, and can hear him encouraging Johnnie with his cheery voice. Eager hands are ready with the ladder, eager eyes are following every step, eager voices, breaking the dreadful silence, are cheering them on, eager hearts are beating and throbbing with hope for the rescued and rescuer. The ladder is reached. The sudden and terrible awakening from his sleep, the flames and smoke, the noise and the crowd, seem quite to have stupified Johnnie Blake, and he scarcely notices the kindly hands that help him down, or the old man who clasps his hands, and, with tears running down his cheeks, sobs out his thankfulness for his wonderful escape. For a second he stands stupified, and then, tearing his hands from Golding's grasp, he turns round to his rescuer—turns, but where is he? The ladder still stands there, but where Jack Stone stood a minute ago, there is an awful chasm where part of the roof has fallen in, and the flames and smoke are rushing up in wild triumph over their terrible victory. One saved, one lost. Lost, did I say? No, surely, Jack Stone is safe from all dangers of this troublesome world, though he reached the shelter by a fiery and terrible path.

The engines are coming at last, but for what good? there are women screaming and wringing their hands, and strong men pale and trembling. They can do nothing to save the bold-faced lad who, five minutes ago, was so full of life and strength, and now—they shudder as they think of the poor, charred thing that was once Jack Stone, with his bonny face and sturdy frame. Johnnie Blake, rushing forward, would have thrown himself into the fire after his friend, had there not been many to hold him back, and

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then the terror was too much, and he fell senseless and was carried out of the crowd.

“No one as cares for Jack Stone!”

There was scarcely a mother in Hilton who did not sigh for many a day, for motherless Jack Stone; and many a strong man passed a rough hand across dimmed eyes, and spoke with a husky voice, as he told of the heroic death of the Workhouse lad who died to save his friend.

* * * * *

An hour afterwards the flames had sunk down, leaving the walls of the house, where the fire had been, standing up black and gaunt, like mourners over the destruction, the red glow was dying out of the sky, the crowd was dispersing to their beds, and only a small group remained watching the engines which were still at work. There was no further fear of the fire spreading, and nothing more to be done till the ruins cooled, and they could dig for all that remained on earth of poor Jack Stone. The other poor inmates of the house had found shelter with the neighbours, who were all ready and anxious to take them in, only Johnnie Blake sat watching the ruins, with Golding standing beside him, afraid to break by speaking the despairing gloom in which he seemed sunk. At last Golding touched his shoulder and said, “Come, lad, ’tis no use staying; we’d best go home.”

“Home?” was the answer. “What home?”

“Well, anyhow come home with me and have a bit of food and rest; I’m sure you must need it.”

“I don’t know what cause you’ve got to be so kind,” Johnnie said, rising wearily; and, unwillingly turning from the smoking ruins, he followed Golding through the streets, where the usual midnight quiet was fast settling down. His heart was very sore, poor lad, very sore and aching. His life that had been so hardly saved, seemed scarcely worth the keeping, since it had cost another life so much more worthy than his. Jack was such a good fellow, so kind-hearted and ready to help, everyone liked him, he made friends everywhere. He was always jolly and merry, and yet he never talked bad like other chaps. He was a good lad too, though he didn’t set up and preach and think himself a sight better than other folk. Well, maybe he were the fittest of the two to go. Such were Johnnie’s thoughts, and then he resolved to try to be a better fellow himself, and then, maybe, as the Parson said, he’d meet Jack Stone again some day, and then in his heart he thanked God for his safety, and asked for help to be a better man in his life to come. He could not put it all into fine words; but one honest feeling is worth a hundred fine words, and he really meant what he prayed.

Golding was tired and worn out; he was very much shocked and sorry for Stone’s death; but, through all, there was the pleasant feeling of having his son by his side and bringing him home. When they reached home, he lighted the fire and set on the kettle, and made Johnnie sit down in his own arm-chair, and, getting food and hot tea, he waited on Johnnie, pressing him to eat and taking care of him, almost as a mother might have done, in spite of his

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own weariness. It was such a pleasure to him, sitting there with his boy, and thinking how they would never be parted again, no more lonely days and nights, a young step, a young voice in the silent house; and Johnnie should be always happy, no wish nor whim unsatisfied, his own life should be altogether devoted to making amends to him, and when death parted them, a son's love would smooth his dying pillow, and a son's hand close his eyes. Johnnie, meantime, sat wrapped in his own thoughts, not noticing the old man's kindness or thinking of anything except poor dead Jack. But at last he was roused by Golding saying, "Come up and go to bed, Johnnie, some sleep will do you good, and I've a deal to say to-morrow."

"Sleep?" he answered, getting up; "not I. I don't think I shall ever sleep again after waking like that. I'll go down and see if the fire is out yet."

"Stop a bit," Golding said, seized with a sudden impulse to tell out his secret; "I've something to tell you first."

Blake sank into his chair again, wondering what the old man could have to say, and why he had chosen this time of all others, when his thoughts were fixed on one object.

"It's more than twenty years ago," the old man began, and Johnnie wondered again what this could have to do with him; "I had a wife then, and a baby—a boy, christened John up at St. Peter's yonder"—he spoke slowly, stopping every now and then, and looking into Johnnie's face. "My wife was false to me—broke my heart—left me—and took the child. In two years she came back, poor and ragged and ill; but I had sworn to have done with her, and everyone thought her dead—and I—well, she went away, and the next morning they found her dead in the Low Meadows."

Johnnie's face had altered now; he got up and standing, leaning on the table opposite Golding, looked at him with a pale face and closely set teeth, "Don't be hard on me, Johnnie—don't—I've repented bitterly since—I have suffered so; it's made an old man of me."

"Well?" Johnnie spoke between his clenched teeth.

"They buried my wife and took my child to the Workhouse."

"You let your wife die at your door? and let your boy grow up a pauper? Maybe you don't know what a Workhouse is?"

His voice was hard and cold, and Golding stretched out his hands as if he had been struck. "Oh, lad, don't speak so! I'm an old man, don't be hard on me! I'll make it all up to you; don't be hard on your poor old father."

There was a moment's pause, and then Johnnie Blake spoke, slowly and steadily, "You've made a mistake. My mother was a Hilton girl, who died, when I was born, in the workhouse. Jack Stone, poor chap, he as died to-day, is your son, and may God forgive you"; and he turned and left him in his desolate house. Surely God's ways are not our ways, and He knows best.

In the morning Golding was found senseless, and for a long time he lay unconscious, for the hand of God was heavy upon him. In his wandering he kept repeating those most bitter words, "Too

The Land o' the Leal.

late. Too late," till they stopped the great eight days clock on the landing, whose ticking seemed speaking to the sick man. Little by little his faculties came back, and he was spared time to bless the Hand that had smitten him. In those days he told Mr. Percy his sad story with deep sorrow and repentance, and found much comfort.

In little St. Peter's on the Hill there is a small tablet on the wall, put up by Miles and by those (and they were not few) who were proud of the brave deed of the poor workhouse boy:—

To the Memory
of

JOHN STONE,

Who lost his life in rescuing a man from
a burning house.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down
his life for his friend."

Too late for Golding to find his son on earth, not too late by penitence and God's grace to meet him in heaven. He is an old man now; but the old clock still speaks to him, "Not yet, not yet."



The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it is thaw, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome you, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith sweet and fair, Jean;
She was ow're gude to spare, Jean;
Frae the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean;
My soul lang's to be free, Jean;
And angels wait on me, Jean,
To the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye well, my ain Jean;
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet, and aye be fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.
PARISH CLERK, VERGER, BEADLE:



THE principal difficulty in offering a few hearty hints to the important officers named above, arises from the varied duties which are assigned to those functionaries in various parishes. The parish clerk of an old-established parish with its musty, ancient, yet, withal, interesting registers, records, and other muniments, holds a very different office from the clerk of a newly-formed parish. In some parishes, indeed, the clerk and the sexton retain their office as a freehold, and are removable only by a process similar to that which is necessary in the deposition of the incumbent of a benefice. The office of a parish clerk has fallen into disrepute by reason of the irreligion, avarice and ignorance, which, in past times, too often were seen in those who held it, even as the name of 'Beadledom' has attained a notorious signification, just because in former days the office appertaining thereto was usually made over to the least fitting man of the parish, who exercised it with vulgar pomposity and petty tyranny over poor folk and naughty boys.

Our hints, however, shall be hearty: hearty in their nature, and heartily offered. It is of no use to find fault with everything because it is ancient, and many great benefits to the Church may be secured through clerks, vergers, and beadles doing their duty with heart, and so with loving energy. As to the clerk, then, of the ancient parish church, I cannot refrain from repeating a suggestion which I made many years ago, that where, as is the case in many parishes, a considerable income is derived by the clerk from fees, it would be well that the office should be filled by a clerk in holy orders, perhaps a permanent deacon or a seven years' deacon, whose income from fees might amount to a goodly sum, and whose spare time, which would not be small, would be devoted to ministerial work. I have seen many instances where this hint could be adopted, or where, at the least, the services of an active lay agent might be secured from this source without further emolument. Although the "*Amen-Clerk*" is often spoken of with contempt, it has been my privilege to be acquainted with some thoroughly good men amongst parish clerks, whose memory I must always hold high in my estimation. What a contrast, however, do such men afford to the irreverent, careless, ungodly clerk, and such there have been! I have known clerks whose evil behaviour has driven people from church, clerks whose irreverence has tended to destroy every feeling of religion, clerks whose callous conduct at the burial of the dead has added to the griefs which Christian tenderness would have mitigated, and clerks whose simple object appeared to be to clutch the legal fee, or, if possible, a little more!

And this has been true also sometimes with vergers, or apparitors, or beadles. I once knew a man who united all three of these offices in himself, and whose behaviour was such as to cause many people to vow they would never enter the Church again! They had been thrust out of sittings which others (alas! for the appropriation system) claimed to possess even after the commencement of divine

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

service; others, when asking for sittings, had been repulsed with rudeness and told to get a sitting where they could; until this religious officer (for a religious officer every clerk, apparitor, beadle, and vergers is, by profession), had actually caused many of the parishioners to forsake the assembling of themselves together in their proper Church! Even this very year have I heard of one important parish in which the unfeeling and irreverent conduct of the vergers (for in this case there is no clerk), has actually caused women who came to offer thanks to God, to return home 'un-churched,' and has also driven away many who brought children for baptism; and all these gross hindrances have arisen out of a petulant, evil disposition and hasty temper. These things are saddening. They show the great value and importance of clerks and vergers and beadles being full of true heartiness in the discharge of their duties. If a lack in their work has done so much harm, it is certain that pious devotedness in their duties would effect much good.

We all know that an unfaithful rector, or vicar, or curate, does great injury to religion; and in the same way, even if less in degree, the carelessness of any man engaged in religious duties must do sad mischief. Men whose official duties are of a religious character need to be very careful of their behaviour. Impropriety, or any inconsistency, is bad enough in anyone, but when seen in any of the servants of the Sanctuary, they do incredible mischief. In order, then, to secure heartiness amongst clerks, vergers, and beadles (and the remarks would almost equally apply to any other religious official), I say, attend to the following hints:—I. Be sure that you are a religious man, a real Christian Churchman, yourself, in your heart and in your daily life. "*Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord,*" has its meaning for you as well as for the ministers of the Gospel now. Nothing hardens a man more than the having to do with sacred things, if he live not himself as a man who knows that he is consecrated in body, soul, and spirit, to the service of his God.

II. Enter into the spirit and meaning of all you have to do. Do nothing as an act which you are bound to do because you are paid to do it. Of course "the labourer is worthy of his hire," but that is not a reason for a slavish, unmeaning way of doing your work. Your behaviour may set a good example to the congregation. If clerks are not reverent at baptisms, or churchings, or marriages, or other services, who can wonder that the people, seeing the officers of the Church are irreverent, are tempted to regard the whole affair as a sham? If beadles and vergers show no desire to promote devotion, who can be astonished when the young and thoughtless misbehave in church? Whatever, then, you have to do in or about the church, consider the meaning of it, the intention of it, and then devoutly carry it out accordingly.

III. Cultivate a habit of reverence about sacred places and sacred things. If a clerk has to somewhat lead the devotions of the people (as, probably, in some country places, is still needful), let him do so with earnestness of heart and with the deepest reverence. Does a baptism demand his services at the Font? he will see that every-

George Peabody.

thing is quietly and decently made ready according to the rubrics, that kneelers are provided for the sponsors to kneel, and that they are supplied with Prayer-books, if (alas!) they have not brought their own with them. And so with everything else in connection with his duty; piety and reverence, and a little common sense, will make every clerk a real means of doing good in a church. And surely no one can think lightly of his office of vergers or beadle who recollects the glorious expression of the Psalmist, when he said "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness;" because, whatever be the exact meaning of those words, they certainly intimate that even to sit on but the threshold of the temple of God is better than the greatest honours and comforts afforded by unholy abundance. Now, vergers and beades often have their tempers tried by unruly boys; but let vergers and beades recollect that everyone who does his duty is often much tried in his temper. Let not the only object be to get rid of the unruly boy, but rather to win him, and to cure his unruliness; and this may clerk, or vergers, or sexton do, if only he love his fellow creature as Jesus Christ loved us all, and clerks, vergers, and sextons are every one of them officers belonging to that Church which Jesus Christ purchased with His blood, and is enlarging by His grace.

IV. Therefore do I say, with all possible good feeling and affection, to every clerk, vergers, and sexton of the Anglican Church, in whatever part of the world he may be, do not allow yourself to think lightly of your office; it is a sacred office, for it is closely connected with the Church of Christ; it is a blessed office, for it is one in which you can promote reverence, and this is something in these days of infidelity and irreverence; it is an office closely connected with the worship of God, and with the salvation of souls. Every duty which a clerk, a vergers, or a beadle has to do in his official capacity arises, in one way or another, out of the work of Christ Jesus in His love for sinners. But for Christ, there would not have been a Church or worship. Your offices arise entirely out of His work, and therefore let them be discharged in the full feeling of their being religious in their origin and religious in their object. When you do this, we shall have, what indeed exists in many places, but is greatly needed in not a few churches still, viz., "heartiness in the performance of their duties amongst clerks, vergers, and beades."

George Peabody.



GEORGE PEABODY was born in the City of Danvers, Massachusetts, on the 18th of February, 1795. He began business at the age of eleven, when he became clerk in a grocery store at Danvers. Four years later, the lad, proving to be a smart young fellow, with an ambition beyond 'groceries,' went to live with his uncle at Genge Town. The war with Great Britain was at that time going on, for it was the year 1812, and his uncle was a volunteer soldier, and



GEORGE PEABODY.

speedily became a general. George served under him, and was engaged at Fort Warburton. At the close of the war he returned to business, and became a merchant in the city of Baltimore. He succeeded so well, that with the generosity which distinguished him through life, he charged himself with the maintenance and education of his father's family.

He first visited this country in 1837, and settled in London in 1843 as a merchant and money broker. His prosperity was great,

George Peabody

but business was not his only thought, for like the patriarch Jacob, at the outset of his career he vowed a vow unto the Lord.—“If God spares my life, and prospers me in my business, then the property of which I may become possessed I will devote to His glory—in seeking the good of my fellow men wherever their claims may seem most to rest upon me.”

This vow he faithfully and nobly kept, and, unlike those who wait for their death to distribute the riches they can no longer enjoy, Mr. Peabody benefited others during his life-time with a marvellous munificence. Not to mention all the great and noble things that he did, it may be stated that in 1851 he revisited his native city of Danvers, in America, and founded there, at a cost of £30,000, an educational institution and library. In 1857 he built and endowed at Baltimore a similar institution, which cost him £100,000. Magnificent, however, as were these acts, they were quite eclipsed by what he afterwards did for the London Poor. On retiring from business in 1862, he presented the City of London with £150,000, to be expended in the erection of comfortable lodging houses for the working classes. In 1866 he gave again £150,000 for the same purpose. In the letter bestowing the former sum, Mr. Peabody wrote, “It is now twenty-five years since I commenced my residence and business in London as a stranger; but I did not long feel myself a stranger or in a strange land, for in all my commercial and social intercourse with my British friends during that long period, I have constantly received courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind Providence, I have been prompted to make a donation for the benefit of the poor of London.”

What rendered this act the more beautiful and touching in spirit was that it occurred at a time when there was a great deal of irritation and ill-feeling existing between England and America. Mr. Reed, M.P., in a speech at the Guildhall, in 1862, on the occasion of conferring the freedom of the city of London on Mr. Peabody, said, with great truth, “Here is a man, bound to us by no ties but those of our common humanity, at a time when some men delight to revive the memory of ancient jealousies and national animosities, who stands forward to rebuke our unworthy suspicions by an act of kindness to our poor, which brings the blush of shame to our cheeks when we think of merchant princes of our own who, living, have been strangely insensible to the claims of Christian charity, and, dying, have left no trace behind.” He afterwards added, “Mr. Peabody has made himself familiar with distress, that he might learn how best to mitigate woe; he has become acquainted, by personal investigation, with the overwhelming vicissitudes of the labouring poor, that he might ameliorate their condition; and he has given a practical illustration of the way to do good, which leaves all our busy theorists far behind.”

There is little more to add. In 1866, on leaving this country for America, the queen wrote him a letter of grateful acknowledgment, assuring him how deeply she appreciated the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he had sought to relieve the wants of her poorer subjects residing in London.

The Blind Man and his Dog.

Mr. Peabody died in London on the 4th of November, 1869. His body was conveyed to his native land with all the honour that two great countries, England and America, could unite in paying to it; and his name and memory will for all time be cherished on both sides of the Atlantic, as a noble benefactor of his race.

The Blind Man and his Dog.



R. MAYHEW, in his "London Labour and the London Poor," gives some curious experiences which he learned from the lips of the blind street-folk. Here is what one old blind man said to him about his dogs.

"Nobody likes a dog so much as a blind man; I am told they can't, the blind man is so much beholden to his dog, he does him such favours and services. With my dog I can go to any part of London, as independent as any one who has got his sight. Yesterday afternoon, when I left your house, sir, I was ashamed of going through the street, people was a-saying, 'Look'ee there, that's the man as says he's blind.' I was going so quick, it was so late, you know, they couldn't make it out; but without my dog I must have crawled along, and always be in great fear. The name of my present dog is 'Keeper;' I have had him nine years, and he is with me night and day, goes to church with me and all. If I go out without him, he misses me, and then he scampers all through the street where I am in the habit of going, crying and howling after me, just as if he was fairly out of his mind. My dog knows every word I say to him. Tell him to turn right or left, or cross over, and, whip! round he goes in a moment. If I say a cross word to him, such as Ah! You rascal, you! he'll stand on one side, and give a cry just like a Christian.

"I've had Keeper nine years. The dog I had before him was Blucher. He was as clever as Keeper, but not so much loved as he is. At last he went blind; he was about two year losing his sight. When I found his eyes were getting bad, I got Keeper. I got him of another blind man, but he had no learning in him when he came to me. I was a long time teaching him, for I didn't do it all at once. I could have taught him in a week, but I used to let the old dog have a run, while I put Keeper into the collar for a bit, and so he learned all he knows by little and little.

"At last my old Blucher went stone blind, as bad as his master, and he used to fret so when I went out without him that I could not bear it, and so got to take him always with me, and then he used to follow the knock of my stick. He had done so for about six months; and then I was one night going along Piccadilly, and I stopped to speak to a policeman, and Blucher missed me; he couldn't hear where I was for the noise of the carriages. He didn't catch the sound of my stick, and couldn't hear my voice for the carriages, so he went seeking me into the middle of the road, and a bus run over him, poor thing. I heard him scream out, and I whistled to him, and he came howling dreadful on to the pavement again. I didn't think he was much hurt then, for I put the collar on him, to take him safe back, and he led me home blind as he was. The next morning he couldn't rise up at all. I



THE BLIND MAN AND HIS DOG.

took him in my arms, and found he couldn't move. Well, he never eat nor drink nothing to speak of for a week, and got to be in such dreadful pain that I was forced to have him killed. I got a man to drown him in a bag. I couldn't have done it myself for all the world. It would have been as bad to me as killing a Christian. I used to grieve terribly after I'd lost him. I couldn't get him off my mind. I had had him so many years, and he had been with me night and day, my constant companion, and the most faithful friend I ever had, except Keeper. There's nothing in the world can beat Keeper for faithfulness, nothing."

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.



We are accustomed to think of the English Bible as one book, and to regard the two Testaments in a general way as One Volume. Bound together as we have ever seen them from earliest years, we speak of this large and varied collection of books as The Bible. In a certain sense, this is all quite correct, for there is but "One" Author and Giver of this good gift of Revelation—God. Yet how many human hands have been employed in setting down for our instruction the "manifold wisdom of God." Since the torch of Divine truth was first lit in the Arabian desert, how many brave, noble, holy saints have held it for a while, and at a word from on high, trimmed it afresh and increased its brilliancy!

With great caution, an attempt must now be made to bring forward some few points of striking and lasting interest which may be gleaned in tracing the growth of Scripture unto its present perfect form as we see it in our English Bible.

For a vast number of years, when men's lives were much longer than they are now, when there were many facilities for handing down from father to son the commands of the Almighty, in the very words in which those commands were received, there was not, so far as we know, any written Word of God at all, any portion of our present Bible in existence. For upwards of 2,500 years from Adam to Moses, there was no documentary testimony to appeal to as a Rule of Faith and Law of Life. God at sundry times and in divers manners spoke to the several patriarchs and gave them His directions, as in the case of Noah (Genesis ix. 1—17), or Abraham (Genesis xxii. 1, 2); but these messages, so far as we are aware, were not written in a book, and used as guides and counsels by succeeding generations.

In the course of time, however, circumstances were different. The life of man was shortened, the means of passing on by word of mouth, by oral testimony, essential facts and truths became much less trustworthy. It is now, that the first bright germs of revealed truth are communicated by God unto His servant Moses. A concise history from the creation of the world to the advance of the Israelities to the brink of Jordan, a minute account of the building of the tabernacle, the consecration of the priesthood, the bondage, deliverance and wanderings of the Israelites, under the general name of the Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses, is the first contribution to the Sacred Roll.

There is ample authority afforded in this first instalment, for this new but more permanent mode of preserving by a written record the memory of important matters. Such clear and distinct charges as (Exod. xvii. 14), "Write this for a memorial in a book," or (Exod. xxiv. 4) "and Moses wrote all the words of the Lord," or (Exod. xxxiv. 27) "Write thou these words," or (Deut. xxxi. 9) "and Moses wrote this law and delivered it unto the priests," or (Deut. xxxi. 24—26) "and it came to pass, when Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book until they were finished, that Moses commanded the Levites, which bare the Ark of the covenant, saying, Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the Ark of the covenant of the Lord your

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God, that it may be there for a witness against thee." Many as have been the trials to shake and undermine the authority of this venerable and instructive portion of our Bibles, it stands at the present day on a firmer basis of evidence than ever; and constrains us by its very antiquity alone to a belief in its genuineness as a part of God's word to Man.

Moses dies, and is buried by God—yet in a little while the stream of truth which had begun to flow, is swollen by another contribution; for we read (Jos. xxiv. 26) "Joshua wrote these words in the book of the law of God," that book namely which had been laid up in the side of the Ark of the Covenant at the command of Moses. Then again, after a considerable span of years, we learn that there was another addition by a fresh hand to this increasing roll (1 Sam. x. 25), "Samuel wrote in a book and laid it up before the Lord." And so on in the course of years, the Psalms of David and other holy men, the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; the visions of Ezekiel, Daniel and Habakkuk; the annals of Kings, and the books of Ezra and Nehemiah were added; until the designed number of books was reached; until the exact measure of His will which God saw fit to communicate to the Jews had been attained.

Careful and painstaking, diligent and laborious though Ezra and his fellow helpers were, in gathering up into one the separate works of the various Old Testament writers, yet still there were to be dug by other workers fresh wells of salvation, from which men to the end of time might draw the living water in copious and unfailing draughts. Four hundred and fifty years elapse from the prophet Malachi to the Apostle St. Matthew, and there is once again another inflowing unto the already mighty current of revealed, written Truth. In quick but ordered succession, penmen are inspired to give to the Church and world statements and facts of vital consequence. In language simple but sublime, Evangelists describe events which had but lately occurred; tell not of an expected Saviour, but of Jesus as teaching, toiling, dying, rising again, ascending into heaven. Evangelists and Apostles in vivid and graphic words set forth the workings of God the Holy Ghost in the hearts of divers men of various lands; and record, in language at once sober, temperate, and free from exaggeration, the triumphs of the Gospel, in countries where vice and ignorance had abounded; in cities where worldly wisdom and scornful unbelief had been wont to dwell for ages!

From all these various contributions of so many writers, known and unknown, separate and distinct in point of time and of composition, clearly differing in the matters written of, these rich treasures of Holy Scripture, extending from 1451 B.C. unto 96 A.D., a space of 1547 years, form now in these last days but one book. In that specific circle of years there was a commencement—a continuance—a completion of the Bible—so far as its utterance is concerned; and in a little over three hundred years more there was a final settlement of what is called, in technical language, the canon of Holy Scripture—gathered piecemeal from age to age, with scrutinizing care laid silently side by side until there is this

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goodly pile of inspired wisdom, and then, as one Volume, it is intrusted to the care of the Church. Patriarchal, Levitical, Apostolical lore, cautiously selected, and welded into one harmonious whole, was thus consigned to the custody of the Church; and as, from century to century, this glorious roll of truth remains in her hands, does she not stand out in each succeeding period more prominently in the character of an honest "witness and keeper of Holy Writ." (Art. XX.)

It is generally understood and agreed that as Moses was the earliest writer under Divine guidance, so S. John was the last to receive from God the Holy Ghost messages from Heaven to man. It should be borne in mind, however, that though it happens to be the case that the writings of Moses commence, and the Revelation of St. John stands last in our English Bibles, there are many books, both in the Old and New Testament, which are not placed according to the strict order of time in which they were written. Very numerous and sometimes very serious mistakes have often arisen from a want of knowledge on the matter; mistakes which need not now be so constant, if the reader would look at the date now very generally placed at the top of the page in the ordinary bibles of the day.

A most important point has next to receive our attention. Have we in our English Bible, so far as the safest evidence proves, the exact measure of God's will unto man? No less—no more? A complete canon—a perfect rule of faith? A precise and accurate Divine law of morals? There are such writings as the Book of Jasher mentioned (Josh. x. 13 and 2 Sam. i. 18.), or again "the book of the wars of the Lord" (alluded to at Numb. xxi. 14.), or the books of the Apocrypha, read sometimes as lessons in Church; or the Epistle mentioned by St. Paul as having been written by him to the Church of Corinth (1 Cor. v. 9.) and various others which need not be enumerated. What is to be said about them! Our answer is this: That however profitable to read, as St. Jerome says, for example of life and instruction of manners, these several writings never have been included in the canon of holy and inspired Scripture, or regarded and treated as the very and true word of God. The Jews, those jealous guardians of the Divine oracles committed unto them, never received as God's word any single writing except those which are contained in our Old Testament. So minute, so sifting, so reverently exact and strict were they, that they knew not only the names of the books, the numbers of the verses and words, but even the very count of the letters of these Scriptures which they held as Divine, and that not even a very smallest portion may be lost or altered, there was placed in the middle word of the Book of the Law, and also in that of the psalter, a capital instead of a small letter. Is it likely, is it possible, that in the hands of such curiously scrupulous people, errors could occur to the extent of whole books being shut out which rightly belonged to Holy Scripture! The books placed in our English Bibles, as the veritable word of God, written for our learning and comfort, correspond with those which have been held sacred since the days when

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Ezra, as it is generally supposed, reviewed, revised, and completed the Old Testament; reckoned by the Jews as twenty-two, a number corresponding with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet—it being supposed that as by the number of these letters all that was requisite to be said or written could be expressed, so in like manner the number of sacred books comprehended all that was needful to be known or believed. Besides, as a further and stronger argument, on the same side, when our blessed Lord conversed with the Jews, as He often did, we do not find that He charged them with unfaithfulness to their trust as guardians of Holy Scripture. That they misunderstood, misinterpreted, perverted Scripture is laid to their charge, but they are not accused of taking from or adding to the number or measure of books which had been entrusted to their care.

It would undoubtedly appear from this, that such as the canon was when it left the hands of Ezra, about the year B.C. 450, the same was it found by our Lord in its threefold division of The Law, 5 books; The Prophets 8 books; The Psalms and other Writings 9 books; or as enumerated by ourselves, The Law 5 books; History 12 books; Poetry 5 books; Prophecy 17 books. These are the Scriptures referred to by Him, quoted by Him, read publicly by Him; and concerning which He said (Matth. v. 17) "Think not I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." If our Lord who is the "Truth" was convinced of the perfection and sufficiency of the number He found, to the utter exclusion of all other books whatever, may not devout and candid minds rest content with a Canon or set of books which has received the stamp of His direct sanction and approval? And with regard to the number of books which compose the Canon of the New Testament, though some were for a long number of years looked upon with suspicion and distrust—notably the second Epistle General of St. Peter—yet in the end, every single writing has in every branch of the Catholic Church been received as the veritable written word of God, and with that general and universal verdict in favour of its correctness, he would be a presumptuous man who would venture to think, we had too little or too much—defect or excess—in our present English Bible.

One word in closing this paper. Days of sifting enquiry and earnest search are not to be considered as entirely evil. It should be an answer to all who deprecate anxious, painful moments, that we have, speaking humanly, to thank two of the greatest troublers of the saints for the high value which has since attached to Holy Scripture, and for the jealous care with which it has been preserved. Antiochus (B.C. 168) sought out the books of the Old Testament to burn them. Diocletian, the Emperor of Rome (A.D. 303), caused the deaths of many Christians for refusing to deliver up the Christian Scriptures to the heathen magistrates. May the day be far distant when Holy Scripture shall be lightly esteemed. Meanwhile may the number be largely and daily increased of those who can from their own experience say with David, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Ps. xix. 7.)

Anecdote of Bishop Heber.

IN the month of February, 1826, during the Bishop Heber's voyage from Calcutta to Madras, on his first and last visit to the southern part of his extensive diocese, among the passengers on board the "Bussorah Merchant," there was a lady in weak health, who was going to England with a sickly infant of two months old, and leaving her husband in Calcutta. The child was suddenly seized with convulsions, and after lingering through the day, in the evening breathed its last. The Bishop spent much time in the cabin of the poor bereaved mother, comforting and praying with her; and while she was bitterly lamenting her loss, instead of checking her expressions of impatience, and prescribing to her the duty of submission, he told her the following beautiful parable, as one with which he had himself been deeply moved:

"A shepherd was mourning over the death of his favourite child, and in the passionate and rebellious feeling of his heart was bitterly complaining that what he loved most tenderly, and was in itself most lovely, had been taken from him. Suddenly a stranger of grave and venerable appearance stood before him and beckoned him forth into the field. It was night, and not a word was spoken till they arrived at the fold, when the stranger said to him:—'When you select one of these lambs from the flock, you choose the best and most beautiful among them: why should you murmur, because I, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, have chosen from those which you have nourished for me the one which was most fitted for my eternal fold?' The mysterious stranger was seen no more, and the father's heart was comforted."

Short Sermon.

Patient Obedience.

BY GEORGE C. HARRIS, M.A., PREBENDARY OF EXETER, VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, TORQUAY.

St. Luke xvii. 14.—'And it came to pass that as they went, they were cleansed.'

THERE is a saying left on record by the prophet Isaiah in these words—'He that believeth shall not make haste.' It is, to a certain extent, one of the 'hard sayings' that meet us from time to time in Holy Writ. But I venture to think that this meaning may be derived from it; that one mark of the true believer is an absence of impatience; that perfect faith implies, almost as a necessity, perfect trust; that the attitude of such an one will be determined by that other utterance of Habakkuk, in reference to the visitation of God's mercy: 'Though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come; it will not tarry.' It implies a readiness to leave things as we find them at God's hands; to be content to wait for explanations; to stand still in the darkness, sure that God will

Short Sermon.

give, at least, so much light as is necessary to enable us to see the next step; not questioning His promises, though they may seem long in fulfilment; not staggered by judgments and disappointments, though they may seem hard to reconcile with our idea of God's providence; in fact, trusting Christ entirely, when He says, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

It is the temper of mind which Christ our Lord recommended to His disciples when He was foretelling the destruction of their nation. When they should be surrounded with all the appalling events which accompanied the siege of Jerusalem; and should see their city tottering to its fall—a dispensation closing in ruin and blood; all the traditions and associations of the most holy and the most absorbing of national histories apparently swept away by the invading and idolatrous Gentiles; and 'the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet standing in the holy place,' in the midst of all this, Jesus said, 'In your patience possess ye your souls.'

In the present day, when a destruction dark and thorough as that which swept the ancient Jerusalem, seems threatening from a different quarter to desolate our spiritual Sion, what can we in our wisdom do but listen to the same exhortation. When clouds and darkness seem to wrap round the holy hills, and shut out the guiding light; when too often through the perversion of the noblest gift of reason, 'the very light that is in us becomes our darkness;' when leaders of popular thought bewilder us with the bright, the taking, the fanciful, the ever-varying result of restless speculations; and the leaders of religious thought paralyse us by contradictory statements, even of those things that concern our peace;—what can we do but look with longing eyes for the light that shall be granted us if we remain steadfastly where Christ has placed us? How shall we occupy this time of our waiting and our watching, but in simply acting on those plain, broad truths about which none but the violent or the wilfully ignorant can raise a doubt; in simply doing what Christ has bidden us, though we know nothing of the why or the wherefore: doing from faith, and love and trust, what the Church in the Bible has enshrined of the plain commands of Christ, and finding it a sufficient reason for our unquestioning patience and obedience, that 'the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

And yet this patience—the attitude in which the Christian is ever to await the storm, be it of persecution or misfortune, or onslaught upon the doctrines of his Church—this patience, I say, is not a patience of inactivity; it is not the patience of the 'wicked and slothful servant,' who kept his one talent hid in a napkin; it is that which St. Paul describes as 'patient continuance in well-doing;' and which our Lord stamps as the mark of real growth, of true progress; the steady, irresistible, unhurried, but unwavering advance of the disciplined soul; the characteristic of the good seed in the good ground, which 'brings forth fruit with patience.'

How it operates may be illustrated, I think, by the conduct and the treatment of the lepers mentioned in the text, 'As they went, they were cleansed.' They met Jesus as lepers, living types of sinners, and of their state before God. They knew bitterly their need, and

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from a distance they lifted up their piteous cry, 'Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.' What is the reply of our blessed Lord? He simply bade them go, show themselves to the priest—just as they were, with the foul disease upon them unabated, with nothing apparently even pointing to their cleansing, except that one strong, yearning, heart-sick longing for health, so earnest, and yet apparently so hopeless. Just as they were, Christ bade them go to the priests, as if they were clean. He saw they were not clean; they knew they were not clean; but they were, at Christ's command, to act as if they were—to present themselves before the priests for examination, and to make those offerings and perform those services which none but the clean might make and perform.

Foul and loathsome lepers, they heard the words of Jesus. Foul and loathsome lepers, with their disease still upon them, they did as Christ told them, they went His way; 'and as they went, they were cleansed.'

And so it always was in Christ's dealings on earth. Simple, unquestioning trust, naturally followed by unhesitating obedience, had its reward. Cavilling, doubting impatience was the prelude to rejection and ruin. 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it,' was the direction of the Blessed Virgin to the servants at Cana; they acted on her advice: they obeyed Jesus when He spoke to them, the result was the first miracle Jesus wrought. On the other hand, Jesus speaks to Nicodemus of the one Sacrament; he is staggered, and says, 'How can these things be?' And for the lifetime of Jesus, he never had the courage to own himself His disciple. Jesus speaks of the other Sacrament at Capernaum, and the people question, 'How can this man give us His flesh to eat?' and they stumble at the doctrine; they cannot bear to wait, they desert the Lord, and, sad epitaph to write upon their memory, 'they walked no more with Him.'

I have no wish to travel into the regions of controversy; and, indeed, with all my heart I wish there were no such regions for any of us. But I cannot help following up this last reference to the Jews at Capernaum by a consideration that meets us at the present time. Are we not too fond of questioning and defining the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, instead of obtaining the blessing connected with it by obediently receiving it?

Let me take one single case as an illustration. We all, I suppose, with scarcely a single exception, believe that *in some way* Christ is present in that Holy Sacrament. No one, at any rate, can use the words of the Church Service without so believing. But when we come to enquire into the *When* and the *How* of that presence, we find ourselves rather imitating the Jews with their questions—'Rabbi, when camest thou hither?' or, 'How can this man give us His flesh to eat?' than obeying the command of Christ, 'Do this,' or the Apostolic injunction, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup.'

Can we not at that sacred Board, where all agree is perpetuated the remembrance of a dying Saviour's love, agree also in this,—that as Christ has said it, as St. Paul has confirmed it, Christ Himself is really present, and imparts Himself to the soul of the

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faithful communicant. Can we not have patience enough for this—patience as our dear English Church intends we should have it, neither explaining away the comfort and the reality of the Sacrament, as too many Protestants do, nor defining it in that exact and scientific way that the Roman Church has arrogated the right to do. Rome and Dissent, in this as in a great many other things, act in exactly the same way. They both know that human nature is impatient; they offer to satisfy that impatience at once—the one by saying boldly exactly what the Sacrament is; the other, with equal boldness, by saying what it is not. Our Church, on the other hand, leaves the matter where it finds it in God's word: taking Christ's own language when she must describe at all, and without telling us when any change takes place, or how any change takes place, reminding us of what Christ Himself has said, 'He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him.'

Surely, in this spirit, many, who may be supposed to differ, may well and wisely meet. All who come in penitence, and faith, and love, God accepts, and speaks to them at that feast, and feeds them with the true Bread from Heaven, though it be to them indeed Manna, 'for they wot not what it is.'

And one other thought on this subject, which the patient obedience of the text especially brings home to us here. It was, 'as they went, they were cleansed.' They started to go, lepers just as they were. As they were on the road, the road of obedience, the blessing came to them. Dear brethren, doubting, hesitating, excusing, or else accusing yourselves, pleading your ignorance, or your unworthiness, or your sin, why do you linger. Is it with you as with those lepers? Do you really know that you are offenders against God's law; do you really know that you are in a state of spiritual sickness, desolation and danger? Do you, like the lepers, wish for better things with all your heart? And do you come to Jesus for them? Then do as He bids you; imitate the lepers, who went in the face of the greatest improbabilities, but of whom we are told 'that as they went, they were cleansed.' You, as you obey Christ's command, as you comply with the request of the messengers whom He sends to compel you to come in, you will find that in trusting Him, and in doing as He bids, you will have your reward. Christ will bless obedience; Christ loves the simple, humble heart; Christ goes to meet those who draw near to Him. He is Himself the Master who commands, and the Priest who judges and absolves: He not only cleanses the leper, but He gives His own nature: He not only invites to the feast, but He provides the marriage garment. He saw the lepers—types of sin in its most revolting features before God; He judged them clean beforehand, and cleansed them in their simple, patient acceptance of His one condition, and in that figure He appeals to the sinner, yes, to the greatest sinner, who feels his need, to consider himself already cleansed by the work of Christ; He appeals to him by that nobility of which the worst is capable, by that welcome He has in store for all who come in faith, He appeals to us—and shall Christ appeal in vain?



The Power of the Cross.

The Power of the Cross.



A MISSIONARY who had penetrated as far as Thibet, in order to preach the gospel in that distant land, relates that in one of the principal towns of that vast heathen kingdom, he made the acquaintance of a young physician, celebrated throughout the country for the purity of his morals, for his kindness towards the poor, and for his attention to all the ordinances of his religion.

This man was ignorant of the name and even of the existence of Christianity. The missionary instructed him gradually, destroying his prejudices, and, by degrees, preparing his soul to receive Divine light. One day the doctor came to visit the missionary in the humble lodging which he occupied at Lassa, and on the walls of which he had hung a large picture which he had brought from France, representing Jesus crucified. It was the only ornament of his humble dwelling.

During the conversation, the missionary perceived that this picture excited the curiosity of the Thibetian doctor, and he took the opportunity of explaining to him more fully than he had done before the adorable mysteries of the Divine Incarnation and Redemption. He told him how God, in the abundance of His infinite love, had been willing to come Himself into this world, veiled in human form; how He had become incarnate and humbled Himself even to us, without, at the same time, losing anything of His perfect holiness; how Jesus not only thus became our King, our Example, and our Brother, but also, in His great love, even took upon Him the punishment of our sins and became our Redeemer. Thus he explained to him the picture of the blood-stained cross, upon which the expiatory sacrifice of the Divine Saviour was offered on Calvary.

When he had finished he perceived how large tears rolled down from the eyes of his hearer, who looked fixedly at the sacred picture, without, as it seemed, being able to take his eyes off it. Respecting this religious emotion, the missionary retired, and kneeling down in prayer, asked of God, Whose mysteries he had just been endeavouring to explain, to draw to Himself, by the secret charms of His grace, this good and simple soul, who seemed naturally so well adapted to know, serve, and love Him.

The silent contemplation of the young doctor lasted for more than half an hour, and the sentiments which agitated his soul were so profound, that he could scarcely utter a few words before taking leave of the good missionary. The Cross, the mystery of Jesus crucified, had penetrated his soul, and he carried away with him the light of life, which soon led to his receiving the sacrament of holy baptism.

Reader! you have before you in the holy Gospels—not the silent picture only, but—the minute details of this same mystery of love and suffering. May they make upon your heart as vivid an impression as the representation of the Crucifixion did on the physician of Thibet. Above all, may the reading of those sacred books bring you (if you are not already there), full of repentance, faith, and thankful love, to the foot of the Cross of your divine Redeemer!

J. F. C.

Reflection.

ON A BLACKBIRD, LINNET, AND LARK SINGING AT ONCE.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

T was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone brightly after the rain of yesterday, but it was not oppressively hot, though there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. I strolled into the fields after an early breakfast, and my ears were immediately greeted with the music of three or four larks, who, at different altitudes, were pouring forth their exhilarating notes.

Presently, on the topmost bough of a half-clad ash-tree, I observed a blackbird that was warbling its morning hymn 'in sweetest wood-notes wild,' not loud, but various, soft and swelling.

Anon, as if to overpower me, my attention was called away to a linnnet, perched on a thorn-bush not much higher than my head, who had joined to complete the trio of songsters, and, indeed, appeared emulous, by his simple strain, of claiming the prize against the louder and more pretentious efforts of his rivals.

And true enough, for some minutes I stood still, considering, as it were, to which I should award the palm, were I constrained to decide between them. By turns the clear notes of the blackbird, and then the joyous thrill of the lark, seemed momentarily to prevail; and then, again, I yielded the victory to the little unpretending creature that, by its nearness to me, seemed to invite a closer appreciation of its merits. And even thus, methought, is it with the prayer of the faithful, or the hymn of praise which proceedeth not from feigned lips. Each is alike heard with pleasure, each alike valued, as it ascends to the Maker of all things from anyone of his creatures.

This one may address Him in the more select language of the scholar, that one may syllable forth His praises in the untaught accent of babes and sucklings. Here a devotee may approach the throne of grace in all the glowing fervour of Eastern imagery; there a humble worshipper may scarce find words wherein to clothe the bursting fulness of a heart overflowing with gratitude and love. Yet both shall, without any distinction, be borne heavenward, if addressed in His name through Whom alone we have access to the Father, and so be both alike sweetest music to the Divine ear.

Nor does it matter from what region, or from what elevation, the prayer of faith or song of praise proceed. The lark was some fathoms higher than the blackbird, the blackbird some yards more exalted than the linnnet, which last sang almost on a level with my head, yet all three claimed and received my thanks alike; and had they exchanged places, so as the notes remained the same, I had not been more or less enchanted than I was.

Thus, in some Eastern countries, they worship their God from the summit of a mountain, in some from the housetop, in some they fall prostrate on to the ground, and kiss the very earth in token of their abasement; in some, as with us, they think it sufficient to adore their Maker in the erect attitude and position in which the creature was originally formed.

The voice, however, still rises upwards from whatever level it commences; the words still enter heaven's gate simultaneously,

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though started far as the poles asunder. Their only difference, if any, is in the earnestness, the fervour, the *purpose* of the utterer that they should reach the intended point. Had any one note of these three birds failed to enter my ear, it had missed of its object,



and been so far spent upon empty air; in other respects, whether high or low, loud or soft, was to me immaterial, except so far as the difference caused a pleasing variety.

And so the suppliant at the throne of grace has only need to be careful of the sincerity and heartiness of his prayer, and he may be sure of its acceptance. A sincere whisper from a closet, or the guileless lisp of a child at the knee, will penetrate heaven more certainly than the stentorian voice of the hypocrite, or the oft repeated prayer of the rigid formalist.

Put to Test.

CHAPTER I.

“**H**AVE you heard the news?” said Mrs. Hammond to her friend, Mrs. Mitchell (they were two of the most inveterate gossips in Wershham). “Poor Taylor is dead! Died quite suddenly, I suppose, for I didn’t even know he was ill. Congestion of the brain, Mr.

Vernon says. Such a healthy-looking man you know—in the prime of life, too! Isn't it sad?"

"I heard of it just now," responded Mrs. Mitchell. "My husband had to go to the office in Great Queen Street, and Mr. Lane told him. Mr. Lane seems very much cut up about it."

"No wonder. Fifteen years Taylor has worked for him, I understand. He will find it hard to meet with another clerk so devoted to the business."

"I'm afraid the family will be very poor;" continued Mrs. Mitchell, in that brisk sort of tone which, when speaking of neighbours' troubles, betrays a gossip and scandal-monger. "He had nothing but his salary, and Mrs. Taylor, I know, had not a penny of her own when he married her. To be sure his salary was three hundred a-year; but then he could not have saved much out of it. Two servants, you know,—and the girls' education must have been very expensive. They had Barbara Lane's masters—Barbara told me so herself. Then poor Mrs. Taylor's bad health! Mr. Vernon's bills must have been very heavy,—for years he has attended her constantly."

"I'm afraid they've lived beyond their means," Mrs. Hammond now put in. "I'm afraid they've held their heads up too high. However, they'll have to eat humble pie now, poor things. I suppose the girls will go out as governesses, and Mrs. Taylor find a home with some of her relations. They never can keep their house on—that's impossible." And so the two ladies gossiped away an hour or so over the affairs of the bereaved family.

At the house in Great Queen Street, where Mr. Lane the lawyer lived, whose conveyancing clerk Taylor had been for nearly twelve years, two other people were chatting over the same subject, but somewhat more tenderly,—Mrs. Lane and her daughter Barbara. Mrs. Lane was a large-hearted, motherly woman, who seldom spoke ill of anybody, and never of those who were "down in the world;" and Barbara, though once flippant and thoughtless enough, had gone through a great sorrow of her own, which had taught her to enter into and sympathise with the sorrows of others.

"Has anyone been sent to enquire about them this morning, mother?" asked Barbara, as her mother came into the room and sat down. There was no need to mention names; the death of their old friend filled the thoughts of the whole family, and they all felt for the sad situation of his wife and two young daughters.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Lane. "Sarah has just been. She saw Katie, who seems to bear up wonderfully, and to be seeing after everything. Mrs. Taylor is stunned, Katie says, at present. Mr. Vernon has given her a draught to make her sleep a little while. Emily is quite hysterical. They don't know what to do with her. I should think it would comfort them if you went in for an hour or two, dear, some time in the day."

"Don't you think they will like best to be alone, just for the first?" asked Barbara.

"Well, dear, under other circumstances they might. But you are an old friend—the girls are used to you. And, to tell the truth, Barbara, I'm afraid there will be a falling off of old friends

had assembled to show respect to the dead man, by following his remains to the grave, had taken their departure, and the blinds had been drawn up again, and let the rosy evening sunshine into the house. Katie, with her black dress tucked round her waist, went into the garden and cut some young cresses, which she washed herself, and arranged in a green circle round the salt-collar on a china plate; and then she dived into the pantry, and sliced some shavings of cold meat, and gave out some new eggs to be boiled, and seemed anxious to make the evening repast as nice and as tempting as possible.

"I wonder how you can trouble so much about eating and drinking, when poor father is hardly out of the house," said Emily, who wandered about after her sister in an aimless way, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

Katie's small brown face turned quite crimson at this unjust rebuke, but she replied gently, "I was thinking, dear, that mother had had nothing all day; and I was hoping that, now she is quieter, and the trial of the funeral is over, she might be persuaded to eat a little. She is quite faint and exhausted; but she would not let anything be fetched for her, if it was not on the table."

"I daresay she won't be able to eat any tea at all," said Emily, fretfully; "*I shan't, I know.*"

"Well, I think we shall all be the better for trying," Katie answered. "At any rate, mother needs some food, or she will be ill; and you and I ought to do our best to encourage her to take it, by taking it ourselves, Emily. And, dear," she added, putting her hand on her sister's shoulder, "try and do your best to bear up, and not fret before her, to make her feel worse."

"I can't help fretting," sobbed Emily, "when I think what we have lost."

"I know what we have lost, too," said Katie, the tears rushing suddenly into her eyes; "but it is worse for mother than for us; and she is so delicate, and has only us to take care of her! We must both try to comfort her all we can."

Mrs. Taylor came down to the sitting-room, in her deep weeds, trembling and tottering—helplessly weak from excessive crying and want of food. When her eyes fell on the empty chair by the hearth-rug, and the black dresses of the girls, she broke down afresh, and Emily began to sob aloud, to keep her company.

"Come, now," said Katie, "this won't do. Dear father would be sorry if he could see us—and very likely he can; we don't know. Let us think how happy he is, and how he won't have to work, and worry, and be anxious and tired any more; and let us be as patient, and bear our own loss as bravely as we can. God knows what's for the best. He won't be angry with us for grieving, I daresay, but He would rather see us submit and trust Him. There, dry your eyes, mother, dear, and come and sit down and have a cup of tea."

And Katie placed her mother in an arm-chair, put a pillow against her back, and began, with a little subdued bustle and pretence of cheerfulness, to pour out the tea.

"Come, Emily, draw up your chair."

Emily slowly rose from the sofa, sauntered to the table, and took a seat. And gradually they recovered their composure, and began to eat and talk. Katie broke an egg, and put it on her mother's plate, with some salt and bread and butter; and Mrs. Taylor, though at first protesting she could not touch it, was presently induced to swallow a mouthful, after which she ate the whole by degrees, with an additional slice of bread and butter and cress. In the same way, Emily, who disliked eggs, was coaxed into trying a ham-sandwich, and ended by making a far more hearty meal than Katie herself.

When the tea-things were cleared away, and the conversation turned on their worldly affairs, poor Katie had her hands full again.

"I'm sure I don't know what we shall do!" sighed Mrs. Taylor and Emily. "We can't live upon the interest of a thousand pounds; it would scarcely clothe us decently!"

"Don't trouble about that yet," said Katie; "it will come right somehow." But they would trouble about it, she found.

"Rosa Hammond says her mother advises Katie and me to go out as governesses," said Emily, dolefully; "and you to go and live with Aunt Sarah, in London."

"I go to Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, in a tone of distress. "Such an invalid as I am, and so dependent! How could I ask her to be burdened with me? Ah!" she sighed, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, "if it had pleased God to take me too—a poor, useless, troublesome creature——"

"Mother," interrupted Katie, "please hush! I can't bear to hear you. Whoever dreams that you're useless or troublesome? I'm sure, I thank God that He hasn't taken you from us; just think where Emily and I would be then! And as to your going to Aunt Sarah, of course you'll do no such thing! While we are together, we'll keep together, and help and comfort one another. At any rate, you won't get rid of *me* easily, I know. We shall get on, you'll see—never fear."

"I can't see how," Mrs. Taylor persisted, but with a somewhat brighter face.

"But I can. I've got it all planned out in my head. Emily and I—if Emily is agreeable—must open a school. We have had a very good education, and everybody in Wereham knows it. I think, and so does Barbara, that there's a good opening for a ladies' school; and that here, where we are so well known, and where dear father was so respected, we should be tolerably safe for pupils. The work would be good for us, too—wouldn't hurt us a bit."

"And I'm to be a burden on my own children——" began Mrs. Taylor. But Katie interrupted her briskly—

"No such thing, mother. We couldn't get along without you. You would keep house while we were in the schoolroom. I hope we shall be able to have a little servant, but she'll want looking after, and we shouldn't be able properly to see to both that and the teaching."

"But don't you think, with pupils, Katie, we might keep on our present way of living?" asked Emily, eagerly.

"I'm afraid not," Katie replied. "No; we must take a much smaller house, and perhaps do without a regular servant at first. We must have a fair beginning, Emily, and run no risk of debt. But," she added, seeing both her mother and sister looking very downcast at the thought of a change, "if, please God, we are prosperous with our school, we may come back again in a few years."

Emily sat silent for a few minutes; then she said, fretfully, but with a feeble attempt at a laugh, "How Rosa Hammond will turn up her nose at us, won't she?"

"Let her," was Katie's blunt response. "Barbara Lane won't, nor any real lady. We needn't be ashamed of being poor. But I *should* be ashamed," she added, "if we tried to keep up a style we couldn't afford, and imposed upon people. We should deserve to be despised, then."

"You're right, my Katie," said Mrs. Taylor, rousing herself at last. "That's what your dear father would have said. We'll be honest, whatever we are, and then we shall be respected by all whose respect is worth having."

"Yes," said Katie, kissing her, "and we shall have the answer of a good conscience towards God."

So Katie carried out her plans. When her father's affairs were all arranged, the servants were discharged, and the pretty house disposed of, with the greater part of its furniture. And then a modest little dwelling, in a quiet bye-street, not far from the Lane's, was taken and fitted up, into which the widow and her daughters removed.

Katie made everything very pretty and comfortable; and Mrs. Taylor, when they were fairly settled, began to busy herself with housekeeping matters, and seemed quite inclined to be happy. But Emily fretted a great deal over their 'come-down' in the world. The Hammonds and Mitchells, and other of their friends, did not call at the new house as they had done at the old, and sometimes scarcely noticed the girls when they met them in the street. This treatment, which little Katie bore in silence and would not mind, Emily took very much to heart, and made a great lament over. Then, again, Emily could not bear going about to enquire for pupils; she had a vague idea that it was 'letting herself down.' Katie, who saw her unwillingness, would say, with a smile, that had a touch of irony in it, "Your pride and mine are of different sorts, dear. So, as it doesn't hurt mine to ask for pupils, I'll go alone, and you shall stay with mother." An arrangement which Emily willingly agreed to.

Good little brave-hearted Katie! She used to trudge about to all her acquaintances and friends who had children to educate, getting refusals from some, snubs from others, and kindness and assistance from a few; and generally came home brisk and cheerful, though worried and vexed at times. It was no easy task, though she made so light of it at home.

At last eight pupils were gathered together—not all of the sort Emily would have liked, which, she would remark, fretfully, was

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owing to Katie's hurry to get out of their pretty house—and the school was opened. They succeeded very well—quite as well, and better, than Katie had prophesied. All through the autumn and winter they plodded along, Katie working like a little galley-slave at the dry foundations and groundwork of knowledge, and Emily taking the music and drawing, and occasional French and German classes; while Mrs. Taylor interested herself in the small household concerns.

At Christmas they had three new pupils, and the promise of more; the parents of the first eight expressed themselves entirely satisfied with their children's progress, and when spring came round again, Katie and Emily began to talk of moving into a larger house, engaging a governess to assist them, and taking boarders as well as day pupils.

But they had scarcely begun to think of this, when their little plans were set aside.

One morning, Mrs. Taylor received a letter from a sister-in-law, who lived in a neighbouring village, but who had not kept up any intercourse with the Taylors for some years. She was very wealthy, and fond of gay living, and had made a place for herself in a circle to which the Taylors were not (and did not wish to be) admitted, though she was far less educated and refined than they.

Her letter explained, in a few words, that she had lost her 'companion,' that person having been required to keep a brother's house, and she offered a comfortable home to either of her nieces-in-law who would be willing to supply her place.

Aunt Kendrick is very kind," said Katie, a little drily. "You must write to her by return of post, please, mother, and tell her we decline with thanks."

"Both of you?" enquired Mrs. Taylor, looking at Emily, whose eyes were fixed on the carpet. "You don't wish to go to your Aunt, I suppose, Emily?"

"I—don't—know," stammered Emily. "I think—perhaps—anyhow, it would be as well—just to think it over before we send an answer."

"Oh!" said Katie, significantly, under her breath. She knew what that meant.

(To be continued.)

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

THE languages in which the two Testaments were written, and the number of the sacred books of inspired wisdom which the English Church accepts as of Divine authority, have been dwelt upon in previous papers. The next matter to be treated of in the course of the subject is a most interesting and instructive one. How have the Divine messages been preserved for such a length of time? We have seen that they were received by men in very different circumstances, by Moses in the wilderness, by David in his royal palace, by Amos tending his herds, by St. John in his prison at

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Patmos; and yet these communications unto these several saints have reached down to us in the most surprising accuracy. Looking upon all these separate books with a lively remembrance of the changes and chances they have survived—seeing them in one printed volume as we do, we may regard the result as scarcely less than miraculous. The pains and labours, the wisdom and learning which have been lavished on the work of maintaining in its integrity ‘the form of sound words’ treasured up in our English Bible are so vast and great that we need be highly thankful for the goodly heritage.

The word spoken at length becomes a written record. How then was that written word preserved during the period of three thousand years, or thereabouts, which elapsed between the first writing of Moses, B.C. 1490, and the printing of the first Hebrew Bible at Soncino, A.D. 1488? Now, it is rather remarkable that very little indeed is known about the origin of writing. Like the origin of language, it is hidden in a great deal of mystery, and hitherto has defied the powers of the most acute and industrious scholars. This much, however, seems clear, that the art of writing was little practised for several hundred years after the creation of man. True, there is one mention of a book at Gen. v. 1, but that is the only allusion to a permanent record of events in Genesis which contains the history of 2,300 years. Even in this solitary mention of a book, there is no hint as to the way in which the annals of the generations had been kept. So widely have opinions differed upon this point, that some have been content to accept as the shrewdest guess—for guess after all it must be—that this antediluvian register was made by forming letters on clay bricks when in a damp state, which bricks were afterwards hardened by fire.

The first clear proofs that such an art as writing had been found out and was in use are in the book of Exodus. Thus, the officers appointed by Pharaoh to see that the Hebrew slaves did their share of work were ‘Writers;’ that is, men who were able to keep in writing a due account of the tasks imposed and performed. In all probability it was in some Egyptian school that Moses acquired the art of setting down those various commands which he received from God. On many occasions he is told expressly to make a written memorial of important events which took place in the course of the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness.

Passing on a few years, we find that in the time of Joshua, there were men so advanced in the art that they could describe the nature of the country of Canaan and the appearance of its inhabitants in a book (Josh. xviii. 9). Again, some years after, when Deborah and Barak judged Israel, Zebulun could furnish men who were accustomed ‘to handle the pen of the writer.’ In later times Elijah writes to Ahab, Isaiah sets down in a history the acts of Uzziah, Baruch the scribe writes another roll in the place of that which Jehoiakim, the king of Judah, had cut with his penknife and burned.

In this case, as with all other arts, there was a steady advance, a gradual progress, a constant improvement. Yet so slow was it in its development and spread, that even up to the close of the



A SCRIBE.

Old Testament history, the power of writing seems to have been confined to a very few, and those in the highest station of life. So far as we know, the lower orders of the men of Judah and Israel were not acquainted with this very useful and elementary art, those who are named as writers being either kings, priests, prophets, or professional scribes.

It must be understood, then, that each of the books of the Old Testament was set down in writing by some inspired hand—who, for all we know to the contrary, had put his name to the writing

as a guarantee of its genuineness and authenticity. Though the names of the writers of some of the books have not come down to us, yet it is all but certain that the name of each writer was very well known to those who gathered up into one the several books of the Sacred Canon.

Now when once these communications from God—whatever they were, history, or prophecy, or psalm—had been committed to writing by the hand of the inspired writer or his scribe, there would naturally come a time, sooner or later, when copies of the original writings would have to be made. For distant synagogues, where Moses and the prophets were read each Sabbath day; or for the use of religious families beyond the reach even of synagogue worship, there would be required copies of the sacred word in considerable numbers. This labour of multiplying these transcripts from the original copy is generally believed to have been performed by the men who lived together under the name of 'The school of the prophets,' at Ramah, or Bethel, or Jericho, or Gilgal, or at other towns not named in Jewish history. It was made a part of their professional duty to endeavour thus to hand on to succeeding generations that treasure of Divine truth which they received. Not only were they to teach by word of mouth in the 'synagogues of God' (Psalm lxxiv. 8), but, whenever required, they were to be ready like Baruch (Jer. xxxvi. 28) to write fresh rolls for the edification and instruction of the people.

It may be thought, perhaps, that this work, this mere mechanical work of making copies of an original document, was an easy and trifling task. But there is the best authority to convince the student that this labour was anything but light. The rules laid down were so numerous and so rigid, that the utmost attention had to be paid or the labour was in vain. Some scholars who have given their minds to the particular branch of this subject, who have tried to acquaint themselves with the minute regulations handed down by tradition for the due and proper making of these 'Manuscripts,' as they are called, have really become impatient under their self-imposed toil. The wearisome nature of the details, as they have passed them in review, have led these writers to exclaim against them as vain and almost superstitious. Is there not, we may ask, cause for rejoicing, when we learn that such scrupulous care has been observed from the first in making new copies of the Holy Scriptures? 'The thicker the hedge, the safer the flock,' is an old proverb; adopting it in this case, may we not suppose that these writers and copyists, fenced in with such strict rules in the performance of their work, are much more likely to supply the veritable words of the original copy, than if they had been left without any such rules for their guidance.

These manuscripts, or written copies of the Old Testament are, as known to us—and, it may be, were so from the first—of two kinds. The public, or synagogue rolls, and the copies made for the use of private families or individuals. The public or synagogue rolls, such as that destroyed by Jehoiakim, or that which our blessed Lord read from in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16-20) were written in clear, bold letters, with a pen of a certain kind,

Origin and History of the English Bible.

and ink made of ingredients carefully specified. So exact must the maker of these rolls be, that if more than three mistakes had been made on one side of the material, or if certain marks of division in some books had been omitted, that portion of the work was cast aside as unclean and useless. There was to be so much margin, and no more on the top, and on either side; and on one side only of the substance employed was the sacred text to be written. The writing was to be done in columns of narrow width. The whole of the books of the Old Testament in these public rolls were generally contained in three manuscripts—one for the law, another for the prophets, and another for the Psalms and the other poetical books.

The manuscripts made for private use were sometimes in the form and shape and completeness of the public rolls, but very generally they were less elaborate in their finish. Indeed sometimes they were written in a freer style, in letters of various sizes; and occasionally, side by side with the sacred Hebrew text, there would be written a translation of it into another language which would be better understood by the owner than the Hebrew original. But in those copies thus made for private use there were numerous safeguards against inaccuracy. For instance, whilst one writer would first put down on his writing material the consonants of a word, another would have to fill in the vowel points, and then often a third hand came at last to place the various accents. In a moment the last fellow-labourer could detect any error of his predecessor, and would remove it in his final review. These private copies were seldom made of the whole of the books of the Old Testament; very often they would be single books; they contained sometimes more, sometimes less, the amount being generally according to the wealth of the family or individual.

Now, it may appear not a little singular, that with the keenest appreciation of the value of the original documents, with the very flower of the nation set apart for transcribing these originals, with the most reverent care displayed in protecting copies from errors, yet that no manuscript, no written record of the Divine words of God to man, under the old dispensation, can be produced by the Jews which is able to boast of an existence in the time of our blessed Lord! It might well be wished by pious, holy-minded believers that there should somewhere or other be preserved a manuscript of the age of Ezra or Nehemiah, or at least of the apostles; but hitherto such a desirable addition to our stock of biblical knowledge has not been discovered. The oldest known manuscript at present is a roll containing the five books of Moses written on leather about the date A.D. 580, being thus about 1,300 years old, which is now at St. Petersburg. The next in point of antiquity is most probably that which is now in the University Library at Cambridge, whose date is about A.D. 856. A manuscript written on red skins, discovered in the year 1826 by Dr. Buchanan, in a synagogue of black Jews at Malabar, at first thought to be very ancient, proves on further examination, like some manuscripts found in China, to be of a comparatively recent date.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

The Lady's Dream.

The lady in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken
still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she mutter'd and
moaned,
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her
face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtains shook,
Her terror was so extreme;
And the light that fell on the broider'd
quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam!
And her voice was hollow, and shook as
she cried—
"Ah me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the churchyard's dismal ground;
And those horrible things, with shady
wings,
That came and fitted round—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room;
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp
of pride
We haste to an early tomb!

"'For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last
Where yonder cypress waves.'
And then they pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains, and
slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreamt
Of such a world of woe;

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life,
That grieve this earthly ball,—
Disease, and hunger, and pain, and
want,
But now I dreamt of them all;

"Alas! I have walk'd through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-
worm,
And fill the burial sod,—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God.

"I dress'd as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked
limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed;
The human sorrow and smart;
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large, and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet—oh, yet—that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

THE SEXTON.



ALTHOUGH our 'Hearty Hints' are designedly kept pretty free from any legal questions, still it seems well to remark here, in reference to the sextons of the Church of England in England, that in some few ancient parishes their 'tenure' amounts to a 'freehold'; that in most ancient parishes the office is usually treated as freehold, and although, indeed, this fixity of tenure could not be fully

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sustained in law, it is nevertheless considered that a sexton is removable in cases only of flagrant neglect of duty or of immoral conduct. But in all new parishes or districts, it is enacted [19 and 20 *Vict., Cap. civ., Sect. 9.*] that "the parish clerk and sexton of the Church" of any church "constituted under the said recited Acts" [Sir R. Peel's and Lord Blandford's Acts] "shall and may be appointed by the incumbent for the time being of such church, and be by him removable, with the consent of the Bishop of the Diocese, for any misconduct."

But while we think it well to mention these facts, we would not forget that our object is to promote 'Heartiness among Sextons' in the discharge of their duties, and wherever this is promoted, there will be little need for a discussion of the law. Let the law of hearty love direct sextons, and no other law will be needed. Here, as in all other things, "love is the fulfilling of the law," for it leads men to act heartily, feelingly, and thoughtfully, and this is just what we wish sextons always to do in the discharge of their duties.

The duties of a sexton [*Sacristan, Segerstans, Segsten*] are principally (i.) To cleanse and to keep the church thoroughly clean, and free from dust, to see that it is well aired, and when needful, well warmed: (ii.) To take proper charge of the vestments, and see that they are clean and comely: (iii.) To dig the graves, open vaults for burials, and assist at the burying of the dead: and (iv.) under the direction of the churchwardens, and as their assistant, to aid in preserving order in the church and the churchyard, in keeping out dogs, and preventing anything that might disturb the due and reverent worship of Almighty God. Many writers include the preparation of certain vessels, and of the bread and wine for the Holy Communion, amongst the duties of the sexton. Probably they may have belonged to the *Sacristan*, properly so called, but they seem rather to belong to the deacon now. The sexton, however, usually supplies the font with clean water at the time of baptisms.

We say, then, to sextons, whether you are required to perform all four of these enumerated duties, or only one or more of them, there are two ways of discharging those duties. One way (which we have seen too often) is that in which everything was done in a careless, idle, slovenly manner; in a manner which showed that the sexton only wanted his pay, and took no sort of pleasure in his duties; in a manner which manifested that he had no sort of idea that his was a religious office connected with high and holy acts of sacred worship, or that he himself was a Christian, and engaged in religious duties.

(i.) Now, with regard to keeping the church clean, well aired, and well warmed, a sexton, whose heart is in his work, will take care to do all these things thoroughly, because it is known that many persons keep away from the church where these things are neglected. A dirty church is a disgrace to the whole parish, and especially so to the sexton, and though we by no means justify those who neglect church because it is not well cleaned, it is the case that the dirty and dusty condition of the sittings and the

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walls is, in fact, a frequent excuse for parishioners neglecting church.

But one main reason of the bad attendance at church in winter, and especially on the morning services in winter, is the excessive coldness of the churches. Architects, clergymen, and churchwardens, as well as sextons, are all to blame here. There is great need for more attention to the possibilities of warming a church, and of kneeling in church, and of being fairly at ease in church, than (I fear) most of our officials consider necessary. A poor man shivering with cold on Sunday, will find the settle of '*The Green Dragon*' a snug, warm place in which to spend the Lord's Day. Why should he find the House of God, if he went there, cold and cheerless, with chilling draughts, rheumatic damp, and piercing cold? Yet it often is so.

Few places, if any, are so badly warmed as our churches. It seems as if discomfort were accounted a necessary part of our worship. Now the sexton can do much to remedy all this. If he has not 'heating power,' he must constantly appeal to those in authority until this be obtained. He must do his utmost to secure the thorough warming of the church, and if he would succeed, he must begin to warm the church for Sunday morning the day before! Saturday morning is the latest time for beginning in earnest with this matter, and it is an important matter connected with the hearty work of the sexton.*

Then how different is the conduct of sextons, in regard to cleansing the church, and the accommodation of the parishioners and occasional strangers. One sexton, in spite of perpetual complaints, will ever leave cause of complaint in the dusty bench, the forgotten heap of rubbish, or the mouldy wall. Another can never point a person to a sitting, but the feeling is suggested that he had rather the said person had never come to church at all; while others (I rejoice to think, many others), are always cheerful in their duties, and courteous in the discharge of them. They take delight in their church, and in its beauty, both within and without;—as the well-trained ivy and jasmine on the wall, the roses and the geraniums among the graves, and the snowdrops along the green edging of the church path often testify—while the occasional stranger is not only cheerfully accommodated, but, if need be, the loan of a prayer book and hymnal is freely at his service. Then (ii.) as to the vestments, the hearty sexton will see to it that they are clean, and in proper condition, knowing that nothing connected with the ministrations of God's house ought to be carelessly or unworthily performed, and though the vestments of the Christian Church, albeit not without meaning, have not all the significance and symbolism which the divinely appointed vestments of the Jewish Church possessed, still few things are more repulsive to the worshippers than to see the vestments of their clergy in an unseemly condition. But (iii.) perhaps there is no

* It is stated by some persons to be both an economical and successful method of warming a church, to keep a small fire constantly burning throughout the week. And obviously this is the best plan where there is prayer daily, as is now happily common in so many churches.

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part of a sexton's duty which is more trying to his character than that of grave-digging. It is a solemn, necessary, and very common duty. It has to be performed in all states of the weather, and exposes a man often to severe cold and illness. But, with all this, it is connected with a most solemn act. It is not the burial of a dog with which the sexton is concerned. It is the burial of a fellow creature and a fellow Christian. It is the burial of a body of whom the words of Jesus concerning Lazarus may be quoted with equal truthfulness, when He said—"Thy brother shall rise again." Of too many grave-diggers one is ready to say with Hamlet—"Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-digging?" Now we are far from saying that a sexton is to be always melancholy. We wish him never to be this, but kind, hearty, and obliging, and so, happy. But we say that sextons, in the act of digging graves, and in the solemn half hour of the time of burying the dead, ought to be so impressed with their work, and so hearty in its due performance, as to manifest true tenderness and feeling on the solemn occasion.

We have witnessed sad and slovenly work at funerals, owing to the neglect of sextons. We have had to wait until a grave has been enlarged, the distressing trial to the mourners arising through the carelessness of a drunken sexton. We have had our feelings of sympathy for mourners harrowed up to the highest degree by the loud talking and noise needlessly occurring at a burial, especially during the act of lowering the body into the grave. We have heard and seen signs, at such times, of an utter absence of sympathy, feeling or thought. "Take care"—"Mind"—"Be quick there"—"Not so fast"—these and all such expressions are perfectly needless to men who know their duty, and have heart in the discharge of it. To the credit of grand old Yorkshire let it be said that in no place hitherto have we seen a proper feeling exhibited so thoroughly as there. There we have been accustomed to see the body lowered into the grave without a word, and without noise or bustle. All has been done in perfect calmness and with unbroken quiet, until the ground, cast in by half a dozen of the friends as well as by the sexton, has told of the "earth to earth," even as the sprigs of rosemary, often cast in at the same moment, have attested by this ancient symbol that the bystanders still "looked for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

Sextons are like other men, and, though they frequently become characters, they are often very fine characters. All we want is that sextons feel and believe thoroughly in the value, the importance, and the sacredness of their office. It is not altogether their own fault, however, that this feeling has not been very general; and we shall not have worked in vain in this address to them, if we shall have persuaded sextons to regard themselves as engaged in works closely connected with Christianity and the worship of God. It is the religion of Christ which calls His people to assemble themselves together in church, and hence arise all the duties of the sexton within the house of God. It is the religion of Christ which causes Christians to bury Christians with a Christian

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burial, and hence many of the rites and duties of the sexton in the burial of Christians. If the dead are simply to be buried as though there were no resurrection, no life to come, no awakening in the image of Christ, then let us tear out our most beautiful Office for the Burial of the Dead from our Prayer books, and let sextons



regard themselves as mere scavengers, whose duty consists in putting what is becoming loathsome out of the way. The dead are buried in some public cemeteries almost as if this were true. But we still hope, even in this age of growing infidelity and scorn of all things sacred, that, at the least, the rights of Christians will be permitted, and that thus, Christian rites will be continued at the burial of Church people. And in this hope, and with an earnest wish for its thoroughly reverent and devout performance, as well as for the due and decent order of worship in the Church, we desire to impress most deeply upon all our sextons, segstons, or sacristans, the importance and the preciousness of 'Heartiness' in the discharge of all their duties.

Short Sermon.

Treasures.

LET me count my treasures,
All my soul holds dear,
Given me by dark spirits
Whom I used to fear.

Through long days of anguish,
And sad nights, did Pain
Forge my shield, Endurance,
Bright and free from stain!

Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel,
Faith, to me was brought.

Sorrow (that I wearied
Should remain so long),
Wreathed my starry glory,
The bright Crown of Song!

Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower,
Patience, on my breast.

Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child, Pity,
Smiling, in my arms.

So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past;
And I thank the givers,
Whom I know at last!

(From Household Words.)

Short Sermon.

Death with Christ and Life in Him.

BY W. D. MAOLAGAN, M.A., RECTOR OF NEWINGTON.

Gal. ii. 20.—“*I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.*”



OW fully and how plainly are the truths of the Gospel set before us in these few words! They tell us of the work of Christ for us—Christ crucified for our sins. They tell us of His work in us.—‘Christ liveth in me.’ And they tell us what our own lives should be, the lives of those whom Christ so loved, and for whom He died. ‘I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.’

May the Holy Spirit help us to think on these things, and may our thoughts be full of comfort and of blessing to our own souls.

What is here said by St. Paul may be said by every true disciple of Jesus—‘I am crucified with Christ.’ Let us think what this really means. Christ was crucified that He might suffer the penalty of death which was due to our sins. It was we who deserved to die, because ‘the wages of sin is death.’ ‘The soul that sinneth shall die,’ and we all had sinned, and all deserved to die. But Christ, in His love to our souls, came down to save us from death. ‘He died for us; the just for the unjust.’ He had taken our guilty nature into His Divine nature, that He might

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make Himself responsible for all our deeds, and bear the burden of all our sins. He had 'taken the Manhood into God.' And so He had become truly Man. He had become the new Head of our race—the second Adam. 'The first man was of the earth earthy,' and he had become fallen, corrupted, guilty in the sight of God. But the second Man was the Lord from heaven; the spotless, sinless, Son of God and Son of Man.

And thus though sinless in Himself, He took upon Him the burden of our sins, as our new Head—our representative before God; and offered Himself up to suffer in our place. He died not for Himself, but for all; and as St. Paul says in another place, "if one died for all then all died." All mankind died in Him the Man Christ Jesus; for He was man—He was made Man for us; and each believer as he looks to the Cross of Calvary can thus say with St. Paul, "'I am crucified with Christ.' In His death I died. In Him I paid the penalty of sin, and now its guilt no longer rests upon me. Through that death I am ransomed, I am redeemed." And what a blessed thing it is for us when we can say this from our hearts; when we can thus put our trust in Jesus as the Ransom for our sins; when we can grasp for ourselves the simple truth of these words of faith—"I am crucified with Christ;" when we can take it home each to our own hearts as St. Paul did, 'The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me.' How often we lose the comfort of this blessed truth because we do not remember or believe that it is true for our own souls. We believe that Christ died for the whole world; but we do not claim our own interest in that atoning death; we do not accept him as our Representative and trust our souls to Him. We do not see that we are in Him; that He had taken us into Himself, when He took the Manhood into God; and that in His death we died—"crucified with Christ." And so we miss the peace and joy which fills the heart of a true believer—one who can rejoice in God His Saviour; one who looking up to the Cross can see himself crucified there, paying the penalty of sin in the great sin-bearer—the Lamb of God—and can say with St. Paul, 'I am crucified with Christ.'

But this is only half the Gospel. Indeed so far it is scarcely a Gospel at all. Had Christ been only crucified we could only know that we were dead in Him; and had He remained in death, we should as surely have continued dead with Him. But now the apostle adds, 'Nevertheless I live.' Christ is risen from the dead—and I am risen with Him. Now I know the meaning of His prophetic words, 'Because I live ye shall live also.' The Lord who laid on Him the sentence of our guilt, has now removed that sentence and set Him free. The bonds of death are loosed in which He was bound—and we with Him. The Father, for love of His dear Son has forgiven the race of sinners justly doomed to die; and now they come forth with Him from the prison house of death to live again, and to live for ever; to live in Him as they died in Him; to share His life, as before they shared His death. He died for them, and now they live in Him. They died in Him and now He lives in them. 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' All is of Him—His love through

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which we died in Him—His life by which we live in Him. Christ is ours and we are His, and all things are ours in Him; whether life or death—it is ours because it is His. We are complete in Him.

But there is a further sense in which these words are true—I am crucified with Christ.' St. Paul in another place speaks of Christ in this way: 'By whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.' What he means is this, 'The world is become as a dead thing before me; it has no power to hurt me, no power to charm me; it is crucified unto me.' And again 'I am become as one dead to the world around me. I heed it as little as the dead man heeds what is passing around him. I no longer serve it or love it, or care for it. I am crucified unto the world.' And so it will be with every true child of God. In this sense, too, he is crucified with Christ. All that is sinful in him—all that is of self—he has nailed, as it were, to that cross of Christ; with his own hand, but in the power of the Spirit, he has dealt a death-blow at his carnal self. He has doomed it to destruction; he has condemned it to be crucified; he has nailed it to the cross. It may linger long, for crucifixion is a slow and lingering death; it may often revive again for a moment, and assert its power, but its doom is sealed. Self is given up to be crucified. It will no longer rule as a tyrant—it is condemned as a guilty thing. 'I am crucified with Christ.'

And this brings us on to the later words of the apostle in this place. He had been speaking of the work of Christ on behalf of the believer; the blessings which come to us from Christ's death and Christ's life. But now what is the fruit of these blessings in the believer's heart? What is the character of his new life—his risen life—the life which Christ lives in him? See how St. Paul describes it: 'The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' It is still then a life 'in the flesh.' From that burden we are not yet delivered—we still bear about with us 'this body of death.' We shall still have our weaknesses, our temptations, our struggles, our failures, even our sins. But these are not now what make up the life itself; they are only its defects and imperfections. It is a life of faith in 'the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' In the life of the true disciple of Christ, the great principle, the great motive, is the love of Christ Himself—His love to our souls. The heart which has really been touched by the sense of that love will give itself up to Christ and to His service. 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' It shuts us in to one only course—to serve and follow Him. A life of faith in the Son of God is a life which is guided and ruled by love to Him; a life in which the heart continually tastes the blessedness of pardon and of peace; a life in which the thought of Christ and of His love is ever present to deter us from sin, to incite us to holiness; a life in which every new sin and every new sorrow is brought to the feet of Jesus, and left with Him; the sins to be washed away, and the sorrows to be turned into joy. This, and far more than this, is meant by these words of the apostle—'I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' And it is a very blessed life; no life so blessed as a life like this. The

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quiet sense of forgiveness through that love of Christ; the sweet experience of fellowship with the Son of God; the blessed hope of everlasting life through Him; the confident expectation of those unspeakable joys which God has prepared for them that love Him—all this belongs to those who 'live by the faith of the Son of God.' They no longer look at the things which are seen, but at the things which are unseen; 'their hearts are surely fixed where true joys are to be found.' They walk by faith, not by sight. He who loved them unto death has drawn their love to Him; He who died for them has moved them by His love to live for Him. They live by the faith of the Son of God. He is ever in their minds and in their hearts. How they can please Him is their continued thought; that they may love Him more is their continual desire. What can they render to the Lord, the Lord Who loved them and gave Himself for them!

We may well ask ourselves, 'Is ours a faith like this; a faith not merely to speak about, but a faith by which we live;' a 'faith which worketh by love'? What fruit do we see of our faith in our daily lives? Does it make us better men and women; does it make us care less about this passing world, and more about the everlasting joys of the world to come? Does our faith in Christ help us to love Christ; does it move us to give up our lives to Him Who gave up His life for us?

What a blessed thing it would be for us if our lives were lives like this; if each of us could say in truth as St. Paul said, 'I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me.'

Surely these thoughts may well come home to us with double power at such a time as this, in the solemn season through which we are now passing; above all in the Holy Week, to which we are approaching. Soon we shall be called to meditate upon the closing scenes of that suffering life of the Son of God, Who loved us and gave Himself for us. Soon we shall stand, as it were, beside the uplifted Cross; we shall see the suffering face of the dying Man of sorrows; we shall hear His latest words, "It is finished." We shall follow Him to His rocky tomb; we shall keep our watch by the silent sepulchre. We shall hear the message of the angels speaking to us the words of comfort, 'He is not here; He is risen; come, see the place where the Lord lay.'

And what shall we learn from all these solemn teachings of the Holy Week; what blessing will they bring to our own souls; what fruit will they bear in our daily lives. As we stand before the uplifted Cross, and see Him hanging there, the dying Saviour, let this be the confession of our faith, 'I am crucified with Christ.' As Easter dawns upon us with its tidings of life from the dead, let us pray that we may be able to say with St. Paul, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' And so when the Holy season shall have passed away, and we go forth to the work of our daily life, and to tread the unknown paths of the years or the days that may lie before us, this shall be the continual law of our life as it was with the Apostle, 'I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'



'THE IDOLS ARE BROKE IN THE TEMPLE OF BAAL.'

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

XII.—5.

1

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

(B.C. 711).

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed on the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Asshur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.


BYRON.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY
WIRKSWORTH.

If thou art merry, here are airs ;
If melancholy, here are prayers ;
If studious, here are those things writ
Which may deserve thy ablest wit ;
If hungry, here is food divine ;
If thirsty, nectar, heavenly wine.

PETER HEYLEN.

 I have seen that a way was found to pass on from age to age the messages from God to man under the Mosaic dispensation ; and that we have now in our possession, in the Old Testament Scriptures, those several communications. Though the writers have passed away to their rest and reward, yet they, ' being dead, speak to us ' as distinctly and pointedly as to their first hearers. Though their manuscripts have mouldered and perished centuries ago, the words set down therein at the dictation of God the Holy Ghost are as sharp and piercing as ever, and as able to cheer the saint and convince the sinner.

Is there not, however, another Testament about which we should feel the deepest concern ? Is there not another part of the legacy of Divine Truth about which we are anxious ? In a spirit almost bordering on pride the English Churchman exclaims, " In our gates are all manner of pleasant things, new and old " (Cant. vii. 13), seeing that he is permitted to have in its fulness the treasure

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of God's Word ; and is allowed to gather therefrom, for his guidance, the special words which his soul needs.

Let us turn, then, to a consideration of this New Testament, and try to trace out its course in its earliest days. Now, it will be supposed that the importance of the messages delivered by our Lord and His apostles is so great, that we must have a perfect and accurate transcript thereof. Yet, as a matter of fact, we find that the Holy Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, have come down to us like any other Old World news of the same date. There was, of course, at first, what is called the autograph of the apostle or evangelist—that is, the gospel or epistle written by the hand of the person whose name it bears. Of these autographs, there is now not one in existence ; indeed, it would appear that these priceless documents were soon worn out, or by some means lost, as there is not the smallest trace of them in church records of the earliest centuries. Those writers who flourished just after the time of the apostles make no mention of them. This early disappearance of the original writings of the apostles—the title deeds of the Church—is not at all hard to account for. The papyrus, or outer coating of a reed, which was the material upon which the apostles and evangelists wrote the sacred text, was so brittle, so liable to suffer harm from constant wear, that in a few years the writing, of however important a nature the information might be, would perish through natural decay.

Though these autographs—these veritable writings of apostles—have not, for some wise purpose, been preserved to us, yet there is every reason to believe that copies must have been frequently made at a very early period for the use of Christians in their public worship and private study. We can easily imagine that there would be a real anxiety to have a copy of the Holy Scriptures to refer to in case of need, in order to be able to determine at once, from that infallible standard of doctrine, whether teachers were delivering truth or error in their addresses. The copies thus made at a very early date for circulation throughout the several branches of the Christian Church, would doubtless frequently be copied again for the use of fresh bodies of converts to the faith, who were still further distant from the central seat of Christianity. Owing, however, to the perishable nature of the material used, and partly, too, as it would appear, from the wholesale destruction of these first copies during the persecution of Diocletian, A.D. 303, not one of these earliest manuscripts has been saved for our use. Notwithstanding the most eager search, there has not been discovered a manuscript of any part of the New Testament of which the age is greater than A.D. 331, or thereabouts.

As lately as the year A.D. 1844, Englishmen were not aware that there was such an ancient document in existence as that which was then first shown to Dr. Tischendorf. It had been supposed up to that time that no more venerable manuscript than the one in the British Museum, at London, would ever be found ; but the untiring industry of this great German scholar, in seeking for those ancient copies of Holy Scripture in every library, far and near, which he heard of, was at last rewarded by the discovery at the

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Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai—in an out of the way corner of the world—of a manuscript whose age is pronounced by those well able to judge to be greater than that of any which had been known previously.

In the year 1859, Dr. Tischendorf had the delight of bringing this valuable treasure from its hiding place in the desert, to his patron, Alexander the Second, Emperor of Russia, at whose command the journey had been undertaken. This copy is quite perfect, not having lost a single leaf. It is supposed to be one of fifty copies ordered to be made by Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor, in the year A.D. 331, and is now at St. Petersburg.

The next manuscript of the New Testament in point of antiquity is one which is in the Vatican Library, at Rome, which is not quite perfect, as it ends with Hebrews ix. 14, the rest of that epistle, and the other catholic and general epistles, and the Revelation of St. John being deficient. The age of this ancient transcript is generally thought to be about A.D. 350, or thereabouts.

The third earliest written copy of the New Testament known to exist is that which is now in the British Museum, at London, having been sent as a present to King Charles I., in the year 1628, by Cyril Lucar, Patriarch of Constantinople. This manuscript is far from perfect, its most important loss being the earlier part of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. i. 1, to xxv. 6. It is thought to have been written about A.D. 450.

These three most ancient and important manuscripts of the New Testament are written on vellum, or fine parchment, in capital letters nearly an inch in size, and on that account called **Uncial Manuscripts**. There are numerous other uncial manuscripts besides those enumerated and described, but few have any considerable number of the sacred books, and some are mere single gospels or epistles, or selections from various books, called **Lectionaries**.

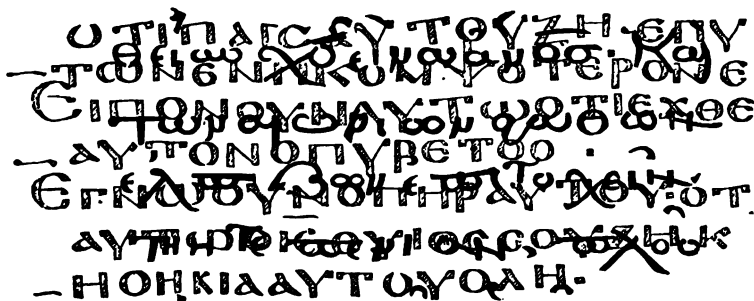
There is one very curious family of manuscripts whose history may be briefly touched on here. In early times, parchment was extremely scarce and dear; and it often came to pass that when a writing had served the purpose for which it was executed, the skin would be sponged over to make it ready to be written upon again. Several instances of this occur in Manuscripts of the New Testament. In one remarkable case, Dr. Tischendorf has, by using a certain kind of tincture, been able to bring out the original writing with such distinctness that it can be plainly read. This Manuscript—an Uncial—is now in the Imperial Library at Paris; and, though the last writer upon it has contrived to hand down some very valuable information in the shape of notes and essays of Ephrem the Syrian, yet it has a far higher value, inasmuch as on it are found considerable portions of the Old and New Testament, written most probably as early as the year A.D. 500.

There is one of these 'palimpsests'—that is, re-written-manuscripts—in the British Museum, at London, having been brought in the year 1847 from the Convent of St. Mary Deipara, in the Nitrian desert. The text of Holy Scripture written upon it between A.D. 500 and 600 has been covered by a Syrian writing

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of the ninth or tenth centuries. These are the two chief examples of this singular kind of manuscripts; but there are, in various countries, many others of less value and importance.

Thus it would appear that God's word cannot be concealed. Are ancient copies hidden in Sinai's top? They are searched for and taken out thence. Are certain portions hidden beneath worldly wisdom written over them? They are by-and-bye seen to rise out of their obscurity, to gladden the heart and confirm the mind, and establish the faith of the seekers after truth.



[FRAGMENT OF THE PALIMPSEST OF EPHREM THE SYRIAN.]

There is another kind of manuscript, of a later date, and written on different materials, such as cotton-paper, then, a little later, linen-paper, and, finally, in the 13th century, paper nearly such as that now in common use. This class of manuscript is notable also for another feature—the character and style of letters used. The stiff, cumbersome capital letters which had been used, gradually yielded to a simpler form, and what is called a cursive, or running, hand, was adopted—a capital letter to commence with, and the rest small, something like the style which is in vogue now. The specimens of penmanship afforded in some of these old copies of God's word, which may be seen in the British Museum and other public or cathedral libraries, tell us distinctly that, in what are called the Dark Ages, religious men who spent their time in writing out the Holy Scriptures, were not afraid of their labour, or chary of the trouble they gave themselves.

Besides Manuscripts of the entire New Testament, and those which contain single Gospels and Epistles, there are numerous 'fragments' which have been gathered up from various sources, and some of these are of great value and importance, though only containing a few leaves. Thus, for instance, there is a Fragment of this kind containing portions of St. Paul's Epistles, of only fifteen leaves; twelve of these leaves are at Paris, two are at St. Petersburg, and one was very recently found at Mount Athos, containing only Colossians iii. 4—11.

There is another very remarkable document, which is suggestive of the saying frequently made of certain verses of Holy Scripture, that they 'deserve to be written in letters of gold.' This manuscript, four leaves of which are in the British Museum, six in the Vatican Library at Rome, two at Vienna, and thirty-three others

Put to Test.

elsewhere, is written on fine purple vellum, and the letters are of silver, of a larger size than even those used in the ancient manuscripts at St. Petersburg and Rome. Not one, even the smallest, of these portions must be despised or neglected; a reverent and loving care must guard all alike, and, in due season, each minutest leaf will serve to throw light on the whole body of Divine Truth.

In bringing to a close these observations on the manner in which God has seen fit to preserve His messages through such a long course of years (3,000), a word seems to be due to the memory of those devoted and learned men to whose pious labours we are indebted for the constant multiplication of fresh copies of Holy Writ. Whether they be the 'Schools of the Prophets,' as in the time before the coming of our Blessed Lord, or bands of holy men living in seclusion from the world in later ages, it is to them, humanly speaking, that we owe the preservation of the Word of God in very troublous and disastrous times. At the risk of loss of property, or even life itself, they toiled on in their retreats, and toiled so diligently and successfully, that, when the art of printing was discovered (A.D. 1438), there were so many written copies in existence that it was a comparatively easy matter to obtain a sufficient number to ensure tolerable accuracy for a first printed edition.

Thus, then, on different materials, in various kinds of letters, by the hands of numberless copyists, have these messages of God come down to us. How should we all strive that these Divine monitions—written, now on stone, now on papyrus, now on parchment, now on paper—may be written on the fleshy tablets of our hearts, not with ink, 'but with the spirit of the living God.' (2 Cor. iii. 3.)

Put to Test.

CHAPTER III.

As Katie had foreseen, Mrs. Kendrick's offer, after a little deliberation, was accepted on Emily's behalf. Emily was captivated with the idea of living in a big house, where there was an abundance of money and servants, of seeing fashionable company, of having no teaching to do, of possessing and enjoying her rich aunt's favour—being regarded, as she flattered herself she should be, in the light of an adopted daughter and first favourite, and all the rest of it; in fact, she built most wonderful air-castles for herself. Now and then her conscience smote her for leaving Katie to work alone at that 'nuisance of a school,' as she called it—conscience told her that she was selfish, and was following her inclinations instead of her duty, but she talked the 'small voice' down.

"I shall be earning my living," she said to her sister. "And my being away will make a great difference to the housekeeping expenses."

"You are earning your living now," replied Katie, shortly. Katie was a good little woman, and would have sacrificed herself

Put to Test.

to any extent for Emily's benefit; but this scheme, she thought, and thought truly, was *not* for Emily's benefit, and she felt rather hurt and ill-used by her willingness to leave her to work and struggle alone.

"But I don't think I *do* earn my living at home," said Emily. "The fact is, school teaching isn't so much in my line as in yours. You have quite a gift for teaching; it comes to you as naturally as eating and drinking. But it is the most difficult and trying work in the world to me, and I'm sure I never do it properly."

"One can make oneself do properly anything that one ought to do," remarked Katie. "And I don't think it's natural to me to like school-keeping, for its own sake, better than the life we used to lead when dear father was alive to work for us."

"But you have so much natural energy, Katie—you always had—which makes it easy to you; and I haven't, unfortunately," persisted Emily.

Whereat Katie sighed, and gave up the argument.

So Emily's wardrobe was replenished and put in order, and a day fixed for her leaving home. Katie, whenever she was released from the school-room, worked like a seamstress at the new linen, and dresses, and collars, and odds and ends that were required for her sister's outfit; and when all was done, and they had nearly come to the end of the last day they would spend together, she insisted on doing all the packing herself.

"You must have my waterproof, Emily," she said, as she rummaged about in the drawers and cupboards. "Mine is the newest; yours will do very well for me at home. And I'll lend you my gold bracelet, if you like. I never want it now, and you may."

She kept giving and lending her little treasures in this manner; and Emily kept saying, "Oh, now, really, Katie, I can't rob you so, dear!" but taking them all the same.

At length the boxes were packed and put into the hall, ready for the cab. Emily took her last meal with her mother and sister in the homely little sitting-room, had her last chat about the pupils, whose summer holidays were, fortunately for poor Katie, just beginning, dressed herself in her new hat and jacket, and said 'Good-bye.'

"Good-bye, my child," sobbed Mrs. Taylor. "I hope you will be happy and comfortable. If you are not, be sure and come back to us at once."

"And, Emily," added Katie, "if you find it doesn't do you *good* to be there—you know how I mean—come home; don't stay. Aunt Kendrick is not very religious, I'm afraid. Don't let her make you careless, too. Keep to our home ways, if you possibly can, and come home if you can't."

"I will—I will," said Emily, hurriedly, as she made her way to the door. "Where's my umbrella, dear? Oh, here it is. Good-bye, darling. I shall often come and see you. And I'll write whenever I can."

And so she jumped into the cab, and was driven off; and Mrs. Taylor and Katie went back to their little room alone. Poor Katie was very glad to get rid of her pupils that afternoon. She felt sad

and solitary, and out of heart. The interest of the school seemed to be gone, now that there was no one to share it.

Emily was set down at her aunt's house about half an hour afterwards. A footman opened the door, told the driver to 'put the boxes down somewhere,' and showed Emily into a gorgeous drawing-room, where her aunt was sitting with two or three morning visitors. He did not trouble himself to announce her name, and her entrance was unobserved.

"How do you do, aunt?" Emily said, with some embarrassment, advancing a step or two.

"Oh, how do you, my dear?" responded Mrs. Kendrick, hastily, hardly turning her head. "Go and take your things off; I'll speak to you presently. I'm engaged just now."

Emily withdrew, crimson to the roots of her hair. She asked the footman where she should find her room; was referred to a smart house-maid, and taken up to a small chamber in the uppermost storey, where she felt very much inclined to cry, and wished heartily that she had contented herself at home with Katie. It was not at all the sort of reception which she had pictured to herself.

However, when the visitors were gone, Mrs. Kendrick sent for her, and then showed herself disposed to be friendly and pleasant.

"Dear me," she said, looking the girl up and down; "you've grown quite pretty since I saw you last. You were very gawky as a child, I remember, but you've filled out wonderfully. You're really very presentable. Your dress is a *little* unbecoming—not quite the thing, you know, just now; but still, when we've trimmed you up, you'll be all right. Can you play well, my dear? What sort of voice have you? I suppose you have had enough society in Wercham not to feel shy and awkward in a room?"

And these questions satisfactorily answered, Mrs. Kendrick waxed quite affectionate, and began to talk of sending for her own dressmaker at once, to introduce a little 'style' and 'fashion' into the wardrobe of her niece, which, she complacently observed, was all that was needed.

Now this was a kind of thing that little independent Katie never could have borne, but which Emily's 'different sort of pride' made no trouble of at all. Emily saw that Mrs. Kendrick had been very much afraid of her husband's poor relation turning out a plain and dowdy nobody—as she would certainly have considered Katie, with her under-sized figure, and honest, sunburnt face; and that, had she been such, her lot would have been to drudge in the background, and be snubbed by the entire household. But she saw that Mrs. Kendrick appreciated the worldly value of her tall, graceful shape, and delicate complexion, and beautiful auburn hair, and that, if she would parade them, and her other gifts and accomplishments, for that lady's credit and glorification, she would have a gay and luxurious life of it. And her pride in no way interfered with her satisfaction at the discovery.

She became, as she had expected, a prime favourite. She had to work very hard, to be sure. Mrs. Kendrick did not spare her in that respect. But Emily showed no lack of 'natural energy'

now. She was housekeeper, ladies'-maid, secretary, errand-girl—everything almost behind the scenes; and she had to play and sing, and generally 'show off' in company, and never to give signs of weariness. But the praise, and the flattery, and the importance, the rich clothes, and presents, and fine acquaintances, were more than sufficient compensation, in her opinion. Poor Emily! nothing could well have been worse for her.

At first, she made some feeble efforts to do what was right—to follow Katie's advice, and keep to the home ways; but it was not easy to do so in the face of her aunt's habits, and she had never the courage to run the risk of offending her! It was a time of temptation, and she did not rouse herself to stand fast and fight; she did not make herself strong to resist with watchfulness and prayer. No; she was unprepared, and so she 'fell away.'

An early sign of her falling away was her neglect of her daily Bible reading. She was up so late at night, and was so sleepy in the morning, that (at first occasionally, and then habitually) she delayed to leave her bed until there was only time enough left to dress herself hurriedly before she was summoned to her aunt; and no other opportunity seemed to offer itself. Then Mrs. Kendrick often required her to stay away from church, for the sake of some trivial household business, and she was afraid to risk her displeasure by any remonstrances—afraid lest she should thereby lose her dearly-prized worldly privileges! What was worse, she gave up her attendance at the Lord's Table. Mrs. Kendrick was not a communicant; and Emily seemed to look upon herself by degrees as Mrs. Kendrick's shadow.

And then—another sign of her falling away—she neglected her mother and Katie. Letters came from her less and less often; she was so busy, she said, she really couldn't find time to write! And the visits ceased altogether. Katie several times met her in the Wereham streets, and those meetings gave far more pain than pleasure to her sensitive heart. When Emily was alone on these occasions, she was very chatty and affectionate; but when she was with Mrs. Kendrick, as generally happened, then she was hurried and embarrassed, and even appeared to wish to avoid her.

"Emily is so grand," the poor little schoolmistress used to say, bitterly. "Emily is so altered," she used to add, with the tears in her eyes.

Indeed, the contrast between the sisters grew more strongly marked year by year. Emily's consequence showed itself in every tone and gesture; she affected all the airs and graces of a fashionable, fine lady. Her London milliners and dressmakers transformed her so entirely from the quiet-looking Miss Taylor of former days, that even Barbara Lane scarcely knew her. Her elegance and 'style,' together with the popular belief that she was Mrs. Kendrick's heiress (a belief which Emily herself shared), attracted to her a large circle of gay and wealthy acquaintances. While Katie, on the other hand, plodded on in her obscurity, hard-working and humble; teaching the same day-scholars in the same little school-room (she had given up the idea of the large house, and the governess, and the boarders, when Emily left her), and taking loving care of her invalid mother.

CHAPTER IV.

BARBARA LANE came in from a walk one day, looking—very unusual for her—quite glum and out of temper.

"I declare, mother," she exclaimed, flinging her gloves on the table, "I haven't any patience with Emily Taylor. I met her just now, sailing down the High Street, with Rosa Hammond and Mary Kennedy, in the most splendid grey poplin you ever saw, all over satin and fringe, and a seal-skin coat, and a French bonnet; and she was really so grand that she would hardly condescend to notice me! And there is that poor dear little Katie quite ill with one of her bad head-aches—fit for nothing but her bed—and toiling away in that stuffy school-room, with all those troublesome children! I can't help being cross," she added, smiling at her own vehemence. "Isn't it too bad, now?"

"Altogether too bad," Mrs. Lane replied. "As for Katie, she must have some help, or she will wear herself out. Mr. Vernon says she is hardly ever without her head-aches now. She used not to have them, you remember."

"She used not, I know—not until Emily left her with the whole of that tiresome school on her hands. I'm sure it's killing work. If you'd seen the black rings round her eyes when I went in this afternoon, you'd really have pitied her, poor little soul! I made her go away from the piano, and lie down for an hour, and I cleared off the remaining music lessons for her in the meantime, and so helped her a little. But I do wonder how Emily contrives to make herself happy, under the circumstances—really I do."

"I don't think Emily *does* make herself happy," Mrs. Lane replied. "I've seen her several times lately, and watched her; and I think she looks discontented with herself and the life she leads. I think her conscience is ill at ease."

"Well, it is to be hoped it is," Barbara responded. "But don't you think, mother, she may have been looking worried on that other account?"

"What account, dear?"

"Why, about young Godfrey. I don't believe they're actually engaged, because I'm sure Mrs. Kendrick would not allow it; but he's paying his addresses to her, they say, and she receives them favourably. And she can't help knowing how wild and unprincipled he is, however much she cares for him."

"I hope she doesn't care for him," said Mrs. Lane. "That would be the worst misfortune of all, and spoil her quite. As far as he is concerned, his care is only for Mrs. Kendrick's money, which he would make ducks and drakes of as soon as ever he got it into his hands. Though it's an uncharitable thing to say," added Mrs. Lane, contritely—and, indeed, she seldom spoke so strongly against even dissipated young men, the class of social sinners for whom she had least patience and toleration.

"Do you think Mrs. Kendrick will leave her money to Emily, mother?" Barbara enquired, presently.

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Mrs. Lane. "I've heard your father say that, as far as he knows—and he is her solicitor—she

has never made a will yet. I believe she so shuns the idea of death, that she puts off even that preparation, rather than make herself uncomfortable by thinking of it."

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Barbara, under her breath.

"Your father thinks it very likely that she will die, and not leave one after all—and so do I. Generally, Death comes unawares to those who will not look for him. Generally, when people leave their affairs like that—the affairs of their soul, as well as those of their body—to the chance of death-bed leisure and opportunity, no time is given them then."

"And what would become of her property, in that case?"

"Well, it would go to a nephew of hers, who ran away from home many years ago, and has never been heard of since."

"Don't they know whether he is alive or dead?"

"No. They believe he is dead, but have no proof. Until they were sure, the property would be held in trust for him."

"And if they did have proof of his death?"

"Then it would go to some other of her relations; but not to Emily Taylor, certainly."

One evening, only a few weeks after this conversation, Mrs. Lane, Barbara, and Gertrude, Barbara's school-girl sister, were sitting by the fire-side in the drawing-room, waiting for dinner.

"How late your father is!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, after looking several times at the clock on the chimney-piece. "It is not like him to be so unpunctual. The mutton will be boiled to rags. Oh, there he is!" hearing the well-known step in the hall. "Come, my dear, you must be quite famished."

"I can't stay for dinner," replied Mr. Lane, hastily. "Just get me a mouthful of something, Barbara, and order the brougham round, while I run into the office."

"Why, what's the matter?" enquired his wife.

"I've just heard that Mrs. Kendrick has had an accident—been thrown out of her phaeton—and isn't likely to recover. I must go down at once, and see about it. You remember I told you she hadn't made a will."

Mrs. Lane and Barbara looked at one another.

"There," said Mrs. Lane, "what did I say! I thought it would come unawares!"

Mr. Lane rushed back from his office in less than two minutes, hastily swallowed a plate of soup and a slice of mutton, which his wife had ordered up, jumped into his brougham, and was driven off to Mrs. Kendrick's house.

He was met in the hall by Dr. Vernon, whose face was sterner and graver than usual.

"I'm afraid this is a serious matter, Vernon, by your look. I just now heard of it, and came off at once, in case she should desire to arrange her affairs."

"Do you mean to say that will hasn't been made yet?"

"No; it hasn't been made yet."

"Then it will never be made now. She is dead!"

"Dead! You don't say so!"

"I do, though. And I hope I may never see such a death-bed again!"

"Did she suffer so much, then?"

"Not so much in her body. But—well, you know what sort of a life she has led—and it all came home to her, when she was dying. And her terror and despair were awful to witness. I hope it will be a warning to that giddy niece of hers."

"Wasn't a clergyman sent for?"

"Yes; but it was late to make a beginning then, you know."

"Ah!" said Mr. Lane, sadly. It was too dreadful to talk about, but it set him thinking and praying with a deeper earnestness, as he drove home in the dark winter night.

On his way, he called to tell Mrs. Taylor and Katie the news. They had heard of the upsetting of the carriage, but were quite unprepared for the tidings of that sudden and terrible death.

"Oh!" said Katie, as, pale and shocked, she sat down again in her chair by the fire-side, "how Emily will reproach herself all her life, if she never tried to lead Aunt Kendrick to think of God, while she had the opportunity!"

"Poor Emily!" Mrs. Taylor ejaculated. "Well, there's one comfort—we shall have her home again now."

"I don't know, mother. If Aunt Kendrick has left her property to her, she may wish for her own establishment. Indeed, she'll soon marry that Mr. Godfrey now, I'm afraid."

But Barbara Lane came the next morning, and set her fears to rest on that score.

"Emily won't have a single sixpence," said Barbara; "you may be quite sure of that. And you may be equally sure that Mr. Godfrey will lose no time in backing out of his present position. I don't wish to be unkind, Katie, but really I do feel glad of it. Don't you?"

"I do," replied Katie, promptly. "It will be very hard for her at first; but, please God, she won't regret it afterwards."

By this time, all Wereham and Emily's fine friends were made acquainted with the state of the case. Mr. Godfrey was joking over his lucky escape from a penniless wife with some of his confidential companions, and Rosa Hammond was remarking to her mother what a come-down it was for Emily Taylor, who had given herself such airs!

CHAPTER V.

So Emily came back to the little home again.

On the day that she was expected, Katie rose early, to furbish up the sitting-room; to get their bed-chamber freshly supplied with linen, and covers, and pretty odds and ends; and drawers, and boxes, and cupboards cleared out, and to make various cakes and pies of more than ordinary delicacy. When school was over, at noon, she put on her bonnet, and, taking a few sovereigns from her little hoard, went out and bought a new crimson tablecloth, and a new easy chair, and a couple of photographs in Oxford frames, and a few other small comforts and luxuries, wherewith to



'I CLEARED OFF THE REMAINING MUSIC LESSONS FOR HER.'

beautify their humble habitation, bustling about after her work of love as if she never could be tired. She was a trifle impatient and restless during the lessons of the afternoon, and, as soon as five o'clock struck, and the pupils were dismissed, she hurried up to her room to change her dress, singing for joy, like a child herself. When she had made herself tidy, she went to array her mother in Sunday gown and cap, and then she set out the tea. Best china, best tea-pot, new bread and butter, and cream and eggs, cold meat on the sideboard, hot cakes before the fire—everything that she could provide that might tempt the appetite of a hungry traveller.

"We are not very fashionable," she said, smiling; "but we'll make things as home-like as we can."

And then the hearth was swept for the last time, and fresh coals put on the fire; the curtains were drawn, and the lamp was lighted; the new chair was drawn up on the hearth-rug, and Katie looked all round, and said, "There!" in a tone of profound satisfaction.

She had completed her little arrangements, when the cab was heard rumbling down the quiet street, and stopping at the door. Out she ran, with the money in her hand for the driver, paid him, helped him to drag the boxes into the hall, and then, shutting him out, flung her arms round her sister and kissed her, and welcomed her with a love and gladness that Emily could not misunderstand.

Every hour which the poor girl had spent since her aunt's death had brought her, to add to her private grief and self-reproaches, slights, and snubs, and unkindnesses from those who had given her a right to look to them for consolation. She had bitterly learned the hollowness and deceitfulness of the friendships and pleasures in which she had put her trust, and been almost overwhelmed with her shame and loneliness. But now, when she saw the faithful little brown face in the doorway, and felt the warm arms clasped round her neck—when she saw the cosy sitting-room, with all its eloquent little evidences of the home-love and care, and heard her mother's voice of welcome, she wondered how she ever could have left them at all.

"Oh, Katie, Katie," she said, wiping her eyes, "I'm ashamed to show myself here, after the way I've behaved!"

"Oh, nonsense—never mind about that now," answered Katie, cheerfully. "Come, let me take off your things, and sit down by the fire, and have something to eat. We are going to be all happy and comfortable together again, now."

So Emily was stripped of her wraps, placed in the new easy chair, and her poor dejected face soon brightened up in the genial atmosphere.

"How good you are to me!" she exclaimed, in a pause of the conversation. "And how good it is to feel one has something one can trust to. There's no place like home, after all!"

But Emily had a great deal to bear at first. Not only the neglect and rudeness of those summer friends of hers—Mr. Godfrey, who used to compliment her on her beauty, and profess himself her slave; Rosa Hammond, who used to call her 'dearest,' and the rest of her fashionable set—but also the coldness of her

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father's and Katie's friends, who could not readily forgive her desertion. She never met any of them without feeling how low a place she had in their respect and esteem.

She was miserable, too, in other ways. She had fallen away from all good and religious habits, and she found that it was hard to recover herself—that the smallest step in the right road was only to be gained by striving her utmost, and by much pain and prayer. She fretted constantly over that lost opportunity, when she might have “led Aunt Kendrick to think of God,” and did not try to do so. “I shall never forgive myself,” she said to Katie; “and I feel as if I never could be forgiven for that.”

When she was low-spirited and down-hearted, Katie used to comfort and encourage her with her wise, loving words, and with the example of her own cheerful and sincere religion. She persuaded her to rouse herself to persevere, and hope, and struggle on—to take that sovereign medicine, work—and to seek her strength in prayer and communion with Christ in the Holy Sacrament.

“There's nothing else will do, you'll find,” said Katie, in her blunt way.

And Emily became more and more convinced that Katie was right.

She hung up this little prayer on the wall of her room, at the foot of the bed, to meet her eye the first thing when she woke in the morning, and the last thing before she went to sleep at night—to remind her of her past shortcomings, and of the only safeguard against future fallings away:—

“In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.”

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

THE CHURCH CLEANERS.

THE duties belonging to the Church cleaners appertain, in strict accuracy, to the sexton. And in our ‘Hearty Hints to Sextons’ we did not forget this. Nevertheless, in many country churches, and probably in nearly all town churches, church cleaning is committed to persons known as ‘Church Cleaners,’ and who are often, and, we think, not improperly, women. The importance of keeping churches clean has always been recognised, and, indeed, the Church has devoted one of her authorised Homilies to this subject, a fact which manifests how greatly she values the comely condition of the House of God. The fifteenth homily alluded to is well worth the perusal of church cleaners, and we commend it to their attention, contenting ourselves with quoting the following short sentences from it:—“The world thinketh it but a trifle to see their church in ruin and decay. But whose doth not lay to their helping hands, they sin against God

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and His holy congregation It is a sin and shame to see so many churches so ruinous, and so foully decayed, almost in every corner. If a man's private house wherein he dwelleth be decayed, he will never cease till it be restored up again And shall we be so mindful of our common, base houses, deputed to so vile employment, and be forgetful toward that House of God, wherein be entreated the words of our eternal salvation, wherein be ministered the sacraments and mysteries of our redemption? The fountain of our regeneration is there presented unto us, the partaking of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ is there offered unto us; and shall we not esteem the place where so heavenly things are handled? Wherefore, if ye have any reverence to the service of God, if ye have any common honesty, if ye have any conscience in keeping of necessary godly ordinances, keep your churches in good repair; whereby ye shall not only please God, and deserve His manifold blessings, but also deserve the good report of all godly people."

So saith the Church in her homily to all the people, and if, then, all the people are charged so earnestly to promote the well-being and comely condition of the House of God, much more is it to be expected that they, to whom church cleaning has been deputed, should do it thoroughly and reverently, and well. The act of church cleaning is an important one, and it is very desirable that it be done by persons who have true Christian reverence for the House of God.

We will tell two anecdotes to our friends the church cleaners. They will, we trust, read them, and think upon them. We shall tell them facts which we have seen ourselves, and we will leave them to take the hint which the anecdotes suggest, and we hope that we may picture to ourselves a good-natured smile rising upon their countenances as they read our hearty hints to them.

Many years ago we were staying not far from Canterbury, and, amongst other places, we visited a fashionable watering-place in the Isle of Thanet. A Roman Catholic chapel had been erected there (we regret to say), but we had been advised to visit it, in order to see certain curiosities which were supposed to have a charm for us. The key which unlocks most doors soon shot the bolt of the chapel, and our little party were conducted within the edifice. A decent-looking, matronly woman had charge of the place, and was engaged, as it proved, in 'cleaning' the chapel. Now, however thoroughly we protest (as we think every Bible-reader must protest) against many sad doctrines, dogmas, and doings of the Church of Rome, we never could feel justified in ridiculing anything performed in our presence within a Papistical place of worship. We are not obliged to go there; and if we do go there, we have no more right to insult the place or the people than vulgar, ill-mannered men have to insult our churches, or any article within them. But we gazed with astonishment and yet admiration at the worthy chapel cleaner. Every time she crossed before the altar she fell on her knees in lowly reverence. Every act of hers, as she proceeded with her sweeping and cleaning, was performed in a manner betokening a mind solemnly

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impressed with a belief that she was doing something other than sweeping out a scullery, or even a lady's boudoir; that at all events, the place was dedicated to the worship of God, and as such was entitled to be treated as in some sense, 'the place where His honour dwelleth.' It is very possible that this feeling was possessed by her to an excess, and that she may not have balanced it with the truth that God is everywhere, and may be worshipped anywhere, and that He must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. But be that as it may, it was very interesting, and in some particulars very pleasing, to see the reverence with which this chapel cleaner pursued her calling.

And now we relate the other anecdote. There is only one objection to it. It is, that though we will tell what we have seen ourselves, we fear that many have seen it also, and may even see it now. It is getting, then, towards the end of the week. A beautiful church, closed on all week days (except perhaps on a Wednesday evening, or for the occasional burial, or marriage, or churching), must be furnished for the Divine services of the coming Lord's Day. The sexton's deputy is a woman of reputable character, but not of a reverential spirit. She goes to clean the church just as she goes out to 'char' in the neighbour's cottage. In her mind there is not the slightest difference betwixt the two occupations. And in one sense there is not. In either case dirt and dust have to be removed; all must be made tidy and sweet, and fit for their respective uses. But there is a difference, though our worthy church cleaner, like too many church Christians, does not recognise it. And because she did not (and taught as she had been, probably, could not) recognise it, we must tell you what used to occur. You would often find hassocks, kneelers, carpets or mats carelessly thrown even upon the Lord's Table; while the noise and rattle, and—if a neighbour came in—the bawling and loud gossiping, echoed through the church. Does not such irreverence shock the feelings of those who witness it? Then why should it exist? But wait awhile. What will our 'hearty' church cleaners say to making a place beneath the Holy Table the receptacle for dust-pans, brushes, and cloths? What of turning the Font into a cupboard for other dusters and broom heads? Or of a little child toddling all over the church, quiet in his mischief, and begriming, now the sittings, now the sedilia, and now the Lord's Table, with the unctuous smearing of sweetmeats from his dirty little hands? Have we, in telling this tale of our own beholdings, stated anything very uncommon? We fear that many of our churches afford, continually, a very sad answer to that enquiry.

Now, in all candour, whether of these two cleaners is to be imitated? We think that the actions of the former must be considered as preferable in many particulars to those of the latter.

But, in truth, all our church cleaners have to do, does not require an exact copy of either of the good creatures we have described. Let them have all the energy, the zeal for cleanliness, and the thoroughness in dusting and clearing away every particle of dirt which she whom we last mentioned, possessed. But let them take care to possess also such reverence for the House of God as shall

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put an end to using Fonts for cupboards, places about the Holy Table for dust-pans, or turning the House of God into a gossip-shop or a nursery. A solemn sense of reverence for the House of God becomes all of us, though it need not be such as to cause genuflections whenever we move before the Lord's Table. If church cleaners will compare the two characters we have described, we think they may learn from one of them to be very reverent, and to do all things with reverence in the House of God, and from the other they may learn zeal and thoroughness in their occupation. And with these things united, they will be, what we wish them to be, 'HEARTY CHURCH CLEANERS.'

The Parish Register.

THERE are three old books that lie
On the vestry window-sill;
Musty, and stiff and dry
They look to the passers-by,
And to readers duller still.

When the bride, in white array,
Doth the altar steps descend,
While from turrets, mossèd and grey,
The bells, with a sudden play,
Their rapturous greeting send.

When the babe's unconscious brow
Hath the holy sign received,
With that and the solemn vow,
Prepared for a journey now,
Whose outset is scarce perceived.

When the bearers' heavy tread
Hath quitted the deep grave-side,
Where the busy, aching head,
And feet that have swiftly sped,
Forgotten and calm abide.

Each time one of these great tomes
Is opened and written in;
But ne'er, as to rustic homes
The villager backward roams,
A second thought doth it win.

The rector and parish clerk
Sometimes, for a silver fee,
Scan over those pages dark,
The record demanded mark,
And close them unwistfully.

'Tis only a name, a date,
A dwelling, they note with care;
The condition and estate
Of the wed or buried late—
Ay, but more than this is there!

They are outlines crude, but bold,
Of every mortal's tale;
How briefly it may be told,
And what thrilling scenes unfold,
These volumes to teach avail.

What visions of festive days
Their chronicles terse can wake,
Of groups who, through dewy ways,
Just flocked with the morning rays,
Have their marriage-oath to take!

What visions of pure delight
When parents their first-born brought
Arms laden, and spirits light,
When the Sabbath noon was bright,
And God for his refuge sought!

What visions of lonely pain,
'Neath a sad November sky,
When, in drizzling mist and rain,
The slow funeral train,
Under hedge-rows bare, went by;

And the weary widowhood
Is likewise here made known;
Of maidens, who long since stood
Where, as now, the sunny flood
Through oriel windows shone.

And the peasant's pilgrimage,
Which so silently was run;
Whose labour, from youth to age,
One plot of soil did engage,
Till the hard day's work was done.

Here are fever's crowded dates,
And there is the strange blank spot,
With its simple phrase, that relates
How war was within our gates
And due course of things forgot.

Ah! dim and suggestive line!
Ah! rude and time-stained leaves,
Which many a hand doth sign,
What dramas, without design,
Your each new guardian weaves!

While the pages grow more dry,
And their annals more obscure;
Till, of those who around us lie,
They, carefully still laid by,
The sole remembrance endure!

A. T. M.

Martin Luther on Catechising.

“**M**ARTIN LUTHER to all the faithful, to the pious clergy and preachers, grace, mercy, and peace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

“The miserable sights which met my eyes in my late round of visitation have induced me to put forth this short and simple Catechism. God help us, what calamity I saw everywhere! The people, especially the dwellers in the country, so ignorant of all Christian doctrine, that I am even ashamed to speak of it. And yet they are all called by that holy name of Christ, they all use the same sacraments with us, though they not only do not understand the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, but cannot even repeat the words. To put it briefly, they are no way different from the beasts.

“In the name of God, therefore, I entreat and charge you, all ye clergy and preachers, seriously to discharge your office, and to attend to the souls committed to you by the Lord. Teach this catechism to your people, especially to the young.

“Be careful not to use varying forms of words in teaching the commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the doctrines of the sacraments, but the same words over and over again. I advise this, as knowing that the uneducated and the young cannot be taught more easily than by one unvarying form again and again repeated. But if thou puttost the same matters before them, now in this way, now in that, simple minds are soon confused, and all thy pains will be lost.

“But if any so despise religion as to refuse to learn these things, they are to be admonished that they are denying Christ, and have no title to the Christian name. They are to be admitted neither to the sacrament of the altar, nor to sponsorship at the font. And thou shalt be especially careful to exhort magistrates and parents of their obligation to discharge their public duties with all diligence, and to keep their children steadily to study.

“Nevertheless, let us not be moved by the world's ingratitude and irreligion. Christ Himself hath set before us more than enough reward, if we will only labour faithfully in His vineyard. And the Father of all grace grant unto us that we may do this more effectively; to whom be praise and glory for ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

From the Preface to Luther's Shorter Catechism.

Reflection

ON HANDING A HALF-BRICK TO A MASON.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

“**O**NE morning our bricklayer was re-building a wall that had been blown down, and I had come to see how he was getting on. I had not been standing by many minutes, when he asked me to give him up a brick from the ground, pointing, as he stood on the scaffold, to the one which he wanted.

Reflection.

Not perceiving his object, and supposing one brick was like another, I handed him the one nearest to myself, which was a whole one. "No, not that, the half-one, sir, if you please," was his quick remark, and I gave him that.

Indeed, if he had taken the whole one, he must have broken it in two, as they frequently do in order to serve his present purpose. His object was to "cross the joints," as they call it, in order to give greater strength and solidity to the wall; and for this an entire brick, however useful elsewhere, was altogether unsuitable.



How unwittingly, methought, is this man doing the work of the great Master Builder! Who can tell but He, who is still engaged in erecting the vast spiritual edifice of his Church, for what exact place each human being is fitted, though to the eye of the looker-on, this man may appear far preferable to that, and a third possibly superior to either? The Builder, who is about His work, knows best what He is doing, and selects such bricks or stones as the occasion requires. His eye, indeed, is over all, and though seeming for the present to overlook some, it is not without a purpose of using them when the proper time arrives.

Let no one, then, fret or demur at being apparently set aside as a useless piece of clay; but let each be content to abide patiently where he is, till his turn comes, and his Master calls him. Let us

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remember, too, that man is so incompetent a judge of God's designs, that it stands in imperishable record of the highest example known of despised and neglected worth, that the same stone which the human builders refused became at length the chief stone of the corner.

It is added, too—to prevent the possibility of our imputing these things to accident or chance—that this was the Lord's doing, however marvellous in our eyes (St. Matthew xxi. 42).

Short Sermon.

The Quietness of God's Working.

BY W. H. RIDLEY, M.A., RECTOR OF HAMBLEDEN.

1 Kings vi. 7.—“*There was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.*”



REAT is the contrast between the mode of Almighty God's working and the mode in which man works. He says, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways.' This is strikingly illustrated in His merciful dealings. 'He declareth His almighty power most chiefly in showing mercy and pity.' It is also exhibited in that which the text suggests, viz., the stillness and secrecy with which He accomplishes His great works. His works are great, so vast that all the mightiest efforts, as they are thought, of poor man, are but as puny acts of no weight or moment. Yet while man exerts all his strength, and makes a great stir, and excites great commotion to bring to pass one of his littlenesses, the work of God is done so silently that no man sees or hears it. We look and it is done!

This fact is continually spoken of in Scripture under a great variety of figures. God's work and working is compared to leaven, and the still, secret way in which it penetrates the meal within which it is placed. It is compared to seed sown, which springs and grows up, man knoweth not how. God's mode of working is spoken of as a path in the sea, where no one can trace the track; the ship divides the waters, as the wings of a flying bird divide the air, and no one can tell where. It was specially foretold of our blessed Lord, 'He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the streets.' So His presence and His grace are likened to the dew, 'the small rain upon the tender herbs, and the showers upon the grass.' 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation'; and the presence of Almighty God was made known to Elijah not in the fire, the whirlwind, or the earthquake, but in the 'still, small voice.'

Short Sermon.

Solomon's temple was typical of more than one thing. I.—Of God's company of the elect, who shall form the church of the saved ones in eternity. II.—Of the visible church here on earth—the company of believers, of outward Christians, of those who profess the name of Christ in this present world. III.—Of each separate individual Christian, each one of whom is a temple of God. Of all these it is true that they are formed and their several parts compacted together, without noise and violence, quietly, without ostentation, unseen by man.

I.—The company of the Invisible Church, God's true elect. One and another are added to this fellowship *as* or *when* God wills, but we know them not. One and another are told off, when the angel of death arrives, into the sweet pastures of Paradise; and though angel harps may welcome them, or the arms of their departed brethren be opened wide to embrace them, no sound from that land of joy and felicity reaches us here. 'Some of the host have crossed the flood, and some are crossing now,' but we cannot mark them, nor do we know when they pass within the Gate.

II.—The same is true of the visible Church. It began as a grain of mustard seed—'the number of the names together was about 120'—and now it is a tree shadowing all the earth. It has spread from land to land, influencing and converting great nations. It has become the most remarkable institution throughout the world. But not by sword or fire, or man's power. In this it is strikingly different from Mahomedanism, that false religion which has tried to rival it in the East: for whereas that was forced upon men by the sword and human influence, the Christian religion has made its way by the force of its own truth, and by the meek submission and patience of its professors. 'The blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the Church.'

III.—And most true is it of God's blessed work in the heart of each one of us His children. His Spirit by which He works is like the air and wind, whose works may be seen, but which itself is invisible. It is like a fire, but a hidden fire; its effects are seen and felt, but itself veiled from human observation. He is always working for us, He uses all things as His instruments; each several particular has, unknown to itself, to lend the aid of its own powers towards the perfecting of each saint. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' If we look at our own spiritual life, or the life of grace in any other person, we cannot trace its growth and progress. Like the growth of our bodies, we see that, after an interval, there has been progress; we can find, thank God, that we have advanced in holiness, but we cannot say when this was, nor what caused it. We see a fellow Christian certainly to all appearance become more heavenly-minded than formerly; but whether such a Service, such a book, such an illness, effected this, or what part in the effect each of these things or any other had, is altogether unknown to us. We think beforehand that surely such a religious opportunity will tell greatly on us, and afterwards we regret that such another opportunity seems to have passed without profit; but what influence each has lent to the great work of our sanctification, we cannot really judge. 'In the

Short Sermon.

morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good.' A great multitude, and great variety of small and unlikely instruments, God is always employing; together with those which to us seem greater and more likely; but by which He is pleased to produce the chief effects, He only knows.

Sometimes a word spoken, as we say, by chance, and by one who little thinks that anything will come of it, or the sight of a picture, touches a heart which has resisted the force of sermons and books and pastoral appeals. Sometimes the example of a fellow believer enters more deeply into a soul than the very words of God Himself, or the entreaties of earnest friends. Sometimes a letter or a book, written in plain, and what we call dull language, stirs the spirit more than energetic discourses, or eloquent speeches, or pathetic appeals. Sometimes the continual repetition of the same daily prayers really lifts the soul higher, than what seem warmer and more fervent Services with more attraction of manner, variety, or multitude of worshippers.

The training of a soul is a wonderful work, quite beyond the skill of man: God alone can train our souls. He surrounds the heart with such influences as He disposes it to receive; He drops in the gentle grace, as dew, as softly-falling rain, as oil, as wine, and the heart is refreshed, invigorated, nourished, strengthened, without even its own knowledge. Greatly are they mistaken who think they can trace the course of God's grace by striking outward signs, who talk of their 'experiences,' and think these are certain signs. This talking of such effects of God's grace upon us has two terrible dangers—on the one hand it fosters pride in the hearts of some who wish to be able to show that God is in them, and make a boast of what they do and feel: and on the other hand it discourages some who really are, perhaps, advancing more than these others, but yet who cannot describe any such exalted feelings.

'Axes and hammers' cannot build the Church of God. They can destroy it, but not build it up. 'But now they break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers.' Noise, anger, dispute, controversy, often and often hinder the progress of true religion; very seldom do they help it at all. Patience, lowliness, brotherly love, self-sacrifice, do more to save souls, than either positiveness or strife. To have the best of an argument, to wither an opponent by a sarcastic reply, to lay down the law, impatient of contradiction, will not advance God's truth like meekly listening to what another person says, and prayerful consideration of his difficulties and errors, and the effort to learn ourselves even from what he may advance which is wrong. In conclusion then—

I.—Let us sigh and seek after unity, love, gentleness. Let us learn to be afraid of carnal weapons, as St. Paul calls them; what the world sets great store by, and uses to assert its power and influence. Instead of compelling others to agree with us, let us seek to win them by kindness, sympathy, forbearance. Dispute, high words, strong expressions, harsh imputations, are like axes,

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hammers and the sword. They hurt most those who use them; 'they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' See how gentle and forbearing you can be; how kind and considerate of the feelings and weaknesses of those you have to deal with. Never grudge giving up your own, nor fear that you shall lose by it. 'The meek-spirited shall possess the earth, and shall be refreshed with the multitude of peace.' 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.' 'Slow to speak, slow to wrath, for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.'

II.—Take comfort when you do not see the good effects which you wish for and expect. God works in secret, and may be working none the less surely and mightily because He does not show His work to you. Seven thousand knees had not bowed to Baal when Elijah thought his own knees were the only ones undefiled. The signs of storm passed fiercely before him, but the Lord was not in them. At length came the still, small voice. Do you persevere in doing your work; sow your seed, water the soil, persuade your friends, your children, your flock, entreat them, pray for them; be content to leave the increase with God. He will not neglect them. He will not be false to His own promises. 'You shall find' your reward, it may be not till 'after many days.' Especially at the season of the year, when, without noise or effort or observation, nature gushes into loveliness, and the fruits of the earth come forth with abundance, and the poor, barren land, as it seemed, almost suddenly and quite silently, is enriched with that which is pleasant to the eyes and good for food, learn to trust God, Who worketh in secret, and to wait till His good time arrives. Perhaps His purpose is that you shall do the work, and your children have the glory.

III.—In all religious works be quiet and gentle. Care more for real fervour of spirit than for its outward expression. Cherish in your heart the love of God, the thought of His presence, the longing for His grace; but do not look for them through excited feelings, or such observances as tend to excite the feelings, but rather by drawing near in the stillness of your own soul to God, Who is never far off. Be earnest and fervent in your own daily prayers in your closet; persevere in the quiet, continual use of the Church's regular services. Read your Bible, and meditate on it in secret when none but God is nigh. Seek for grace to bear patiently the little crosses which everyday life brings with it; to endure, without murmuring or even talking of them, the inward pains of body and sense of weakness which come to you, the fretfulness of one who lives with you, the inconveniences of your calling, the disappointments of common life; rather than seek for larger assemblies, more impassioned prayers, or anything like noise or bustle, or extraordinary acts of self-devotion. 'In soft, meek, tender ways He loves to draw' His children to Himself. You shall ever find His bosom ready to rest your aching head, and His gentle hands ready to bind up the wounds of your spirit, and by-and-bye you shall see that all these things have worked together to bring you where He is.



See the rooks are homeward flying
In the yellow evening sky,
When the Summer Sun is setting
'Mid bright clouds of many a dye;


And the peasant lad all weary
Wends his way across the moor
With a whistle loud and cheery—
Work is done—the day is o'er.

Summer Evening.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., F.R.A.S., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S,
LEICESTER.

THE BELL-RINGERS.

 H, the Bell-ringers, is it,' is no uncommon cry, 'I'll have nothing to do with them; they are such drunken, ill-mannered, bad-behaved men, that I say I'll have nothing to do with them.' Gently, gently, my friend, bell-ringers are not all I could wish them to be in every place and in every particular, but to say the truth, I myself am not altogether what I wish to be in every particular. And if it be so that you have known some very bad men amongst bell-ringers, let me say that I have also known some very quiet, decent, well-conducted men, whose children are a credit to them, and it is not fair to denounce the race because some of them are bad. One thing, at any rate, I must say for ringers, viz., '*They are no fools.*' They could not ring if they were. He has above the average of brain power who can ring changes *well* upon a peal of bells. Some of our wisecracs would find it so if they tried. A good memory, *i.e.*, an accurate memory and a quick memory, as well as coolness and rapidity of action, are all needful to the formation of a good bell-ringer.

Many a bell-ringer has been drunk, and I mourn over it much. But no sot, no fool, no silly, gaping, empty-brained fellow will ever be fit to be called a bell-ringer.

Look at that wonderful set of hand-bell ringers of Oldham, in Lancashire! Their performances produce a rivalry in my brain between wonder and delight. Ten or twelve men stand with four or more bells each, placed upon a thick woollen cloth before them, and then, without hesitation, blunder, or confusion, one tune rings out after another by their manipulation, producing an effect of sound that I long to hear again. And these remarks apply, in their measure of justice, to other bands of hand-bell ringers in other places.

It is said that bell-ringers are often heavy drinkers, heavy swearers, and bad livers; and it is too true, that, having called the parishioners to the Church, they frequently fail to remain to worship God themselves. These things are to be deplored deeply. But there is no reason why they should occur. They are not of necessity attached to bell-ringing. I can just recollect the time when the gentry used to think it no unfit employment to going to the bell-ringing chamber and peal the bells. One much-respected clergyman,—a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian, now resident in Devonshire,—has swung many a bell (all honour to him!) in a way which many a ringer may do well to imitate. I fear, however, that when our gentry left the church steeple, they left behind them some ill practices which they had introduced. I strongly suspect that they were the foremost in sending for drink into the ringing loft, and this was soon followed by the ribald joke, the irreverent loud laugh, and then it became but an easy and a natural thing for the lads of the village who succeeded them in ringing to succeed them also in improprieties, for which, if rebuked, they could too often quote the example of their superiors in station as their precedent.

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Now, it must be plain to bell-ringers who have read so far, that though I deprecate all misbehaviour on their part, I do by no means deprecate the art of bell-ringing, nor do I allow that the whole set of bell-ringers are bad because too many of them are not what we could desire. Some of them are fine fellows and noble characters. Some years since I met with a record (I think in Sussex) of one James Ogden, of Ashton-under-Lyne, who, in his seventy-seventh year, went up into the fine steeple of Ashton Parish Church and rang 5,000 changes on his bell of 28 cwt. He must have been a fine fellow. 828 changes were rung at his death. (I think 928 is meant, in allusion to the months he had lived).

But my aim in this paper is to say a few honest words to bell-ringers in a friendly spirit. Attention to a very few simple matters would soon rank them amongst our most valuable church workers. Why should not they be regarded as 'working bees,' and as working together with other helpers in church work, just as singers, and sextons, and vergers, and Sunday school teachers, are?

First, then, I must proceed to lay down the law, of which there is no sort of doubt whatever. The ringers have no right whatever to enter the bell-ringing chamber or to ring the bells without the consent of the Vicar, and at least one of the churchwardens. This has been disputed. Locks have been forced, and doors have been broken under the terrible excitement of some political election, but it has ended in the law being clearly defined and pronounced to give the clergyman an absolute veto in the use of the bells. They cannot, legally, be rung at all against the consent of the clergyman of the parish. They may be rung with his consent and that of one churchwarden, on all occasions agreeable to canons 15, 17 and 88.

The amusing little bit of law, therefore, which about five years ago was pronounced in a parish in Buckinghamshire, in which I ministered on one or two occasions, will not do. The ringers did not quite like 'the new-fangled ways,' as they termed them, of the new Vicar, and he at last closed the belfry. An 'indignation meeting' was held at the public-house, and after a spirited discussion and considerable abstraction from the beer barrel, it was discovered, beyond all doubt, that the Vicar 'hadn't a leg to stand upon,' and that every parishioner had a right to enter the loft and to use the bells; because, as one of the worthies told the curate in charge, 'You see, sir, the very name tells us all that, for it is called *the bell free*, and this shows as the bells is free to all!' In spite of this piece of rustic law (and it really occurred as described) the sentence must be reversed. Belfry is a word which some derive from 'Buffroy,' a tower; others from Bell, and *ferre*, to carry, thus meaning a place to hear or carry bells; but I incline to trace it to bell and fry, a number or collection of bells.

At all events, the sounding of the bells is not permissible in contradiction to the clergyman's decision, and never ought the bells to be used except in connection with church purposes. The bells ought to be to the whole parish something like what the organ is to the congregation, and should send forth their varied peals in accordance with the circumstances under which they are rung. Thus

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used, and exclusively thus used, they might become of no small utility, and also full of interest. Amongst other orders it is enjoined, in the 67th canon, that 'when any is passing out of this life, a bell shall be tolled, and the minister shall not then slack to do his last duty. And after the person's death (if it so fall out), there shall be rung no more but one short peal, and one other before the burial, and one other after the burial.' There is something very beautiful and Christianlike in all this. When death seems likely to ensue, the 'passing' bell announces, by its solemn booming, to all the parishioners, what is likely to occur, that they may pray for the departing soul then passing away. If death takes place, a short, solemn peal immediately, and repeated just before and just after the burial, are in strict keeping with the only Christian doctrine of burial that the Church knows or can know, viz., That we, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, commit the dead body to the grave.

If, then, bell-ringers will now see with me that bells ought to be used for religious purposes only in connection with the Church, I shall easily persuade them to adopt the following principles of regulation:—

1. Have a tariff of reasonable charges, so that your services may be used for religious purposes as much as possible, at weddings, and at funerals, and on other public religious occasions.

2. Have a certain fund to which all your earnings and receipts as ringers shall be devoted, such as a clothing club for yourself or your wife, or your children. Don't spend your receipts in drink. The habit of spending receipts for ringing in drink has done bell-ringers incredible mischief morally, and lowered them sadly in the eyes of their neighbours.

3. Allow no bad language in your ringing chamber. It is a capital plan to ring the bells in the church itself, and this is the old and true way. If the ventilation is good, ringers need not be so 'hot' as to be unable to remain to Divine service.

4. Do not allow yourselves to be spoken of as a rough set of men. Determine to be, and be, an honest set of manly Christians who can ring well, and who live as manly Christians ought to live.

It is moral cowardice which makes many men sinners. Men fear men more than they fear God. They dread the scoff of fellow-creatures more than they fear the anger of Jehovah. Good ringers must generally be lithe, strong, nimble fellows, and they must also be clever fellows with good, quick memories, and a calm, keen eye. Then be in every other respect, as well, true *men*. Don't be strong men physically, and poor, weak, puny cowards morally. Be manly in all things; not afraid to scorn and put down the immodest word, the low joke, or the thoughtless oath; but, as you, by your admirable ringing, elicit the prayers of other for the dying, or sympathy for the bereaved, and as you call others to rejoice with the rejoicing, or to gather together within God's house of prayer, so—I beseech you—become admirable for your manly morality and your masculine religion. Handle the solly (originally 'sally') with vigour, and let it escape your grasp with precision. But while you do so, regard yourself as engaged in a religious labour,

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and let your correct style of ringing be but an external illustration of your own correct style of living. Now I have defended you heartily, and I have given you some hearty advice. The fact is, I love good ringing and good ringers, and I desire the ringers to be ready for grand promotion at their death. I wish that when '*the trumpet shall sound*,' they may hear that sound with a joy far exceeding the joy with which they listen to their beautiful bells. So I do earnestly hope that my friends the bell-ringers will take my hints heartily, and be in every sense Good, Hearty Men.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

IN a former paper there was given an account of the languages in which the several books of Holy Scripture were first written. It would seem, however, that the various portions of the Old Testament had not long been collected into one volume, before a need was felt of a copy of these sacred writings in another language. Ezra having completed his labours about the year B.C. 450, a part, if not the whole, of the Old Testament had been translated into Greek about the year B.C. 280.

What led men thus to begin turning the Hebrew and Chaldee Scriptures into Greek is not very clear. There are two or three accounts given by different authors; one, of the most imposing character, according to which, a certain king, named Ptolemy Philadelphus, wishing to have a library as complete and perfect as possible, sent an embassy to Jerusalem to the High Priest Eleazar, to ask for a copy of the Mosaic law, of which he had heard from Demetrius, a noble Athenian, living at his court.

The high priest is said to have consulted the Sanhedrim, who advised that a copy should be sent written in letters of gold, and further, that there should also be sent with it, seventy-two learned Jews, six from each tribe, for the work of translation. In this account it is also stated, that the king, on the arrival of the Hebrew copy and its translators, was full of joy, gave the men a hearty welcome, made them rich presents, and afforded them a quiet retreat in the Isle of Paros, where they could devote themselves to the work of translation. At the end of seventy-two days, it is said, the work was finished, read publicly before Jewish priests and people, and pronounced to be perfectly accurate.

Another opinion as to the immediate cause which led to the translation is this:—that the pious Egyptian Jews having in a great measure lost the power of reading and understanding the original Hebrew, desired to possess their Scriptures in a language with which they were familiar, and which might be understood by those proselytes who were beginning to become numerous in their synagogues.

It is extremely difficult, however, to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion in the matter. It seems quite impossible to

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decide, whether the want felt was a desire on the part of a book-loving king to have a copy of every writing then known in his library, or a craving on the part of religious Jews to possess editions of the sacred writings in the language of the country in which they had taken up their abode.

A commencement having once been made in this important work of turning the original language of Holy Scripture into a more modern tongue, the labour has gone on at intervals, in succeeding centuries, in a most striking and wonderful way. Fold upon fold of this sacred knowledge has been added by earnest, devoted hands, until a pile of considerable size is exhibited in these days to students in the great libraries of Europe. These translations, or 'Versions,' as they are generally called, date from different periods, from B.C. 280 downwards, to the ninth century, A.D. 864, when in all probability the Slavonic version was completed.

These vigorous, undecaying offshoots of the Hebrew parent stem are not for a moment to be slighted. They are of inestimable value, showing, as they do, in the most convincing way, that what we have been wont to reverence as God's Word, is now what it was, when Greek or Roman, Copt or Slave, made free to turn into his native tongue God's revelation to man. Those who love to trace the gradual fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy have in this constant re-translation of Holy Writ a clear accomplishing of those words, "There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard; their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." (Psalm xix. 3, 4.)

An attempt must now be made to give a brief account of some of the most important 'Versions' of the Old Testament, which are at present known, some of which were unknown at the time when our English Bible was completed in the year A.D. 1611, whilst others are even at the present day almost as a sealed book, except to a very limited number of scholars. And this is not at all a useless task, for these several 'Versions,' being quite independent of each other, have served to perpetuate the truth once delivered, and have greatly assisted those who have been striving to clear God's Holy Word from error and inaccuracy.

If for a moment it could be supposed that the hundreds of copyists who have laboured in writing out Holy Scripture had never once failed to catch with the eye the exact letters which were placed before them, or with the ear, those which were dictated to them—then, indeed, there would be little occasion for all this careful and painstaking comparison of manuscript with manuscript, and version with version. But earnest, truth-loving Christians are only too familiar with the ease with which slips of the pen are made, whether in making copies with the original document before their eyes, or in writing them out from dictation.

Instead of regarding time as wasted which may be given to the verifying such an important book as the Old Testament, they will gladly spend and be spent in the labour of furnishing the very best and most faithful representation of the original Hebrew Scriptures. If in the ordinary case of a sick man, there is an extreme anxiety lest the dispensing chemist has not read aright the

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physician's prescription, or mixed in due proportions the several ingredients, what wonder if men are intensely anxious not to use as medicine for the soul's disease, words which are, to say the least, of doubtful origin?

The earliest and much the most important version of the Old Testament is that named above in the Greek language, made about 300 years before the coming of the Saviour, and which, for some reason or other not precisely known, is called the Septuagint. How, when, and by whom this 'Version' was made, are points not yet settled conclusively. This translation, however, must ever have in the eyes of Christians an important place. Apostles and Evangelists who wrote the books of the New Testament commonly make use of its very words in their frequent citations from the Old Testament writings. These New Testament inspired writers do not scruple to quote long passages from this Septuagint, when the Greek is hardly a strictly faithful translation of the original Hebrew words. For a considerable length of time this Greek version—this Septuagint—was the Old Testament of a very large part indeed of the Christian Church; nor did the Jews look unfavourably upon it, until their rivals, the Christians, adopted and commended it; then they gradually withdrew their favour, and in time despised and scorned it as unfaithful and corrupt.

Controversy between the Jews, the sticklers for the law of Moses, and Christians, disciples of Jesus, was fierce and violent in the first two or three centuries of the Christian era, and upon the Christians using the Septuagint as their storehouse of revealed truth, the Jews naturally desired a translation of the Hebrew, which would be more favourable to themselves in their frequent disputations.

During the first two centuries there were three of these new Greek translations made:—one by Aquila, a native of Sinope in Pontus, a convert to Judaism, about the year A.D. 130, which is highly esteemed by the Jews, and called by them 'the Hebrew Verity.' Another by Theodotion, an Ephesian, about A.D. 160, for semi-Christians or Ebionites. Another by Symmachus, whose version is supposed to have been made about the same time, and for the use of certain Samaritans who desired to receive as Holy Scripture more than the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses. Other Greek versions of the Old Testament there are, but not of sufficient importance to require notice in this brief account.

The next important document which deserves a passing note or two, is that which is called the Samaritan Pentateuch. Just after our English Bible had been completed in the year 1611, that is, in the year 1616, there came into the hands of an Italian gentleman, named Pietro della Valle, a copy of the law of Moses, which had been obtained at Damascus from a congregation of Samaritans. It would appear that early church writers were aware that the Samaritans had such a document in their synagogues, and several allude to it; still, for hundreds of years, it seems to have happened that no copy of it was possessed by Christian scholars. In 1623 this valuable relic of ancient truth was given to a library in Paris, and some few years later was printed and published. Our own eminent

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divine, Bishop Walton, at length gave it to English scholars in his celebrated book, called Walton's Polyglott Edition.

This Samaritan Pentateuch formed the whole of the Samaritan Canon of Holy Writ. These bitter rivals of the Jews did not recognise either the Psalms or the Prophets. With few and comparatively unimportant exceptions, this copy of the five books of Moses agrees with that which the Jews have preserved and handed on to us, and is thus another independent witness to the identity of the books which we



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now regard as the genuine work of Moses. Coming down to us from such a quarter, and uttering the self-same words as that which the Jews receive, we may regard this Samaritan Pentateuch, so far as it goes, as one of the most essential links in the chain of evidence which in the good providence of God has been afforded to us.

The next Version which claims attention is that which was made in the Syriac language, about the middle of the second century, and which is called, on account of its close resemblance to the Hebrew, the 'Peshito,' which means the pure, simple, unadulterated copy. This translation from the Hebrew original comes down to us under peculiar and interesting circumstances, inasmuch as it is

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the one version which is used by the whole Syrian community; though that community is divided into two hostile sects.

This translation from the Hebrew should be especially dear to us, as it was without doubt the first which was made for Christian use direct from the original tongue. Fortunately, very valuable manuscript copies of this ancient version are in the British Museum in London, and it may be that more will shortly be known of this precious treasure than has hitherto been made public. Later translations into Syriac from the Greek have been made by Moses Aghelæus in the fifth century, and Paul of Tela in the beginning of the seventh century, but these are of less importance.

The next Versions requiring attention are the Latin. In this case there is nothing certainly known as to the time when or the hand by whom the translation was first made. Nor is it quite clear that the first and earliest copy was made direct from the Hebrew. There is, however, a pretty general agreement that the first Latin version was made in North Africa where there were many congregations of Christians. It was not long before the number was increased, and one great writer complains that every one who possessed even the smallest power of translation tried his hand at the work. St. Jerome, another notable scholar, observes that the numerous copies which he knew of were instances in many cases that the original language had been not 'turned' but 'overturned.'

Gradually, however, one of these many translations obtained higher authority than any of its predecessors. This was called the 'Itala Version,' most probably from the fact that it had been made in Italy. The great merit of this is, that it is generally faithful, and at the same time clear, distinct and intelligible in its language. In no long time, however, even this edition became so faulty in its text from constant re-copying that a new translation from the Hebrew was considered indispensable. The task of supplying this pressing need was committed to St. Jerome, a Presbyter of the Latin church, living in Palestine, whose knowledge of Hebrew was acquired from Jewish teachers, as he tells us. In the year A.D. 383, having been hardly pressed, he undertook the labour, and in a few years completed the translation, which was a vast improvement on the great number of inferior copies which were then in use.

It proved, however, but an unthankful office, for often when this version of his was read aloud in the services of the church, there were great commotions, many preferring the old and corrupt to the new and correct readings of several passages. This translation of St. Jerome goes by the name of the Vulgate; and for about a thousand years it served as the standard volume of Scripture in a very large part of the countries of Europe, in which the knowledge of Greek, and still more that of Hebrew, seems to have died out amongst clergy and laity alike.

There are other 'Versions,' such as that made into the Egyptian tongue in the third century; the Ethiopic, Arabic, Persian, and Gothic in later centuries, but of these little need be said here. More and more information is continually being gathered from all

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these various sources; active and intelligent minds are engaged in studying with intense ardour these several ancient copies of Holy Writ; and it is most fervently to be wished that these men, 'mighty in the Scriptures,' as Apollos in olden times, may be able to give in due season such aid and counsel, that the few errors in our present Authorised English Bible may in some way soon be removed from the text.

La Garaye.



CHARLES-TOUSSAINT-MAROT DE LA GARAYE, born A.D. 1675, descended from a noble Breton family, was sent, when very young, to Paris for his education. He studied at the then celebrated college d'Harcourt, on leaving which he entered the then famous corps of Musketeers, and whilst with them he distinguished himself by his bravery at the siege of Namur, 1692. One year after, the death of his parents caused him to succeed to an immense fortune and to the ancient estates, and he left the army and took a political appointment at Rennes, where he met and married the beautiful Mademoiselle De la Motte-Piquet; and he then determined to give up his work and retire with his bride to his former home.

Even now it is not difficult to understand what the exquisite loveliness of this home must have been in its bright days. Situate about three miles from one of the most perfect of the Breton towns, Dinan, in the midst of masses of fine trees and undulating fields, stood the mansion, built in the time of Francis I., the old ancestral home of the La Garaye's.

The Comte and Comtesse at once began a life of incessant gaiety, the most prominent amusement being large hunting parties, at which assembled the chief of the Breton nobility. The time passed rapidly, and, so far as we can judge, they cared for little else than amusement; but this state of things was soon interrupted very suddenly, for at one of these great meetings the horse on which Madame De la Garaye was riding stumbled, and she was thrown with such force that for some time it was hardly hoped she would recover; however eventually she became better, but was never able to walk again.

In this deep sorrow, Christ, in His mercy, came near to them, and caused a terrible affliction to be a blessing to others, as well as to themselves. In the long hours before partial convalescence, they quietly submitted to the Divine will, and with the assistance of a good priest near them, they determined that their lives for the future should be devoted to the comfort and assistance of the poor, and especially of the *suffering*.

Many of us have read Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem "The Lady of La Garaye," and she has told the story of her life in far better words than any of mine, but it seems, in the well deserved praise bestowed on the Comtesse, that even the greater self-sacrifice of Monsieur De la Garaye is liable to be forgotten. *Her* life was sad

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enough; but when we remember that *he* was scarcely thirty-five years old when the accident happened, clever and gifted, with friends at Paris and at Rennes, and elsewhere, to welcome him cordially, and when we find that, however brilliant a future he might have had, he resigned all society and companionship to devote himself to the sick and suffering for the rest of his life, surely we should praise him for giving us such a fine example of what a really noble man can relinquish.

The first act of the owners of La Garaye was to turn their house into an hospital, and build a chapel close to it; and the better to help the inmates, the Comtesse became a clever oculist, and her husband went to Paris to study medicine.

In 1710 the hospital was opened, and not only this, but, three years after, they founded at Dinan an Hospital for Incurables, and, in the same year (1713) established at Taden, a little village close to La Garaye, a free school. Later on we find that they founded a large sisterhood also at Dinan, 'Des Filles de la Sagesse,' who distributed over the country the charity of the owners of La Garaye, whilst the Comte and Comtesse did not forget to aid individual cases of distress.

They were not unassisted in their noble work; for Louis XV., in 1731, hearing of the self-devotion of this noble pair, gave them £3,600; and some years later, after the publication by the Comte of a book on Hydraulics, sent him a further sum of £1,000.

Six years after, Louis created him Chevalier of the royal and military order of "Our Lady of Mont-Carmel, and of Saint Lazarus of Jerusalem." The sums of money received from the king, together with their immense private fortune, they devoted entirely to the good of the afflicted.

The Comte and Comtesse lived continually with their poor companions, with one exception, when M. de la Garaye went with his people, in 1747, to join the King in his invasion of Brabant. Their useful lives were long spared—lives which even in this century stand out as nobly as they did then, in an age when to be good and noble, and to do the will of God, was almost unknown in France.

Monsieur de la Garaye died on the 2nd of July, 1755, nearly eighty years of age, and his wife soon after, in 1757. At their own wish they were interred in the little graveyard at Taden, amongst the poor they had succoured and loved. We can imagine the solemn procession slowly passing from the house, through the great gates, and down the long chestnut avenue, amidst groups of villagers, whose lives they had solaced; the priests, clothed in black, chanting sadly; a large silver crucifix borne in front; and then, when the bier passed, the men baring their heads, and the women signing themselves with the sign of the cross. This last burial procession, in 1757, makes a great contrast to the next memorable scene in this avenue; for in 1795, the fierce band of Revolutionists raged up through the lands of La Garaye, destroyed the house almost entirely, and the hospitals formed with so much loving care. Not satisfied, they effaced also every memorial of the good work at Dinan, and even, in their fierce

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fury, also demolished the hallowed graves at Taden. Thus was destroyed in a few days the work and labour of so many years; what was built by love, hatred destroyed. But when men are maddened by oppression and cruelty, they lose the power of discernment; and the La Garayes were of the then abhorred race of *nobles*, and therefore their work perished.

Such is a slight sketch of the house at La Garaye. When we were there amongst its ruins, on a grey September afternoon, during a heavy rain, walking almost silently under the chestnut trees, meeting only a solitary priest with his breviary, very vividly came to our mind the scenes that those old walls must have witnessed. Now is left only a pile of stones, hardly giving an outline of its former massive beauty; and their graves 'no man knoweth.' But, notwithstanding this, 'they, being dead, yet speak,' and show us that true *life* is a life of self-sacrifice, and that the noblest ambition is the wish to be of use and comfort to others. There is little trace outwardly left of the La Garayes, but they are well remembered amongst those whose forefathers experienced their kindness; and, even when all earthly remembrance has passed away, every kind act and unselfish thought will be remembered by a Saviour Who gloried in being amongst us as 'One that serveth,' and Who *never* forgets any deed, however small, that is done in love towards Him.

We may not have the wealth or the power of the Comte or Comtesse de la Garaye, but we have more advantages in other ways than they had; therefore, let us one and all rouse ourselves to do the best we can for others. In this world there are many temptations to spend our life solely in amusement; but there are those around us who require spiritual and temporal help. May we indeed, during the time we are still spared on earth, strive earnestly to imitate the good works done by others before us, and above all to follow as closely as we may the life of Christ, the one perfect life—the life of entire self-sacrifice.

A Northern Coal Mine.



ANORTHERN coal mine in full work is a strange, busy scene. At the pit-mouth fires flare and smoke; steam engines pant and puff and wheeze; chains clank, wheels rattle, and waggon-loads of coal rise up, rush from the pit, and crash down shoots into railway trains, amid a fearful din.

Men step on a grimy platform, and down they sink rapidly, and, if unused to falling, their hearts seem to rise. The air grows hot, and hotter and hotter still, as the skip slides down the chimney. It passes the furnace vent, the air clears, and the journey ends; it may be far below the sea-level.*

* The St. Hilda colliery, near South Shields, has a total extent of 70 miles; the entire length of the excavations at the Killingham pit is nearly 163 miles; one of the Whitehaven pits extends considerably more than half a mile under the sea, but at the secure distance of 800 feet below its bottom.

A Northern Coal Mine.

At the bottom of the pit there is bustle and busy work. Shouting and grinning black, half naked urchins push waggons of coals rattling over iron-plates, and up they go like a puff of smoke. Sleek steaming ponies, who never see daylight, trot in with trains of waggons; grimy postilions with lamps in their hands ride in



MINER IN COAL PIT.

from distant stations, with arms clasped about the necks of their steeds, and heads bent low to avoid the roof. Black railway-guards crouch in their trains, and clouds roll from every open mouth and nostril. The boys always ride home from their work if they can, and sometimes they run races.

Lights flit about, gather and disperse. *Half-seen forms*,—a man's head and hands, or half a face; a tobacco-pipe seemingly smoking itself; horses' heads with glittering eyes and smoking nostrils; a figure of fun grinning out from under the mane, — all these of Teniers in his wildest mood seem to float about

Karl and Nina.

A cluster of these visions and their lights gather and grasp a bar : three raps are heard, and they fly smiling up the chimney after the coals and the smoke.

At the end, where the work goes on, these gnomes are constantly burrowing on, and bringing down their roof. The coal foundation is picked out, and the arched roofs of this vault, with all their loads, begin to yield and split with a strange ominous 'Crick.' Wooden props shoved in feel the load, and they too complain and creak. When the full strain comes on them they are crushed and riven to splinters, and the roof "roars like cannons, when it is coming down." A spoke in the world's wheel is cut through and mended with sticks; the scaffold which supported the arch is dug away, so the arch comes down and the sticks are crushed. With his head touching the roof, and his feet on the floor of a mine, a collier stands under a stone column, it may be 2,000 feet high. A weight sufficient to squeeze him as flat as a fossil fish is coming down, and he hears it coming, but he works on and smokes placidly under the lee of his 'profit,' rejoicing to see weight help him to quarry coals.

From "Frost and Fire."

Karl and Nina.

A TALE OF THE SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land?"

CHAPTER I.



ON the left bank of the Danube, at a short distance above Vienna, stands a picturesque old mill, in the midst of such beautiful scenery that the passing traveller envies those whose days are passed in a spot so lovely.

To the north lie the fair islands of the Danube, to the west the Kahlenberg mountains, to the south the landscape spreads out in gently undulating hills, clothed with forests and vineyards, and dotted with churches and ruined castles, while in the far distance rise the snowy peaks of the Moric Alps.

Perhaps this fair land had never looked more sunny and prosperous than it did in the spring of the year 1866, when the dark tempest of a disastrous war was even then rising on the horizon.

But Nina Lenkhof, the miller's niece, as she hung out the house linen to dry on the sunny bank of the river, had no thoughts to spare for the lovely scenery around her, nor even for the rumours of approaching war. She was engrossed in her own thoughts, in a bright dream of hope and happiness, and on that glorious May morning all nature seemed to sympathise with her and rejoice in her gladness. Too soon, however, the young girl was recalled to the cares of daily life by a shrill voice from the door of the mill.

Karl and Nina.

"Nina! Nina, child! make haste with the clothes. I have been waiting for thee this half hour."

"Yes, aunt, I am coming," replied Nina, with a sigh, as she turned away from the sunshine and entered the narrow doorway.

The lower story of the mill consisted of a long room with a low painted ceiling, and fitted up with quaint furniture of polished deal, which had become almost black from age and many rubbings. The brick floor with its smooth red surface was bare and uncovered with the exception of a few bright strips of carpet arranged here and there with scrupulous neatness, and a large closed stove with painted tiles completed the picture. It was into this room, at once parlour and kitchen—in short, the one living room of the family—that Nina entered at her aunt's summons.

"I have good news for thee, Nina," said Frau Lenkhof, with more graciousness than she usually showed towards her orphan niece. "Your uncle has business in Vienna with Halsmann, the corn merchant, this afternoon, and he has promised to drive us thither and take us to the fête in the Würstel Präter." *

At this announcement the young girl looked very grave.

"But, aunt," she pleaded, "it is impossible, I cannot go. You know that I have promised to spend the afternoon with Gretchen Schubert. It is her birthday, and we are going to take her into the water meadows to see the hay-making; she has looked forward to it for so long."

"So!" exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, impatiently. It seems to me, child, that you see a great deal too much of those Schuberts. Gretchen's birthday indeed! Poor lame, sickly creature! I don't see the good of her ever having a birthday at all. But do not think to deceive me, Nina. I know well that it is not Gretchen you go to see, but her brother Karl."

"And why not?" cried Nina, with sudden warmth, her usually gentle spirit roused by the attack. "I am not ashamed of my love for Karl Schubert, and all the world knows that we are to be married as soon as he has saved enough to pay off that debt his father left."

"You are a fool, Nina," replied her aunt. "Do you not see that, burdened as he is with that lame sister, he must be a poor man all his life, and can never hope to be even a master blacksmith? should have thought you had seen enough of poverty and labour, and would seek to do better for yourself. Some folks seem to admire your blue eyes and rosy cheeks; now there is Albrecht Elshagen, the richest man from here to Vienna"

Nina heard no more, for she turned away to prepare the mid-day meal. She knew well that when once her aunt began upon the subject of Albrecht Elshagen, there was no more peace for her. But she also knew, and rebelled against the thought, that her aunt had made up her mind to take her to the Würstel Präter, and that there would be no escape for her that afternoon.

Nina Lenkhof was the orphan daughter of the miller's only brother, who had married early, been unfortunate in business, and

* A part of the Präter or public park of Vienna, so called from the puppet shows or Würstel Spiele held there.

Karl and Nina.

after a short struggle with poverty, had died, leaving his widow and child dependant upon the charity of Hermann Lenkhof. The poor woman, depressed in mind and circumstances, did not long survive her husband, and then the little Nina had been taken to live at the mill on the Danube, and there brought up as the adopted child of her uncle and aunt, who had no family of their own.

Frau Lenkhof, good woman, had tried to do her duty by the child thus entrusted to her care; but on principle, she had been hard and stern, setting her face against innocent pleasures of all kinds, little knowing, perhaps, the bitterness of such restraint to a young, eager spirit. Meantime, notwithstanding all this repression, Nina had grown up into fair, fresh girlhood, and lived her own secret life of fancy and feeling. She could scarcely remember the time when she and Karl Schubert, the son of their near neighbour the blacksmith, had not been friends and playfellows, and this childish liking had grown and gained strength with their growth, until it had ripened into a strong and deep affection. All this had gone on under the very eyes of Frau Lenkhof, until she and the rest of the world had taken it as a matter of course. But when the rich proprietor, Herr Elshagen, had come to live in the neighbourhood, and had openly admired Nina, then matters were changed. The good Frau's ambition was awakened, and she resolved to use all her efforts to secure a good match for her niece. What was Karl Schubert, the blacksmith, that he should stand in her way?

Yet she was a wise woman, and did not at once take extreme measures, for fear of being met with open rebellion.

The proposed excursion to the Würstel Präter had been long planned and talked over with Frau Elshagen, Albrecht's mother; but Nina was told nothing of it till the last moment, when, taken by surprise, she was not able to make any resistance, and was thus compelled to break her promise to Gretchen.

It was with a feeling of triumph that Frau Lenkhof found herself rumbling over the stones on the road to Vienna, with her niece, in holiday costume, by her side. Nina herself was silent and out of spirits; she was thinking of poor little Gretchen's disappointment, and had no heart to enjoy herself. Her good-natured uncle soon noticed the cloud on her usually sunny face, and exclaimed:—

“Why, what's the matter, Nina, girl? One would think you were going to a funeral instead of being out for a day's amusement. Never mind, cheer up! The puppet-shows in the Präter will soon make you merry again.”

Nina smiled, for she was very fond of her kind uncle, and did not like to damp his satisfaction, but she heartily wished the day's pleasure were over.

It was not long before the miller's cart reached a large, substantial farm-house, just outside the Leopoldstadt suburb of Vienna, close to the splendid avenues of chestnut trees in the Präter. Here Frau Lenkhof and her niece were set down, while the miller went on into the town on his business. Before Nina could express her surprise, Albrecht Elshagen and his mother came to the door to welcome them, evidently expecting their visitors. Never before had Nina been treated with so much respect and attention as was

Karl and Nina.

shown her that day, and she could not help feeling pleased and gratified. Frau Elshagen did the honours of the house to her, as to a favoured guest, took her everywhere, from the attic to the cellar, showed her the stores of household linen in which a German house-wife takes so much pride, and even opened to her admiring view, the best parlour, which, from one year's end to another was never profaned by domestic use. To possess such a parlour was a mark of wealth and rank, and as Nina well knew, it had been the lament of her aunt's life that the mill on the Danube did not contain one.

But, as the young girl was made to understand by the broadest hints, all this was within *her* reach, she might be the mistress of Neuwied, as the house was called, for Albrecht Elshagen made no secret of his hope that he should one day call her his wife.

Early in the afternoon they all went together through the chestnut avenues to the Würstel Präter, which was crowded with the town's people, and full of booths and stalls, like an immense fair. In the novelty and excitement of the scene, Nina, who had hitherto been so carefully shielded from such frivolities, soon forgot her scruples, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment with childish delight. She had seldom been to Vienna, though she lived so near the great city, and in her quiet, uneventful life, such dissipation had never been dreamt of before. Like most of her nation, the young girl was passionately fond of music, and she thoroughly appreciated the rare treat of hearing the excellent bands which formed one chief attraction of the Präter.

Albrecht Elshagen made the most of his opportunity; he never left her side, and did his best to amuse her in every way. Presently, when a dance began on the grass, he begged her to join him. She refused at first, with a kind of instinctive feeling that Karl might not like to hear of it, but overcome by the young man's persuasions combined with those of her aunt, she yielded, and was soon whirling round in the midst of the other dancers. In the excitement of the rapid motion and the stirring music, Nina forgot everything, as she went through one dance after another.

Meantime the two elder women looked on with satisfaction, and discussed the future, of which there now seemed no longer any doubt. Nina's aunt exulted in the prospect of such a grand marriage, and Frau Elshagen, who had long wished to see her son settled, was quite pleased with the thought of such a gentle daughter-in-law, who would no doubt leave her to be the real mistress of everything.

But this gay scene was not to pass away without a touch of bitterness. As Nina Lenkhof danced on with her companion, she was watched by envious eyes, for the wealthy young proprietor of Neuwied was considered a desirable husband by many of the maidens of Vienna. As she returned to her seat beside her aunt, a tall, handsome girl whom she knew well by sight, drew near, and said, in a loud, spiteful whisper:—

"When am I to congratulate you, Fräulein Nina? I hope that Karl Schubert is pleased with this little arrangement."

Karl and Nina.

“Never mind what Christine says, my dear,” exclaimed Frau Elshagen, “she is only jealous at seeing you carry off the prize she would like for herself,” added the good woman in her motherly pride, for she looked upon her son Albrecht as a prize for any girl.

But Nina was roused from her blindness, and gave a sudden start of dismay. She had danced and enjoyed herself in light-hearted thoughtlessness, never considering anything beyond the passing amusement. A dim suspicion now came over her that she had been caught in a trap, and that by her conduct that afternoon she had committed herself in some dreadful way. Frau Lenkhof noticed her changed manner, and, partly guessing the reason of it, thought that it would be wiser to leave matters as they were and prevent any explanations. She therefore hastily went to her husband, who was sitting over his coffee at a table near, and reminded him that it was time to start homewards if they wished to be back before dark. But the good man was fully engaged in discussing with a neighbour the all engrossing subject of the approaching war with Prussia, and it was some time before he would listen to her.

However, at length he was persuaded to fetch the cart, but Nina's difficulties were not yet over, for, as she said farewell to Albrecht Elshagen and his mother, the latter placed in her hands a small parcel, and said with a kiss :—

“You must wear them for his sake, my dear,” and before the young girl could make any remonstrance or ask any questions, her aunt hurried her away.

It was a weary drive home to the mill, and Nina had plenty of time for her own thoughts, which were far from pleasant. She felt that she had been carried away by unusual excitement, and had acted foolishly, and she scarcely knew what she could say to Karl when they met. Her curiosity had been excited by the mysterious parcel just given to her, and she could not resist the temptation of opening it at once. She found it to contain a large silver cross and chain, and a pair of earrings. Now it had always been the desire of poor little Nina's heart to possess such ornaments as these, for there was not a single maiden of her acquaintance who did not own something of the kind, and she had often blushed for her poverty, in being different from her companions. But now, alas! they had come to her only to tempt her, for she felt that she dared not keep the present, which came from Albrecht Elshagen, and was to be worn for his sake.

No! she was foolish and frivolous no doubt, but Nina Lenkhof was true at heart. Yet as she thought over the events of the day, and compared in her mind the wealth and luxurious home of her new lover, with the poverty and hard labour of poor Karl, she sighed, and wished with all her heart that they could but change places.

(To be continued.)



"Behold! I stand at the Door and knock."

BEHOLD! a Stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will! the very Friend you need!
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He
With garments dyed at Calvary.

Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That hateful, hell-born monster, Sin;
And let the Heavenly Stranger in!

If thou art poor (and poor thou art),
Lo! He has riches to impart;
Nor wealth, in which mean av'rice
rolls,
O better far! the wealth of souls.

Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may Thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door each willing mind,
And be His empire all mankind!

Thou'rt blind; He'll take the scales
away
And let in everlasting day:
Naked thou art; but He shall dress
Thy blushing soul in Righteousness.

Art thou a weeper? Grief shall fly;
For who can weep with Jesus by?
No terror shall thy hopes annoy;
No tear, except the tear of joy.

Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
Admit Him, for you can't expel:
Where'er He comes, He comes to dwell.

Admit Him, ere His anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return!
Admit Him, or the hour 's at hand
When at His door denied you 'll stand.

Yet know (nor of the terms complain),
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign;
To reign and with no partial sway
Thoughts must be slain, that disobey.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

Reflection

ON PASSING A BEGGAR-WOMAN ON THE ROAD.

BY JAMES HILLYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INCOLDSBY.

"And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray,
and not to faint."—St. Luke xlviii. 1.

BIDING round by Corby this morning, I met a beggar-woman, who asked me for alms as I passed. For the moment I took no notice of her; but recollecting I had taken change at the bar about half an hour before, I checked my mare, and turned round with the intention of giving some half-pence to the poor creature. The woman, however, had gone on without looking behind her, so I did not stop, but proceeded on my way; and thus she missed the alms I had, on second thoughts, designed for her.

Even thus, it occurred to me, may it be, oftener than we suspect, with God's dealings towards ourselves. We ask something, it may be, in prayer, and for a moment He seems not to give ear. Presently in His infinite mercy He turns to grant, when lo! instead of a suppliant at the throne of grace, He finds, if not a backsliding sinner, at least a careless and languid believer, who has almost forgotten his own petition, and who, at any rate, has ceased to press it, notwithstanding the encouragement afforded in Scripture to earnest and repeated prayer.

"In due season" we are told—not on the spur—we shall reap; but the condition is annexed, "if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 9). In the history of our Saviour's walk on earth, we notice that it was the

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importunity of several of His petitioners which prevailed, when He had Himself seemed predisposed not to grant. The Syrophenician woman is a case remarkably in point. Had she not urged her suit almost to shamelessness, it would to all human appearances, have been rejected (Mark vii. 29). The woman of Samaria is another instance: "Sir, give me of this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." The parable of the importunate friend, referred to in our motto, is a third. Indeed they abound; and all



go to teach the same lesson, that we must show by our eagerness and anxiety that the thing asked for is worth having, and that we care about it. And God is so gracious as to illustrate His own ways by reference to our dealings with one another. Had the old woman I met on the road stopped but for half a minute, or so much as looked once behind her, she would have taken something for her pains. We must not so lightly regard the good things God intends for us, as not to think them worth twice asking for, or even waiting the necessary time it must take to bestow them.

We might learn a lesson in this respect from our very children, who are clever enough to understand the frequent success which attends upon repeatedly urging their request for matters of the lightest moment. How much more shall our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit, and *with it* all good things, to them that ask in faith, and persevere in asking?

Short Sermon.

Zeal Conquering Difficulties.

BY THE HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTELTON, RECTOR OF HAGLEY.

St. Mark ii. 3, 4.—“*And they come unto Him, bringing one sick of the palsy, which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was: and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.*”



THE act of these men may be taken as a type of the great Christian grace of zeal that will not be conquered—a zeal inspired by the love of Christ, by the wish to come to Christ, and to bring others to Him. Let us consider the story.

There was a great crowd around the Lord. It was so continually in His ministry. As He travelled through the land, the roads where He passed were thronged with people. There were sick people laid in beds and couches; mourners whose faces betokened some great present grief; there were mere idlers, such as are always to be seen in the midst of the busy world, seeking to pass away time and ‘see some new thing;’ there were scribes and doctors of the law; some enquiring in earnest, some mocking, and plotting how they might catch the popular Teacher in His talk; there were poor, doubting, suffering souls, to whom life was a burden and a mystery, in which they could at present see no light, but hoped to find some; in short, there were representatives of almost every variety of men in this strange world, so mixed of good and evil, of folly and of earnestness, of happiness and of sorrow, of enquiry and of stolid indifference. And upon all gazed those eyes out of which God looked upon man—gazed in their all-piercing insight, in their Divine compassion; the eyes of that Son of God who was also the Son of man, come into the troubled world in the name of Divine love, to ‘seek and to save that which was lost.’

The motives that brought the people to Jesus were various. Some came in hopes of seeing miracles. This might be from idle wonder, but it might also be from better reasons;—who does not long to see that course, or onward march of what we call *Nature*, which sometimes seems so hard and unfeeling, broken in upon by the power of God, and shown by an actual, visible event to be a subject, not a master—a subject of the Living God, who loves all His creatures? Many came also to be healed of some plague; others had an eye only to the loaves and fishes—to what might be gained for their bodies. And there were men of real faith, too, who verily believed that a great time was coming on the earth simply because Divine prophecy had said so; and so these were watching in *hope*, because in *faith*—faith in God invisibly governing the world, and working out His marvellous designs.

But deeper, perhaps, than all these attractions that drew men to Christ was this:—that they all perceived and felt that He was their Friend—and He really *loved* all men, and entered into their state. Every act of kindness in Him was a fruit of a *feeling* of kindness—the kindness not of a King only, though He was a mighty King, gifted with Divine power, but also of a true Brother

Short Sermon.

to every suffering or needy creature. They often heard from Him, as He did some work of mercy, the words, 'Son, be of good cheer,' 'Daughter, be of good comfort;' and they knew that He really loved them, and felt for them as none other did. And more powerful than all these motives was the feeling in some that He had forgiven them when no one else would. There were sinners whom He first had awakened to the belief that God would forgive, and was willing to be not their enemy and Judge, but their merciful Physician; there were souls to whom He had opened the doors of blessed hope, the vision of heaven.

And now, in the midst of the crowd gathered round the Saviour, appeared a singular sight. He was in a large upper room, apparently under one of those flat roofs which were often used as a place of retirement, sometimes even as a garden, and to which access might be had by means of a flight of stairs outside the house. Remembering this construction of the houses, you will be able to understand the narrative. It seems that four men, bearing a poor paralytic sufferer, wished to bring him to Christ; but the crowd was so great it was impossible for them to pass through it. For some reason, it would seem, the case was pressing. Perhaps our Lord was about to leave the country immediately, or perhaps the need of relief for the poor sufferer was very urgent, and he himself could not bear any delay in reaching the great object of his wishes—to come near to Christ, to speak to Him, to implore His never-failing mercy. Whatever the reason was, they were intent upon reaching Christ's presence immediately. Now, observe their ingenuity. "*Necessity*," as the proverb says, "*is the mother of inventions*"—of devices and contrivances for effecting its purpose. The lukewarm at the first sight of a difficulty give up their efforts; but the minds of those whose hearts are really set upon success are fruitful of devices for overcoming the obstacle. The lukewarm look about for *excuses*, but the earnest for *means*. They *will* not be defeated. So it was with these friends of the palsied man. Finding it impossible to pierce through the crowd, they hit upon the device of ascending the outside stairs to the top of the house, and then taking off some part of the roof, they let down the sick man on his couch into the midst before Jesus.

The sight of that poor sufferer thus let down from above into the midst before Jesus must have been very moving; and the act of those who so brought him proved a real and living faith in Jesus, in His power, and in His willingness to save. And so He receives them mercifully. His words are remarkable. He says first to the sick man, "*Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.*" Perhaps to the sufferer himself these words had more meaning than they seemed to have to any indifferent spectator. It is not always that special suffering proves special sinfulness; our Lord often warns us against thinking so. Men suffer sometimes, as we are so beautifully taught in our Office for the Visitation of the Sick, not so much for their own good, as for some other purpose of Divine Providence—as, perhaps, for the good of others, who, by the patience of the sufferers, may be softened and moved to repentance; or to give occasion to some act of mercy and of goodness, which would

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not otherwise have been brought out. Who does not know of cases where this has been the effect of the sufferings of the good, the gentle, the innocent? and who can doubt that when it is so with any saint of God, they will in Heaven hereafter, or even here on earth, rejoice so to have suffered, in order to bring about the result?

But there are cases, and this in my text may have been one of them, where the sufferings of the body are terribly embittered by the deep-seated knowledge of the sick man, that it was in his case his own sin that brought this upon him. If such was the case with this poor paralytic man, how blessed then to him must have sounded the words with which the Divine Teacher first accosted, him—'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee,' followed, as they immediately were, by the words of Divine power—'I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed and go to thine house.'

But let us now dwell on the first part of the story as an example of the zeal that will not be overcome—that *makes* itself a way when it does not find one ready to its hand—that devises means whereby to draw nearer to Christ, though all the world seem to resist it. Would to God that there were more of this zeal among Churchmen and professing Christians with regard to all the great acts of religion.

Perhaps the saddest of all signs of the coldness of our love of our Lord is the easiness with which we accept defeat, and see difficulties in the way of any religious acts—of anything that is *only* for His glory. 'The slothful man,' it is said in Proverbs, 'saith, There is a lion in the path.' So does the lukewarm man; he does not care for the object, therefore he sees a thousand difficulties which probably do not exist at all; or if they do, the slightest energy of purpose would brush them out of his path like a cobweb. How much are we willing to *suffer* for our religion? How much will you *give up* for the love of God? This is the true measure of the degree of your love. What is the worth of a love that will suffer nothing for its object? which the least inconvenience frightens, that will not ever 'put itself out,' as the phrase is, for the sake of its professed object? It is but a thing of words and profession, not of the heart's core. David said, 'I will not offer unto the Lord that which doth cost me nothing; but most men will rather say, 'I will not offer unto Him that which will cost me *anything*, or more than a trifle which I shall not seriously feel. How can you expect me to do this or that for the cause of Christ? Do you not see that to do it I must put myself to inconvenience, shall lose something? I shall suffer either in my means, or in my credit and repute among men, or in my ease and self-indulgence. I believe that my Lord and King died for me, yet for Him I will suffer nothing. I will serve Him so long as it is easy, but as for bearing the lightest cross for Him you must not expect it.' This is scarcely too severe a picture of the religion of many—a religion that has no heart for *sacrifice*, that is full of excuses, empty of contrivances—that is ever asking, not how *much* can I do for my God, but how little *need* I do for Him?

Compare, for instance, the conduct of our nation in literal wars

Short Sermon.

and in spiritual wars. In literal wars no expense is too great; in spiritual wars—missions and the like for the conversion of mankind—almost any expense is so. In literal wars, if we are defeated once, twice, twenty times, we should only go on with re-doubled efforts, with larger means, with ever-changing new devices; but in missions, the slightest difficulties are a reason for giving it all up. The reason is that we care for the one, and are determined to succeed in it, and therefore we find contrivances, resources numberless; but we do not care seriously for the other, and therefore we find difficulties, impossibilities, excuses without end. 'Where there is a will there is a way;'—when men say things are 'impossible,' it is their lukewarmness often that makes them think so; it is that they have no real will, or only the weakest and feeblest.

Or look at men's attendance at ordinances and means of grace. Almost all believe and confess that attendance at public prayers is a means of grace to the soul, for how indeed in the face of our Lord's promise, could they deny it? Yet what a slight plea will keep them away. The coldness of the weather?—say rather the coldness of the heart; for if the slightest worldly gain was to be made by it, many of them would find means. Take an example—the early Communion. I do not by any means deny that there are many who could not attend this; their health, or other real difficulties, prevent it. But I speak of those who could come, and who, if they asked themselves, would feel and know that it would be a blessing to their souls, so to begin the day with Christ. Nevertheless, very many excuse themselves simply because it is a little difficult; some slight change must be made in domestic arrangements—some small self-denial must be faced. But *that is the very reason why some Christians would like to do it*, because they are eager to show to themselves, and to their Lord and God, that they are willing to suffer something for Him; to serve Him, not when it is easy, but when there is some real difficulty in their way. Would that there were more of this spirit amongst us—that there were more of us to whom religion and religious services were a pleasure and a delight, not a mere cold duty. Then excuses and difficulties would vanish, and contrivances take their place; the earnest wish would make itself a way, because it heartily desires its object. We want more of David's spirit—more of the spirit of willing sacrifice—more of the mind seen so strikingly in the men of my text, who, finding all ordinary means of reaching Christ fail, devised an extraordinary one, and were by Him rewarded accordingly. Then would more of us be willing—yea, rather, eager—to use opportunities for taking up some light cross for Him who bore the heavy Cross for us.

O may it be so with us in our future lives more than it has yet been! Remember St. John's words defining what true Christian and Divine love is,—'*Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*' (1 John iii. 16.) The true test of love of God and of man is willing, zealous self-sacrifice.



"MEANTIME KARL STOOD LOOKING AFTER HER WITH LONGING EYES." *Page 3.*

Karl and Pina.

Karl and Nina.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning at breakfast, Nina was very sad and silent, but her trouble passed unnoticed, for her uncle was full of the news which he had heard in Vienna the evening before.

"It's just as I have told you all along, Rika," said he to his wife, "we have done nothing but waste time with all these Conferences and meetings; Prussia never meant anything but war, and war we shall have before the summer is over."

"You always think you know as much as a Prime Minister, Hermann," rejoined his wife, "have you not been telling me this story for many a day, and I can see no signs of war yet."

"Then you must be blind, woman!" exclaimed the miller, impatiently. "Have you not known that all this spring preparations have been going on actively, nothing but recruiting everywhere, and more than that, I can tell you now that all the reserve army is to be called out at once, that third levy which is never wanted but in time of war. Last night there was a rumour that the eighth corps, under command of the Archduke Leopold, was to be ordered off in a few days to Brunn, and if that be true, you will miss many a neighbour from these parts."

"So!" exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, with awakening interest. "Is it indeed true? What a lucky thing that you have just got past the age for the reserve, Hermann, and that you can never be called out again!"

To this the miller only vouchsafed a gruff remark of "peace or war being all one to women, if they only kept their friends at home," and he set off to his day's work to make up for yesterday's holiday.

Nina had taken no part or interest in the conversation, little thinking how closely and deeply this matter of the war would concern her hereafter. She was ill at ease and dissatisfied with herself, and as she went about her household duties slowly and wearily, she asked herself again and again: "Shall I go and see Gretchen, and tell her all? What shall I say to Karl about my evening in the Würstel Präter?"

She did not dare to go and tell him openly the whole truth; remembering his hot temper, she could not summon up courage for that, and there was also a kind of foolish pride which held her back from confessing how she had been led on from one thing to another, and how heartily she repented of her thoughtless conduct. In this wretched state of doubt and uncertainty, the young girl passed all that day and the next. Meantime she had seen nothing of either Karl or his sister, and she began to wonder and feel angry that they had not come near her. She forgot how quickly malicious rumours will spread, and that it was her place to prove that they had no foundation.

It happened, however, on the evening of the third day, the 17th of May, as she had good cause to remember, that she met Karl Schubert on the towing path by the river side. She thought their meeting was accidental, little dreaming that the poor fellow had been walking up and down the lonely path for more than an hour, in the hope of seeing her.

Karl and Nina.

"Good evening Karl," she said lightly, "I hope Gretchen is well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Nina," he replied, trying to imitate her carelessness of tone. "I suppose you quite forgot your promise of spending her birthday with her, but when you were so much better employed, that could scarcely be expected from you."

There was a bitterness in his manner which roused Nina's anger instead of softening her heart. She exclaimed angrily:—

"Surely I may do what I please without being taken to task in this way for it! It seems to me, Karl, that you forget I am no longer a child, to be scolded and ordered about. I daresay Gretchen did very well without me, if the truth were told."

"I daresay that you did very well without us, if all that I hear is true," he retorted. "They say that Albrecht Elshagen is a very pleasant companion, and dances admirably."

"I can only say that I enjoyed my afternoon in the Würstel Präter immensely," said Nina, in her anger, "and to crown all, that kind Frau Elshagen gave me a beautiful silver cross and earrings."

"Then I wish you many such pleasant afternoons and many such beautiful presents, Fraulein Lenkhof," was his reply.

Never before had he given her that cold, formal name, and the poor girl felt ready to cry with vexation. Already she would have given much to unsay her foolish, petulant words, but it seemed as though some evil spirit of pride and self-will had taken possession of her, and would not let her take one step towards reconciliation, though her heart ached for it. Neither of them spoke for a minute, and during that brief silence the whole scene by the river side was engraved on Nina's memory for all after years. The fading colours of the sunset in the western sky, the broad waters of the Danube rippling calmly by, here and there catching the light between the shadows of the trees, the old willow with its bent, gnarled trunk and branches sweeping down to the river's brink, under which her lover stood watching her in gloomy silence, all this would rise up vividly before her again and again, when she should be left in sorrow and loneliness.

She was the first to speak, but she could not relent.

"Well, Karl, as you have nothing pleasant to say to me, I will wish you Good-bye, for they will be expecting me indoors," and so saying, she turned away.

"Is this to be our farewell? must we part in anger?" murmured poor Karl, in the bitterness of his heart.

Nina heard his pleading words, and paused for a moment; then walked on slowly to the mill, though her tears fell fast.

"If he really cares to make it up," she thought, "he will surely follow me, and ask me to forgive him for being so unkind. It was cruel to say such things to me, when he knows how I love him."

Meantime, Karl stood looking after her with longing eyes.

"Alas," he sighed, "I see how it is. Her love for me was only a young girl's passing fancy, and as soon as a richer lover comes who can take her to the Würstel Präter, and give her silver ornaments, why then she is only too ready to accept him. I will trouble her no more, and yet," he added, in a softer mood, "I wish we had

Karl and Nina.

parted in peace, and that Nina had shown a little love for me, for who knows when we shall meet again?"

He watched her until she disappeared through the open doorway of the mill, and even then could scarcely tear himself away. Thus parted those two young creatures who loved each other so truly and so well. They parted in anger and misunderstanding, and all for want of a word. Had that word of love and kindness been spoken, which each one was longing to utter, what sorrow and burning regrets would have been spared to Karl and Nina!

But we must hasten on, for with the stirring events which claim our attention, there is no time to linger upon the lovers' quarrel.

The next morning, Nina, who had scarcely slept all night, was full of eagerness to go at once to see Karl at the forge, and own that she had been to blame. It so happened, however, that it was a very busy day at the mill, one of her aunt's periodical cleanings, and it was therefore late in the afternoon before she could get away and hurry across the two fields to the low, white house of the blacksmith. She felt brighter and happier than she had been for days past, for she knew how gladly Karl would welcome and forgive her. Full of eager expectation, she arrived at the workshop, but to her dismay the door was closed and all was silent within. There was no familiar sound of the hammer and anvil, no bright shower of sparks from the forge, no glowing fire—Karl was not there to receive her with his bright smile—all was cold and deserted.

Perhaps he had finished his work early and gone out with Gretchen? Thus she tried to comfort herself, and drive away the dim foreboding of evil which was slowly creeping over her heart. With quick, impatient steps, she hastened on to the house, which was close by. Here too the door was shut, and she could hear no sounds within, but at her knocking the latch was unfastened, and Gretchen stood before her with a sad face and tearful eyes.

"Why, Gretchen, what is this?" exclaimed Nina. "Surely you have been weeping. What has happened? Is Karl ill?"

But at these questions the lame girl burst into tears, and sobbed as though her heart would break. Now thoroughly alarmed, Nina applied herself to soothe and comfort her friend, who presently murmured through her sobs:—

"Oh, Nina! you know all. Can you wonder at my grief?"

"I tell you I know nothing, Gretchen," said she, impatiently. "Tell me at once what is the matter."

Gretchen looked at her in surprise.

"Did not Karl go to see you last night to carry you the news himself and bid you farewell?"

"He told me nothing," cried Nina, with passionate bitterness. "Why will you torture me with this dreadful suspense?"

"Karl has been called out to join the army; I thought you knew . . . it was on Wednesday the summons came, and he said he could not go without seeing you, and this morning . . ." Here Gretchen's broken words were interrupted by a fresh burst of sobs, and Nina saw that her only chance of hearing more depended upon her waiting patiently, until her friend had become calmer. She had heard enough, however, to fill her with grief and remorse,

Karl and Nina.

though in that first moment she scarcely realized the extent of her misfortune.

"Where is he now, dear?" she asked, gently, after a moment's pause. "I will go to him in Vienna, at the barracks, anywhere. But I must see him again before he leaves, I must bid him farewell."

"But, Nina, that cannot be," said Gretchen. "he left me at day-break this morning, and is now nearly a hundred miles away, for the train was to reach Brunn before night."

She was interrupted by a bitter cry from Nina, who thus found her last hope destroyed. Her lover was gone to the scene of war, and perhaps she might never see him again. He was gone, suddenly and unexpectedly; and when he had come to bid her farewell, she had repulsed him with unkind, thoughtless words, and they had parted in anger. Never before had she known how strong was her love for Karl; and to think that she had cast him from her, and lost him, perhaps for ever!

"Too late! too late!" she murmured to herself, in the bitterness of her self-reproach, as she hid her face with her hands in anguish.

Time passed on, and the daylight was fading fast, yet the two girls noticed it not, as they sat together, absorbed in their grief. Little by little Nina heard from Gretchen all that she knew about her brother's call to the army.

Several years before, Karl Schubert had been made a recruit, and had served for some time; but, on his father's death, he was suffered to return home to his occupation as a blacksmith, on the plea of having to maintain his orphan sister. This was allowed the more readily, as at that period the army had been reduced. Each year, however, since, he had been required to join in military training, and now that a great war was impending, he was called out, with the rest of the reserve army, for active service. The summons had taken him by surprise, for it was sudden and unexpected, but there was, of course, no help for it, and instant obedience was required of him. He was in the eighth corps, which was under the command of the Archduke Leopold, and this corps had been secretly, and at a day's notice, ordered northwards to Brunn, that it might be in readiness to defend the frontier should the Prussians invade the Austrian territory.

"And did Karl leave no message, no word for me?" asked Nina, imploringly, as Gretchen finished her story.

"He has spoken much of you since my birthday," she replied, "and wondered why you had not been to see us, but on Wednesday, Christine Bütel came here, and she told us of having met you in the Würstel Präter, and,—do not be angry, Nina,—she added that you danced constantly with Albrecht Elshagen, and that everyone said you were going to marry him. It is not true, is it, dear?"

"Did Karl believe it?" asked her friend.

"He was very angry at first, and would not listen to a word, but when Christine's father came in and told the same story, Karl knew not what to think, and was half distracted. One moment he was on the point of going off to see you, the next minute he declared he would never speak to you again. Then came the summons to

Karl and Nina.

join the army, and all day yesterday he was at Vienna until the evening when. . . .”

“He came to wish me Good-bye,” interrupted Nina, “and I parted from him in anger, little knowing. . . . Oh! it was unkind, it was cruel of him to leave me so! But this morning, Gretchen,” she added, piteously, “this morning when he left his home, had he no last word for me?”

Gretchen was silent for a moment, but the poor girl’s earnestness wrung the truth from her. “He said something about that young Elshagen, and added, ‘Tell Nina that I hope she will be happy with him?’ He was so wretched, poor fellow, and he believed what Christine had said. But do not grieve, Nina dear, I will write to Karl and tell him that it was false.”

Nina was silent, she knew that she had deserved the sting of her lover’s last message, but she felt that the memory of it would make life bitter to her. What would she not have given, poor girl, to undo the past?

CHAPTER III.

THE 16th of June had arrived, and all Vienna was full of excitement and anxious expectation, for the news had just reached the city, that Prussia had declared war against Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse. For weeks past, the one subject of conversation amongst all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, had been the coming war, and many had been the contradictory rumours on the subject. Now, however, all doubt was at an end, and the long threatened war had actually begun. From that time events succeeded each other so rapidly that scarcely a day passed without bringing fresh tidings of importance; and to those who had friends in the army, months of suspense seemed crowded into each week.

Amongst those whose days were thus passed in anxious waiting and watching was Nina Lenkhof. Ever since Karl’s departure, she had been restless and unhappy, going wearily about her daily toils, and as different as possible from the sunny, light-hearted girl she had been before. Whenever her uncle returned from Vienna, or neighbours came to the mill, she would meet them with the same eager question—“What news of the war?”

But the poor girl could learn nothing of that which concerned her most nearly, whether Karl was at the actual scene of war or not; she only knew that he had been ordered to Brunn, and was in the corps commanded by the Archduke Leopold. Gretchen had written to her brother more than once, but as she had received no answer, it was very doubtful whether her letters had ever reached him.

Meantime, Frau Lenkhof looked upon the absence of the young blacksmith as a most fortunate thing, and did her best to forward, in every way, her own plans for her niece. It would be such a grand success, she thought, to have her so well married, and the foolish girl, who did not know her real interest now, would be only too grateful to her in days to come. But since that eventful afternoon at the Würstel Präter, Nina had been very difficult to manage, for she positively refused to meet Albrecht Elshagen or have any-

Karl and Nina.

thing to say to him ; nay, she had even gone so far as to give her aunt the silver cross and earrings, begging her to return them. She had done this without hesitation or regret, for the passing vanity, which had made her rejoice in possessing these coveted ornaments, had all been forgotten in her love and anxiety for Karl. Nina little thought that, instead of returning them to Frau Elshagen, her aunt had merely put them aside in a drawer, in full confidence that such a foolish sacrifice would soon be repented of.

It happened one day, about this time, that as Nina, who had been paying one of her frequent visits to Gretchen, was returning home across the water-meadows, she saw some one approaching towards her, and to her dismay recognised Albrecht Elshagen. Hitherto she had been fortunate in avoiding him, whenever he came to the mill, but now she saw there was no escape for her, and quickly resolved that she would put an end, once for all, to any hopes that he might have of ever making her his wife.

"Good day, Nina," he began, "you have been quite a stranger to us lately."

"Good day to you, Herr Elshagen," she replied, coldly, for there was a certain confidence in his manner which angered her, besides, what right had he to call her "Nina?"

"May I ask you," he continued, nothing daunted, "to turn back with me along this path, as I have something important to say?"

"As you will, sir," was her only answer, while he led the way to the path by the river side, near the old willow trees. Little did he think how ill-chosen was the spot, and what memories it called up, for it was the very place where Nina and Karl had parted.

"I have just come from the mill," he began, "and have spoken of my purpose to both your honoured uncle and aunt. They quite approve of it, and are willing to favour my suit in every way. It therefore only remains for me, Nina, to obtain your consent, and I am glad to have this excellent opportunity of seeing you alone." He paused, evidently expecting her to say something, but Nina was silent; she was resolved to let him finish his story, and then she would give him her whole, final answer at once.

"You can have no doubt about my meaning," he continued, "for I have plainly shown my preference for you, Nina. If you will be my wife, I will make you happy and comfortable; you shall be mistress of a good house, you shall have plenty of money, everything in short that you wish for. I am only waiting for one word, dear Nina," he added, in a somewhat gentler tone than that in which he had enumerated the advantages he offered her; of these Albrecht was very proud, and he did not feel the slightest doubt as to the answer he should receive. As he told himself, he was young, good looking, and wealthy for his class of society; and whoever was fortunate enough to be his wife, would be envied by half the girls in Vienna. It did not occur to him as possible that any maiden should refuse such a brilliant position, and he could scarcely believe his ears when Nina replied—

"Thank you for your goodness, Herr Elshagen, though I cannot profit by it. No doubt your wife will be a very happy woman, but

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you must seek her elsewhere. As for me, I shall never marry any one but Karl Schubert."

As she spoke these words, the young girl turned quickly towards the mill, leaving her suitor too much taken by surprise to follow her or seek any further explanation. It was true that he had heard of this Karl Schubert, a blacksmith, but he had never dreamt of finding in him a favoured rival.

As Albrecht Elshagen slowly turned towards Vienna, he felt that he had not been fairly dealt with, though he was too generous to taunt Nina with the memory of that eventful afternoon in the Würstel Präter, or the presents which she had accepted from him.

Nina, meantime, had hurried homewards in no enviable state of mind, for she well knew that she had not been blameless in the matter. As she entered the mill, her aunt watched her with curiosity, evidently expecting to hear some news, but Nina, fearful that the glowing fire-light would reveal her emotion, quickly took up a newspaper which was lying on the table, and sat down on a low stool by the fire to read it. At first she glanced at it carelessly, but the heading of one of the columns arrested her attention.

"Ah! that is the *Zeitung* which Albrecht Elshagen brought me," said Frau Lenkhof, "he knows that your uncle hears the news abroad, and seldom brings me home a paper, though little enough is the time I have for reading. But tell me, Nina, my child," she added, "did you not meet Albrecht just now?"

But Nina heeded not her aunt's words, nay she heard them not, so engrossed was she in the news which she eagerly devoured, for they were tidings of the war, tidings such as she had hitherto longed for in vain of that eighth corps under the Archduke Leopold, in which Karl served. She read on hurriedly, breathlessly, for seldom indeed had the *Zeitung* contained such exciting news. The Prussians had been victorious in three engagements, in one of which Kamming, the Austrian General, had been defeated at Nachod, by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Upon this, the Archduke Leopold had been ordered to join General Kamming who had retreated to the town of Skalitz.

In her agitation, Nina could scarcely read on when she had read thus far, here was Karl on the very eve of a battle, for only a few lines farther on, her eye caught the words, "Action of Skalitz." Yes, on the 28th of June, in that eventful battle, was decided whether the Prussian army should succeed in making its way through the mountains, by what were called the gates of Bohemia, or be driven back. It was a terrible struggle, and both sides fought bravely, but the Austrians were compelled to give up one position after another, until the wood on the north of the town was taken, and Skalitz itself was stormed. This was the news which the Crown Prince of Prussia had received, as he waited anxiously on the neighbouring hill of Kosteletz, within sound of the rolling thunder of the cannons. General Steinmetz had won a great victory, but the Austrian girl cared not for Crown Princes or Generals; her eye quickly passed on to the long list which was given on the next page, of some of the killed and wounded. She scarcely dared to read it, for the names, to her excited feelings,

Reflection.

seemed written in blood. Her aunt, surprised at her long silence, was watching her with curiosity, when she saw the paper fall to the ground, and Nina, burying her face in her hands, trying to check the convulsive sobs that betrayed her.

“What has happened? What is it, Nina?” exclaimed Frau Lenkhof, in alarm. “I did hear something about a battle in the mountains, but why should you take it to heart like this?”

The poor girl could not answer; she was overcome by the violence of her grief, for there, amongst the names in that sad record of those who were missing, of whom it was still unknown whether they were killed or wounded, was “Karl Schubert.”

(To be continued.)



Reflection

ON THE WEEVILS IN A GRANARY.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



THESE little animals are so numerous and so destructive that in a few months they have almost entirely demolished a heap, consisting of six quarters of barley.

Their method is to bore a small hole into the centre of the grain, from whence they extract all the farinaceous part, leaving the husk hollow. No one, who had not seen its effect with his own eyes, could realize it, for the desolation is

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

more complete than if fifty mice or half-a-dozen rats had been at work for the same time; with this only difference, that the injury done by the weevil is not so apparent to the casual observer, as the shell of the corn still remains, like that of a nut whose inside has been devoured by a grub, while all the nutritive portion is effectually removed. And yet the little insect itself is so tiny that it would pass easily through the eye of a tolerably-sized needle.

Alas, even so it is with the state of man, if not under the constant influence of the Spirit of grace. A multitude of the smaller defects of character will so undermine his soul's health, that, though not perhaps obvious to the ordinary spectator, it shall, in reality, be in a more desperate condition than if subject to the influence of some one or two more decided tendencies to vice.

This petty plague of evil habits in little things, long indulged with impunity, gradually saps the foundation of all moral virtue within, and eats up, as it were, imperceptibly, all the better qualities both of head and heart; till at length nothing is left but an empty shell, fair indeed as ever to look upon, but, when put to the test, proving nothing but a dry heap of husks.

And yet all the while that this fearful devastation was going on, there was nothing on which to lay the finger as calling for severe and immediate correction. Oh, it is only a trifle! Dear me, what a fuss to make about such a little matter as that!

And then comes the moral of the tale.—Who would have thought it? The unchecked small beginnings have increased till their number at length is legion. That which was weak and powerless when single has become irresistible by being multiplied; and the whole man falls a prey to the unwise disregard of little things.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF S. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

THE ORGANIST.



VERY glad am I that I had not to write upon this subject twenty years ago. If attempted then, the task would have been undertaken with a consciousness that it must excite the ire of many of the organists of that day. For their system must have been attacked altogether. Who would now endure the interludes, voluntaries, grace notes, flourishes, and grand display of 'talent' which called forth the wonderment of the untutored mind of that period, and the envy of the youth who was "just beginning to play a little?"

Certainly very few modern organists would endure such performances, and the improvement in the taste of most church congregations is such as would scarcely tolerate them. This being the case, it is needless to dwell further upon these associations with the 'Organ-loft' of earlier days.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

In dwelling upon the characteristics of a good organist, it is almost needless to say that he must be able to play with considerable accuracy and feeling. While avoiding all extravagancies in any display of feeling, he will know and appreciate the vast power for good which lies in giving a religious expression, when playing the organ, to the sentiments contained in the words which are being chanted or sung. Many expressions in the Book of Psalms call for the deepest feeling; and a good organist—entering in his own soul into the depths of the Psalmist's emotions—will not fail to express them, and to make the congregation feel them also, by the very mode in which he performs his duties on the organ.

The organist of the present day ought to be, and often is, a thoroughly devout and reverential man. You will not find him, while prayer, or reading, or preaching are proceeding, occupied with the arrangement of what he has next to do. With occasional unavoidable exceptions, you will see him coming forth from his seat (habited it may be like the rest of the choir in his surplice), and humbly kneeling on his knees, and joining with the great congregation in earnest supplication to his God. Not that he is screened off at other times with curtains from the people. Nothing of the kind. He feels, in common with all honest churchmen, that just as all shams are hateful, so screens are needless to conceal any man in the performance of any necessary function in God's House of prayer or praise. "It is well *seen*, O my God, how thou goest in the Sanctuary. The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing upon the timbrels." There is no concealment. What wondrous wrath did I and my superior brother curate draw down upon us once (but that is a long time ago) for daring to remove the old curtain which had for years concealed all sorts of performances between the organ and the said curtain amongst the organist and choir! But we braved the storm, and a delightful calm succeeded, for it was seen that we were right!

It has come to our ears—yea, the very bottles have been palpable to our astonished vision—that beer and wine have been 'smuggled' into the organ loft, deposited within the organ, and sipped freely during the parson's sermon. The curtain fell, and this indecent outrage ceased. But most organists now have better feelings, and would not thus desecrate the House of God, or indeed lower their own character and self-respect. Organists now-a-days are often men of true reverence and devotion; indeed, a really good organist *must* be a religious man. No other man will long distinguish himself in his 'renderings' of certain portions of the services. It is admitted that men of taste and tact may do much, but there are points even in organ playing, where, just as a halo of religious feeling seems to shine round the face of the man who holds much and close intercourse with his God, so an inspiration of the force of truth seems to accompany the very fingering of an organ by the devout musician.

The organist of this character (and such is the true organist) will take great pains in the discharge of every point of his duty.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

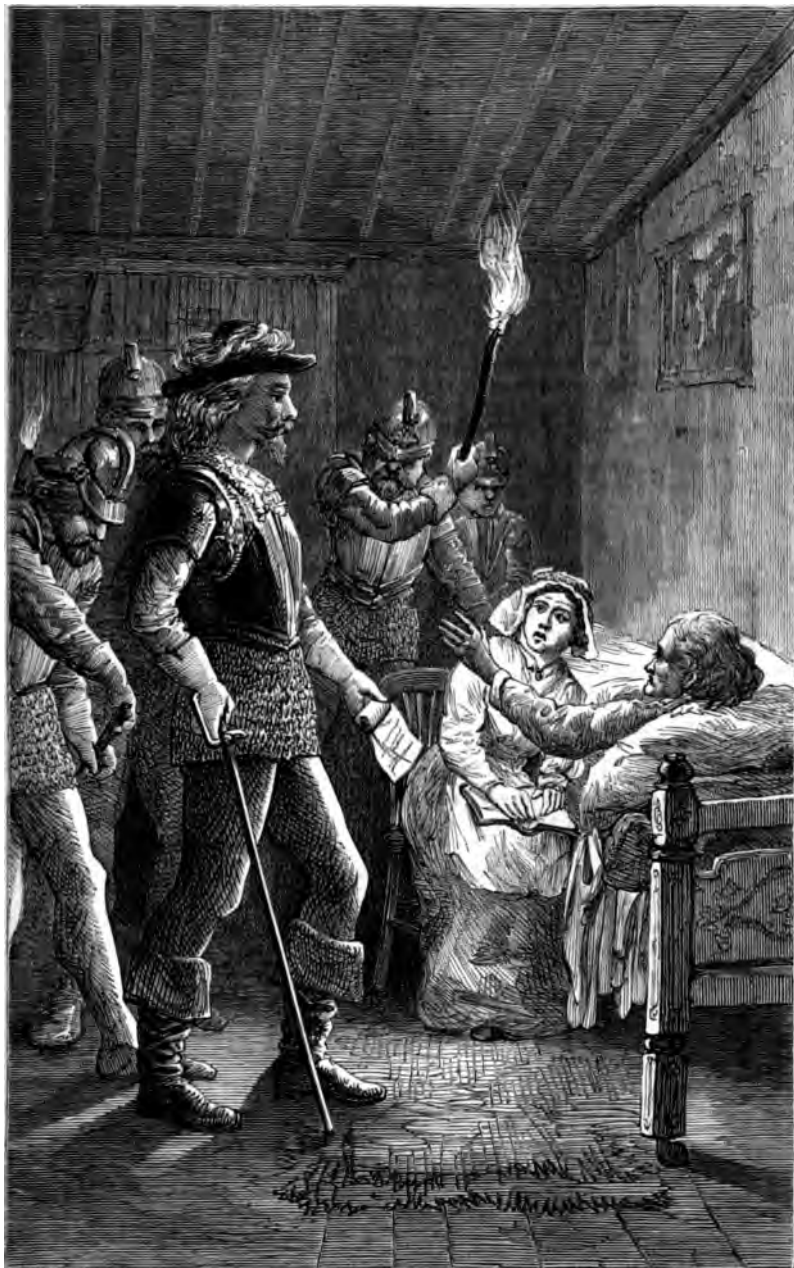
He carefully reads every verse of the hymn to be sung, and he and the precentor (who is the vicar probably), while fully agreeing as to the advantage of using the same tune to the same hymn, will also agree that that very tune requires a considerable difference in the mode wherein it is applied to one verse of a hymn, and then to perhaps the next verse that follows. When this subject is wisely attended to, and the tune is rendered with good feeling, the effect is delightful and devotional.

We have put the propriety of an organist being religious on scientific grounds. Might we not also put it on a far higher principle? We have heard soul-inspiring and delightful strains (which have made some hearers weep) from the performances of men whose characters were far from satisfactory. Is it not a distressing thing to hear almost heavenly music produced by the agency of minds not set heavenward? Few thoughts are so solemn as the remembrance that preachers may point heavenward, choristers may sing heavenly songs, and organists may half lift the soul to heaven by their music, and yet themselves not be safely pursuing the narrow way which leadeth unto life. We say this, though happily convinced that while our warning is solemn and necessary, it by no means applies to all organists.

Organists are often choir-masters. It is perhaps desirable they should be, and that they should exercise the choirs thoroughly. In doing this it is often well, however, that they get another to play the organ while they drill the choir; for otherwise they cannot hear the defects or correct the blunders very readily. The vicar is usually precentor, and as such selects, of course, the hymns and tunes, and chants, as in a cathedral. But when a proper feeling exists, the precentor and the organist will be '*in unison*,' and will act together in all things tending to promote "the praise and glory of God."

The model organist is a really humble man. He is conscious of the great importance of his office, but his conduct in all things is that of a man of God. Reverential and devout, he takes an evident interest in all he has to do, he is ever eager to maintain the best feeling and the best behaviour amongst all the members of his choir.

Church-organists are now a large and highly respectable body of men, and in hinting to them how to discharge their duties aright, I say to them with much good feeling,—'Aim to excel in your noble profession. Be good players. Cultivate much delicacy and feeling in your playing. Enter fully into the meaning of the words to which the music is being applied. Be thoroughly reverent and devout at those times of the service when you are not professionally engaged. Rather, too, encourage exposure than claim a needless amount of concealment. And let me add the earnest hope that they who so admirably lead the chants and songs of praise of the church on earth may be men of true religion, who shall renew their glorious anthems in the church of just men made perfect hereafter. It is dreadful to think of any other alternative. In every sense, then, of the word, do I say to our organists, BE HEARTY.'



“FEEBLY THE SICK MAN RAISED HIS HAND, HIS HAND SO THIN AND PALE,
AND SOMETHING IN THE HOLLOW EYE MADE THAT RUDE SPEAKER QUAIL!”

The Death-bed of Rutherford.

The Death-bed of Rutherford.

“**M**R. RUTHERFORD was for some years minister of Anworth, in Scotland, but in 1636 he was sentenced to be deprived of his ministry. He was kept in prison at Aberdeen till the year 1638, when he returned to his flock. He died in 1661, when he was on the point of being apprehended for the testimony of Jesus.”

Tread lightly through the darkened room, for a sick man lieth there,
And 'mid the dimness only stirs the whispered breath of prayer,
As anxious hearts take watch by turns beside the lowly bed,
Where sleep the awful stillness wears that soon must wrap the dead.

Hours hath he known of fevered pain, but now his rest is calm,
As though upon the spirit worn distilled some healing balm;
It may be that his dreaming ear wakes old accustomed words,
Or drinks once more the matin song of Anworth's 'blessed birds.'

Oh! green and fresh upon his soul those early haunts arise,
His kirk! his home! his wild-wood walk! with all their memories;
The very rushing of the burn by which he often trod,
The while, on eagle wings of faith, his spirit met its God.

A smile hath brightened on his lip—a light around his brow;
Oh! surely 'words unspeakable' that dreamer listeth now;
And glories of the upper sky his raptured senses steep,
Blent with the whispers of His love who gives His loved ones sleep.

But hark! a sound, a tramp of horse! a loud, harsh, wrangling din!
Oh! rudely on that dream of Heaven this world hath broken in,
In vain affection's earnest plea—the intruders forward press—
And with a struggling spasm of pain he wakes to consciousness.

Strange lights are gleaming through the room, strange forms are round his bed;
Slowly his dazzled sense takes in each shape and sound of dread.
“False to thy country's honoured laws, and to thy sovereign lord,
I summon thee to meet thy doom, thou traitor, Rutherford!”

Feebly the sick man raised his hand, his hand so thin and pale,
And something in the hollow eye made that rude speaker quail!
“Man! thou hast sped thy errand well—yet is it wasted breath,
Except the great ones of the earth can break my tryst with Death.

“A few brief days, or briefer hours, and I am going home,
Unto mine own prepared place, where but few great ones come—
Unto the judgment-seat of Him Who sealed me with His seal;
Against evil tongues and evil men I make my last appeal!

“A traitor was His name on earth! a felon's doom His fate!
Thrice welcome were my Master's cup, but it hath come too late.
The summons of that mightiest King, to whom all kings must bow,
Is on me for an earlier day—is on me even now!

“I hear, I hear the chariot wheels that bring my Saviour nigh!
For me He bears a golden crown, a harp of melody—
For me He opens wide His arms, He shows His wounded side;
Lord, 'tis my passport unto life! I live, for Thou hast died!”

They give His writings to the flames, they brand his grave with shame,
A hissing in the mouth of fools becomes his honoured name;
And darkness wraps awhile the land for which he prayed and strove,
But blessed in the Lord his death, and blest his rest above.

HISLOR.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

Is there on earth a spirit frail
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring through the twilight pale
To think he sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read and confess the hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

Christian Year.



IN giving the history of the sacred books of Scripture during the long series of years between the remote past and the period when John Wycliffe pursued his studies and labours, extreme caution is necessary. It is not for a moment to be supposed that all was darkness and ignorance and indolence in that wide span of a thousand years. A careful observer may find in ancient chronicles quite enough evidence to convince him that from the year A.D. 401, when St. Jerome completed his labours to the dawning of 'the morning star of the reformation,' John Wycliffe, A.D. 1380, there was a ceaseless endeavour to preserve in the utmost purity the Word of God.

It is true, of course, that there was not then, as now, a perfect copy of the Bible in every Christian's house; indeed, how could it be so when the cost of such a treasure is remembered? Those written copies or manuscript Bibles could not be had for less than one hundred pounds, when labourers' wages were about three half-pence a day, and thus only the wealthy could obtain the Sacred Volume.

Again, there is another feature of those times which is too often not remembered—the want of power to read and understand any language but the one in use in the country. The Scriptures might be there, and the people might have had free access to them; but then the Scriptures were as yet in a tongue not 'understood of the people;' that is, in the several countries of Europe (and our own amongst the rest) they were in the Latin tongue. Missionaries, however diligent, could scarcely teach every person the foreign language of the Bible, or give the Scriptures entire and complete in their own tongue to each of the nations to whom they went.

There was, however, a work to be done which taxed the energy and learning of scholars in each succeeding age, and continually required the watchful eye of those who were jealous for the exact utterances of the Holy Ghost. Most instructive it is to observe the constant pains which were taken to avoid errors in the various copies which were made. Every now and then there rose up some able and industrious scholar who made it his business to collect all the most perfect manuscripts of God's Word which were to be obtained. Far and near libraries were searched for these valuable documents, and when sufficient had been secured for the purpose, a careful comparison was made. Even the very smallest alterations, the most trifling changes, were noted, so that when the review was completed, there might be the most accurate possible copy of God's Word.

About two hundred years after the death of St. Jerome there

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was the first notable attempt made to secure perfect accuracy in these manuscript Bibles. Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus, a chief minister and friend of Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, in advancing years betook himself for retirement from the world to a monastery in Calabria. His knowledge of the world and his active habits were now turned in his retreat to the special works of acquiring from foreign countries as many manuscripts as possible, and in directing the labours of the inmates of his religious house at Viviers upon the manuscripts brought together for inspection. The sagacity and caution which this man had shown in managing his master's worldly affairs were of infinite value when he undertook thus to serve the cause of his Heavenly Master. That penetration which required positive proof and undeniable evidence of accuracy before admitting a claim in a mere business matter was now of great use in discerning the true word of God from the numerous interpolated words and sentences which transcribers had introduced into the text. Cassiodorus, in making his 'Recension' or revision, or review, in weeding out each word which he supposed to be wrongly inserted, was most careful to retain every syllable which could claim any weight of authority. So lasting was the desire of this eminent man to deliver to future generations the exact words of God, that in his ninety-third year, he composed a treatise on orthography for the guidance of the copyists who were working at his command. Ceaseless in his toils himself, he did not suffer his fellow labourers to flag in their work, but urged them to a diligent performance of their duties in completing the great work upon which he had set his heart. The burden of such a 'Recension' as that made by Cassiodorus can hardly be understood unless we keep in mind the fact that he had to judge between the accuracy of copies made from that Old Itala Version, and others made from the version which bears the name of Jerome. It must have been most perplexing to decide in several instances which was to be followed, and to determine what were the precise words to be set down. And yet great as was the task, this untiring worker rested not till he had handed over to the church what he considered to be a faithfully corrected copy of the Psalter, the Prophets, and the Epistles.

In course of time, a greater work even than that done by Cassiodorus stared men in the face: a work too important to be ventured on by any but wealthy and influential persons. About two hundred and fifty years after the death of Cassiodorus, that is about A.D. 802, the text of the Latin manuscript Bibles had become so uncertain, and full of smaller and greater inaccuracies, that even an emperor, with all his engrossing cares of state, could give his time and thought to remedy the evil.

Charlemagne had observed the injury which was increasing through the circulation of these corrupt and faulty copies of Holy Scripture, and undertook to send forth once more what upon mature reflection and most sifting examination appeared to be the exact word of God.

Alcuin, known also by the name Flavus Albinus, a native of York, returning home from a mission to Rome, came in the course

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of his journey to the court of Charlemagne. The emperor was so taken with the modest ways and deep learning of our countryman that he at once committed to Alcuin the task of making a fresh 'Recension' of the Scriptures for public use in the church. This learned and industrious scholar, thus pressed into the service, devoted years to the work of comparing manuscript with manuscript, and version with version, and gradually forming out of the various copies before him what he considered to be the very word of God.

It is reported indeed that Charlemagne in the last year of his life became so interested in the work, and so anxious to see its completion before his death, that he helped Alcuin to correct the text, and in conjunction with several Greeks and Syrians had secured such accuracy that he was thoroughly satisfied with the result of the labour. Alcuin's work upon the Bible was purely a 'Recension,' or revision, of the Latin versions of Holy Scripture—a clearing away from the Latin texts everything which seemed to be improperly there; and so thoroughly and effectually does he seem to have done his duty in the matter, that his revised copies lasted on in use for centuries.

It may interest some readers to know that there are even now to be seen manuscripts which are supposed to be copies of this ancient and remarkable 'Recension' of Alcuin. In the British Museum there is one of these manuscripts which goes by the name of Charlemagne's Bible. There is another in the Imperial Library at Paris, and a third in the library of the Oratory at Rome. The wonderful care with which these valuable records are written and their near approach to what is now held to be the correct language of Holy Writ render them highly precious in the esteem of those who delight in ancient lore.

Another point in connection with this Alcuin Recension claims a passing notice. It is here that we see a somewhat more fixed and regular division of the books of Holy Scripture into chapters. St. Jerome had attempted for his own convenience in reading, and it may be in remembering, the words of Holy Scripture, to fix the text in certain lines, and these lines were so joined together that they stood out in the manuscript as separate groups or sections. In course of frequent re-copying, these groups would become, and did become, confused, so that by-and-bye there was not the slightest certainty as to what was at first intended by the great Latin writer. Now, however, in these Alcuin manuscript Bibles, there is seen a plainly marked division, and as well in the Table of contents the number of chapters and verses which each book contains—thus:—*Josue Ben-Nun capp xxxiii habet vers i DCCL Mattheus, capp. lxxxi. habet vers ii DCC.* Each stage in the history, as we observe, affords its share towards that degree of perfection unto which the text at length had attained when it came into the hands of the printer.

Two hundred and fifty years more expire, and we find again the need of a master mind to revise and correct the current manuscript copies of the Latin Bible. This time the work is done by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, about the year A.D. 1089. The vast learning and profound wisdom of that great man were used un-

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sparingly in the task of separating the word of God from the numberless errors of careless or ignorant scribes. This 'Recension' of Lanfranc, however, did not obtain a very wide circulation out of England. It is thought that, notwithstanding its efficiency, this review had more of a national than universal character.

Half a century later, about the year A.D. 1150, Cardinal Nicolaus engaged in a similar task, and soon after the Abbot Stephanus followed with his contribution to the great work. Indeed, just at this time many able and holy men were engaged in seeking out from every available source materials which were necessary for the establishment of a true text of Holy Scripture. Increasing opportunities for obtaining information were gladly hailed, and each fresh instalment was discussed with the utmost eagerness.

About the year A.D. 1200 there began to appear manuscript Latin Bibles with corrections and marginal notes. The authors of these documents took some well known copy as a standard, and instead of revising it as Cassiodorus or Alcuin had done in earlier times, they placed their emendations at the side of the text. This system did not go on unchallenged, for on one occasion an attempt to use such a document publicly was met by an interdict from an opposing school of theology (the Dominicans) A.D. 1256, who issued a copy of the Scriptures with corrections of their own.

Amongst the last, but by no means the least, notable labourer in this work of the preservation of Holy Scripture in its integrity was Laurentius Valla, who spent his time willingly in endeavouring to free it from every word which could not claim upon the highest authority a right to stand as part of the message of God.

This slight and imperfect sketch of the anxious labours which were bestowed on the text of Holy Scripture in the Middle Ages—this brief account of these numerous 'Recensions' or revisions which were made by more or less competent hands, will serve to allay any anxiety which may be felt concerning the stability of God's Word, not one jot or tittle of which can possibly be lost. One paramount idea is evident throughout the long course of years, and that is, that the "Word of God is perfect." One unchanging desire is manifest at every turn, and that is, that the perfect word of God, without addition or mutilation should be handed on from age to age. Fear, and doubt, and misgiving occasionally disturbed the minds of some when ancient spots were cleansed away, and the bright mirror of Divine Truth was burnished anew by able and judicious hands; but who is there now to lift a word against those patient workers who spent the best years of their lives in proving and holding fast and establishing the words of the Most High? Like the visage of the Divine Redeemer which appeared as marred during the struggle with the powers of this world, and yet presently appeared majestic in resurrection glory; so the word of God may appear at a disadvantage whilst undergoing the ordeal of investigation at the hands of acute scholars and yet presently shall once again in these latter days shine forth in greater splendour and power than ever for the comfort and healing of the nations.

Be True.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach :
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

H. BONAR.

God's Anvil.

PAIN's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And in His mighty hand hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it
With His great hammer, blow on
blow ;
And yet I whisper, As God will !
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow,
Thus only longer-lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in
me ;
So I say, trusting, As God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand ;
So I say, praying, As God will !
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

Who Built It ?



HERE was once a King who had a splendid Cathedral built at his own expense, and issued a decree that no one should be allowed to contribute anything towards his church, or be taxed for it, as he wished to build it entirely himself, at his own cost. When it was completed, he ordered his name to be engraved in large golden letters over the chief door, adding that no one had given anything to it except himself.

This was done, but in the night his name vanished, and in its place there stood, next morning, the name of an old woman, who alone, it stated, had erected the Cathedral. When the King heard this, he was very much astonished, he ordered the old woman's name to be erased and his own placed there again. This was done, but next morning his name was gone again, and that of the old woman stood in its place. This happened three times. Then the King reflected and enquired who the old woman might be, and ordered that she should be brought to him.

When she came before him he said, "My good woman, be so kind as to tell me how it happens that your name always stands over the Cathedral door ; I thought that I had built it entirely myself. But it must be God's will that it should be so ; tell me therefore, have you contributed towards the Cathedral ? No harm shall happen to you, on this account."

Then the old woman said, "Take it not to heart, and be not

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angry with me, gracious King ; I am a poor old woman, and have to earn my daily bread by spinning, but still I should have wished much to contribute my mite towards God's house, if you had not forbidden it. But I could not bring it to my heart to do nothing at all ; so I bought a couple of pounds of hay and scattered it before the horses who drew up the stones for the Church." When the King heard this, he saw very plainly that this poor woman's sacrifice was more pleasing in God's sight than all his outlay and expense ; so he made up his mind to let her name remain over the church door. But as soon as he had come to this conclusion, the name of the old woman disappeared, and his own stood again in its original place.

J. F. C.



The Little Winter Grave.

COMPOSED ON THE BURIAL OF A CHILD IN A GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,	Oh, our merry bird is snared, sweet wife,
Our baby lies under the snow, Out in the dark with the night, While the winds so loudly blow.	That a rain of music gave, And the snow falls on our hearts, And our hearts are each a grave !
As a dead saint thou art pale, sweet wife, And the cross is on thy breast ; Oh, the snow no more can chill That little dove in its nest !	Oh, it was the lamp of our life, sweet wife, Blown out in a night of gloom,— A leaf from our flower of love, Nipped in its fresh spring bloom ! But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife, While the chilling winds do blow ? Oh, the grave is now its bed, And its coverlid is snow !	And the leaf again shall grow, Where there are no bitter winds, And no dreary, dreary snow.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

Short Sermon.

Christian Faith and Christian Order.

BY MELVILLE HORNE SCOTT, M.A., VICAR OF OCKBROOK.

Colossians ii. 5.—“*For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the Spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.*”



WOULD enquire,

I. Into the meaning of each of these, Christian faith and Christian order, and

II. Into the importance of each, and of both united.

I. As to the *meaning* of each. And I here would take the last first, as being the foundation of everything, viz., ‘*the stedfastness of faith in Christ.*’ And I would remark:—

That a stedfast faith is stedfast as regards its object. The man with stedfast faith has the ground of his dependence always the same, Christ and His work in his behalf.

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the simplicity of it. The man with stedfast faith has the ground of his dependence undivided and unmingled. Not only in Christ, but in Christ alone is all his plea.

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the constancy of its action. A man with stedfast faith has his faith continually in action. It is not a thing of occasional but of habitual use. ‘The life which I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God.’

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the perseverance of it. The man with stedfast faith builds his hope in latest age just where he built it in earliest youth. He takes faith in Christ as his staff when he begins his journey, and with that staff he walks till journeying days are done. Nay, he will even carry it with him across the river at the end, ‘looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.’

A stedfast faith is stedfast as regards the persistence of it; for it is not only persevering, but persevering in spite of many a beguiling temptation by the way. A man who leads a stedfast Christian life for half a century, or for a quarter of a century either, will need not only perseverance of faith but persistence. All sorts of new fashions he will have to live through, and maintain the unchangedness of his faith through all. He will have to be called old-fashioned many a time, and he will have to be so too. Christ and Christ alone, and salvation by faith in Christ, must be his persistent song, whether it harmonize with the ever-varying strains of the hour, or whether it does not.

Such is my explanation of ‘stedfastness of faith in Christ.’

And now—What is meant by *order*, upon which St. Paul lays such stress, ‘joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.’

What is this? I may describe it as twofold. There is *private* Christian order; Christian and Godly order in the private life.

Order and firm regularity in our *personal habits*; order and firm regularity in our *domestic habits*; order and firm regularity in our

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domestic rule. All these have a high importance in connection with true Christian faith. A river without banks becomes a marsh and morass; and so true Christian faith requires a definite channel to run in.

Then, besides these more secular and external forms of private Christian order, there are others more important still, namely, order in our *domestic religious* habits; and order in our *personal religious* habits. Both these I believe to be very essential to the full vigour of Christian faith, the latter, of course, absolutely essential to it. Order and firm regularity in our personal religious habits are so essential that I believe that true Christian faith cannot be kept in anything resembling true vigour and reality without it.

But, besides these forms of private Christian order, there is also what is equally essential, namely, *public* Christian order, the Christian and Godly order in connection with the Church of Christ. And under this form of order I would name, invariable regularity at worship, whenever it is to be had, whether Sundays or weekdays, so far as health and absolute necessity permit. And then, in the worship, the accurate following, both with our lips and with our hearts, of the prescribed order of the services. I believe that that form of order which makes it incumbent on us to utter distinctly with the lips the large portion of service allotted in our church to each worshipper is very essential to our Christian benefit. Silence in the church's service takes its rise mostly in spiritual deadness, and reproduces and multiplies that deadness. It comes from indolence, and ends in indolence intensified.

And then, as a part of that order, which is essential to the maintenance of a steadfast Christian faith, I would give a very prominent place to an invariable regularity of attendance at the Lord's Supper. In connection with true Christian faith such regularity will bring blessing untold. We are going astray from all Christian order when this duty is omitted, or even when it is only occasionally attended to. A true and vivid faith in Jesus will, I believe, force us to His Table systematically, and a true and vivid faith requires, I believe, such systematic attendance at His Table for its maintenance and support.

As part of the Christian order on which St. Paul lays such stress, putting it on a level even in importance with Christian faith, I would name also—The invariable taking advantage of every other means of grace that is provided for our benefit in connection with each congregation. Such means of grace are to be considered, St. Paul would teach, to possess *authority*; to have that in them which the conscience should listen to; to have a claim upon us which we should feel to be binding, a claim upon us stronger than any except the claims of necessity and of peremptory duty in another direction. In fact, in following this Godly and Christian order which the Apostle so delighted to see in the members of the Colossian church, Christian people would realise the description and realise the blessing which that verse of Psalm xcii. contains, 'Those that be *planted* in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.' It is the fixedly planted tree that grows in the world of nature. And so in the church of Christ, 'Those

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that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God.' The irregular and unsystematic member of Christ's church is like a tree unplanted, or planted for a while sometimes and then rooted up again; such trees will be very likely to die, or at any rate will grow but very little.

I would now go on to show—

II. The *importance* of each, and the importance of both united.

(1.) The importance of *stedfast* faith in Christ.

And I would remark that *stedfast* faith in Christ is as important as faith in Christ at all. And we know well how absolutely essential is that. A sinner's faith in Christ is just everything; everything for acceptance; everything for holiness; everything for happiness; everything for hope; everything for Time; everything for Eternity. A sinner's faith in Christ is our one sheet-anchor. It is our pillow and our one consolation in life and in death, in sickness and in health.

And as such faith in Christ is essential, so is stedfastness of faith in Him essential also. None but a stedfast faith, in fact, will do us any good.

A faith unstedfast with regard to the object of it; unstedfast with regard to the simplicity of it; unstedfast with regard to the hourly constancy of it; unstedfast with regard to the perseverance of it; unstedfast with regard to the persistence of it, is a faith on which no dependence can be placed.

Wherefore a faith in Jesus that is stedfast is absolutely essential. With no other can we be happy or holy, or safe, or saved. No other will warm the heart for holiness, no other can bear us through safely to the end. And as stedfast faith in Christ is essential, so also is—

(2.) Christian order; Christian order in our personal life, in our domestic life, and in our life in connection with God's church. And such Christian order is essential for these reasons:—

Without it, faith will soon come to nothing. Faith without order in our personal religious habits, and without systematic order in our use of the ordinances of God's church, will soon disappear. It will be like water with nothing to hold it. It will be like some delicate plant without firm soil to grow in.

Without Christian order, we shall miss the most essential means and provision in order to Christian growth and sanctifying. Order in our personal religious habits, order in our domestic religious habits, invariable order and system in our use of the means provided for us in God's church, these together form the machinery whereby the living Christian is gradually trained and refined, and made what God would have him be.

Such Christian order is essential, because without it we miss an immense amount of instruction. If a Christian man could exist as such without orderly and systematic personal Christian habits, and without orderly and systematic attention to the ordinances of God's house, he would exist as a most unworthy Christian, ignorant and ungrounded, exposed to every error, and liable to be carried away by every wind of opinion that blows. Whereas the man of such Christian order as I am describing will be a man

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well-instructed, knowing well the foundations of his faith and hope, and knowing well the difference between truth and error.

Such Christian order is most essential also to the Christian man, because it both keeps him from and strengthens him against untold temptations. The man of determined order in his personal religious habits, and in his attendance on the ordinances of God's church, is saved from the vast mass of the temptations to which otherwise he would be exposed. The mass of them will not touch him at all, and against those which do touch him he will be greatly guarded. Young Christian persons especially cannot conceive the safeguard which it will be to them to accompany their Christian faith with determined Christian order.

The man who is led to such Christian and Godly order as I am describing is a man under perpetual spiritual influence. Planted in the church of God and dwelling there, planted in his private and domestic life beside the streams of God's word and prayer, spiritual influence is perpetually brought to bear upon him; his heart is not allowed to grow hard; his spirit is not allowed to become cold. The world and the flesh are comparatively shut out, and Satan has much diminished power. The seeds of good principle are not allowed to starve, and the feeble spark of faith is not allowed to be trampled out.

Thus have we seen the essential importance of each of our two great subjects of thought, viz., stedfastness of faith in Jesus, and Christian and Godly order. They are each essential indeed. Let me now point out, lastly—

(3.) The importance of both united.

Faith in Christ without Christian order simply cannot live. It will become dissipated altogether. The order of the private Christian life and the orderly attendance on the ordinances of God's church form the appointed fence and guard for true Christian faith, and form also its growing place and garden. And on the other hand, Christian order without Christian faith is not a Christian thing at all. It is dead, formal, useless, wretched beyond conception. It is a body without a soul, a tree without life. Attempted order in private religious habits, attempted order in connection with God's church, and worship, and sacraments, regularity in every means of grace, without the spark of a sinner's faith and love towards Christ, without the spark of spiritual life, in fact, will be the coldest, deadest, most comfortless thing possible. Its fixity will be the fixity of a black winter's frost.

Christian faith without Christian order will not serve; Christian order without Christian faith will not serve either; but both together they must be. Then are they delightful indeed. The faith will inspire and enliven the order, and the order will fix and confirm the faith. The faith will be to the order what the sunshine is to the landscape, and the order will be to the faith what the warmed soil of spring time is to the corn-plant. The faith will be the life of the order, and the order will be the life of the faith.

Both of these, then, let us seek. Let us aim at being like these Colossians, to whom the Apostle wrote, 'Joying and beholding your order, and the stedfastness of your faith in Christ.'



"SORROWING HER HEART OUT, WITH HER HUSBAND'S SHATTERED HELMET IN HER LAP." p. 7.

Karl and Nina.

Karl and Nina.

There was no rest, no sleep that night for Nina Lenkhof; ever before her mind rose the image of that terrible battle-field, where she pictured her Karl lying neglected and forgotten, dying of his wounds, and perhaps, in his last moments, still thinking of his faithless Nina. The thought was agony to her, but there was no escape from it, and bitter was her suffering in the silence and darkness of that night.

As soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the horizon, the poor girl rose, and hastened out of doors to refresh herself. She hurried on through the water meadows, scarcely knowing where she was going, but the cool breeze from the river and the rapid exercise revived her hope and courage, for she was too young, too full of glowing health, to remain long utterly miserable.

At this moment, she saw some one approaching towards her along the path by the river side; it was a woman, as Nina noticed with some surprise, for it was unusual to see any one out so early. She little knew what hung upon that meeting, or upon how trifling a circumstance may depend the whole after current of a life.

"Is this the way to Vienna?" asked the stranger.

"Yes," replied Nina, "but what part do you wish to go to, for you are now very near?"

"To the railway," said the woman, quickly. "I have walked this morning from the little hamlet of Döppeldorf over yonder, and I am on my way to the army in Bohemia to follow my husband, who was ordered off suddenly, and left me without a word of farewell. He was afraid my tears would steal away his courage."

"But are you going alone, and all that terrible distance?" asked Nina with warm interest, for a new thought had suddenly taken possession of her.

"Why not? I must be near my husband, for I cannot live far off, hearing rumours of danger, of battles, and knowing not what has become of him. Besides I have a little money, and the railway travels quickly; it will soon take me to him."

In these few minutes Nina Lenkhof made up her mind; she too would follow the army with this poor woman, whose simple story seemed so like her own; she would go at once to Skalitz, and discover for herself, if possible, what had become of Karl; for she could not endure this fearful suspense and uncertainty. In a few words, she told her story and her purpose to the soldier's wife, and promising to return and join her, if she would rest awhile by the river's bank, Nina hastened back to the mill. She could not bear to steal away like a thief from the home where she had been kindly treated for so many years; and she remembered that it was one of her uncle's early days for his work.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, for there was no time for reflection, she went bravely to the lower room, where, as she had expected, the miller was already busy. Her sudden appearance at that hour, and her startling news, so completely took the good man by surprise, that for the moment, he had scarcely a word to say of warning or remonstrance. He was a kind, simple-hearted fellow, and sympathised so much with the poor girl's trouble that he could not wonder at her intense desire to discover the fate of Karl. The love of these young people carried him back in thought, many a long year, to

Karl and Nina.

the days of his own courtship, and Hermann Lenkhof shook his head doubtfully as he wondered whether his Frederika would ever have done as much for him.

Easily overcome by the natural eloquence of tears, the good-natured uncle did more than pity his niece, he actually gave her some money for her journey, and to cheer her, he promised that if Karl ever came home safe and sound, he would give his consent to the wedding, and do what he could for them both.

Nina was overcome with gratitude, and bade him farewell, quite amazed at her own success, as well she might be. It must be confessed, however, that when the good man was left alone to reflect on his conduct, he began to have most uncomfortable misgivings as to how he should break the news to his wife, and as to what her opinion might be of the sanction he had given to such a wild, undertaking. But it was too late for regrets ; the deed was done, and he must abide by the consequences.

CHAPTER IV.

NEAR the marshy banks of the river Bistritz, about eight miles from Königgratz, stands the village of Mokrovous, composed of pine wood cottages, surrounded by orchards, like most of the country villages of Bohemia. Very dreary and desolate did it look in the early morning of the 3rd of July, seen through the drizzling rain, while frequent gusts of wind swept over the surrounding corn-fields, bearing the ripening ears down to the ground. The village was silent and nearly deserted, for most of the inhabitants had been sent away by the Austrian army, which under its commander, Benedek, was spread over all the neighbouring country as far as the Elbe, and was awaiting an attack from the Prussians.

On the threshold of one of these forsaken houses, where they had found a shelter for the night, stood two women in earnest conversation, Nina Lenkhof and her companion, the soldier's wife, Anna Görz. Only three days had passed since they left Nina's peaceful home on the Danube, yet in that short space they had met with hardships and adventures enough for a lifetime.

On arriving at Skalitz on the afternoon of the 30th of June, they found that the army was on the point of marching onwards to Königgratz, and it was only by dint of the most persevering enquiries and patient search, that they obtained the news they had come so far to hear. To Nina's intense relief, she found that the Karl Schubert mentioned in the *Zeitung* newspaper as missing, could not be her Karl, for only the names of the officers had been published, and as for Anna Görz, though she could hear no direct tidings of her husband, yet she learnt that his regiment had suffered scarcely any loss in the late engagement. Cheered by this, the two women resolved to follow the army for the present, Nina thinking that as soon as she could be certain of Karl's well-being, and say one word to him she would return without delay to her friends at the mill. No doubt much of her courage arose from ignorance and inexperience of anything so far removed from her peaceful life, for in after days Nina could never think of this period without a shudder.

Karl and Nina.

Long before daybreak on the morning of the 1st of July, the troops were all in motion, and a kind-hearted officer taking pity on the two desolate young creatures, obtained for them a seat in one of the camp waggons which conveyed some of the wounded Austrian soldiers. From time to time the moon shone out from behind the clouds, and then could be seen distinctly the flickering flames of the bivouac fires in the places which had been occupied by the army, and which spread over a wide extent of country. As the dawn approached the wind increased and blew coldly upon the soldiers, who were exhausted from want of sleep and food. The villages all about the neighbourhood of Skalitz presented a dismal sight, though the invading Prussians had behaved well, and there was no wilful destruction or plundering where the inhabitants remained. Yet the people of a country where a war is carried on, must always suffer; troops must move through the standing corn, cavalry and artillery must trample down the crops; hamlets must be assaulted and defended, and a shell, intended to fall amongst fighting men, must often accidentally set fire to a cottage, from whence the blazing flames will spread, and thus destroy a whole hamlet. Then nothing but starvation was before the wretched inhabitants, who wandered hopelessly amongst the cinders and charred timbers which marked the place where, a few days before, stood their home; for a vast army with its many hundred thousand mouths eats up everything in the country and can spare little for charity.

During the march of that day a sudden thunderstorm came on, and the rain fell heavily for an hour; the road, crowded with waggons and military carriages, was cut into deep ruts, and all progress became very slow and difficult.

The army carried no tents, and at night some of the soldiers were billeted in villages, but most of them slept in the open air. As soon as a regiment arrived at the place where it was to pass the night, the rifles were piled together, and the knapsacks were taken off and laid on the ground beside them. The men quickly lighted their fires and began cooking their rations, and as soon as it became dark each man lay down to sleep wrapped in his cloak, with his knapsack for a pillow, the muffled figures resting as regularly in the bivouac as they stood in the ranks on parade. The officers lay separate in groups of two or three, and in rear of the battalion the horses were picketed.

Late on the evening of the 2nd of July, Benedek's whole army had arrived in front of the fortress of Königgratz, which was at a distance of little more than eighteen miles from Skalitz, taking the best road through Josefstadt. Here the Austrians took up a position between the Elbe and the little river Bistritz, occupying most of the scattered villages over a wide extent of country.

Thus it came to pass that at daybreak on the eventful 3rd of July, Nina and her friend found themselves in the little Bohemian village of Mokrovous, near which was stationed that eighth corps under the Archduke Leopold, in which they both took such intense interest. They had passed a sleepless night, but that was not to be wondered at, for ever since the arrival of the army on the

Karl and Nina.

preceding evening, the whole country in the neighbourhood of Königgratz and Sadowa, had been a scene of busy preparation for the approaching battle. Villages had been barricaded, and batteries had been thrown up in favourable positions for the artillery. All night long, there had been constant moving of troops and heavy guns through the orchards and beaten down crops. The attack of the Prussians came, however, sooner than it was expected. By a rapid march that night from Kammenitz, a village about fourteen miles to the north west, Prince Frederick Charles brought forward his army, and at four o'clock in the morning the Austrian outposts were startled by the sight of a hundred thousand Prussian soldiers springing suddenly into view from the ravine of Milowitz beyond the hill of Dub. From that moment there was no longer any doubt of a great battle taking place that day. Soon after the first appearance of the Prussians, two Austrian officers galloped into the village of Mokrovous, just as Nina and Anna were looking about them, uncertain where to turn their steps for safety.

"What are these women doing here?" exclaimed one of the officers. "This will soon be in the thick of the battle, and strict orders were given that all the villagers should be sent away. It is too late now to find them a place of safety."

"I have thought of a plan," said the other, after a moment's pause. "On yonder hill, close to the Church of Dehalicka, is a small station of Krankenträgers,* and these poor creatures will be quite safe under the protection of that white flag, besides, they may be of use by-and-bye in nursing the wounded."

Most thankfully did Nina and her companion accept this kind offer, and in a short time they found themselves in a kind of field hospital, on rising ground which overlooked the country round, and from thence they could watch the progress of the battle.

The first shot was fired by the Austrian guns soon after seven o'clock, when a detachment of Prussian cavalry had descended the opposite hill. From that time one attack followed another with fearful rapidity; from every orchard and wood, from every village and hamlet, came flashes of fire and whizzing rifle shells, which, as they burst, dealt deadly destruction on all sides. The Prussians, as they advanced from the banks of the river, had to fight every inch of their way, for the Austrian infantry held the bridges and villages, and fired vigorously upon them as they approached.

The air was thick and hazy, the rain came down steadily, besides which the smoke rose in dense columns which nearly hid out the view, so that it was only by the deafening noise of the firing around that Nina knew she must be in the very midst of the fighting. Before noon, she saw that the village of Mokrovous, from which she had so recently escaped, was one mass of flames. By this time the Krankenträgers had begun their work of mercy, and were bringing back from the batteries the wounded men on stretchers. It was a ghastly sight, though the poor fellows themselves were often too much stunned to feel great pain at first.

Tenderly and gently did the two women now give their ready help; under the surgeon's directions they went from one to another,

* Sick bearers; men whose sole duty it was to help the wounded on both sides.

Karl and Nina.

binding up wounds and shrinking from no office however painful and distressing. All was new and strange and terrible to her; and, as Nina thought of it afterwards, she might well wonder at her own nerve and courage; but the true secret of her usefulness in the hour of need was that she utterly forgot self, and devoted her whole energy to relieve the suffering with which she was thus brought face to face. Yet as each wounded soldier was carried in, Nina gave one glance of intense inquiry, for she dreaded to recognise him whom she sought; though even as she turned away with a sigh of relief from the strange faces, the poor girl thought with a bitter pang that her Karl might be beyond her care, lying forsaken amongst the slain.

The long hours of that terrible day passed slowly away, and though the battle raged more and more fiercely, Nina, all absorbed in her labour of love, knew but little of its progress. She only knew that without was a deafening noise, and what seemed to her wild confusion; and within, was pain and suffering, which she could do something to soothe and lessen.

And yet on this eventful battle hung, in a great measure, the fate of the whole campaign. For some hours the result was doubtful; the Prussians were driven back at some points with great loss, and at others were unable to use their formidable needle-guns to full advantage. Shortly after one o'clock, however, the Prussian Guards, by a bold, skilful movement, seized the hill of Chlum, the key of the Austrian position, and thus turned the fortune of the day. As the afternoon advanced, the Austrians were driven from one battery after another, leaving most of their guns behind, and as they retreated, the Prussians rushed on in pursuit. The loss of life was terrible; the ground was covered with dead or wounded Austrians. Till long after nightfall the pursuit went thundering towards the Elbe, until at length the victorious Prussians slowly returned, masters of the field of Königgratz.

At the time when news of the lost battle reached the field hospital on the hill of Dohalicka, Nina Lenkhof was bending in mute agony over one unconscious form, upon which all her thoughts were centred. Shortly before, some Krankenträgers had brought a wounded man on a stretcher, and had been told by the surgeon in authority, that the place was overcrowded, that they could not possibly make room for him, and he must be carried on to the nearest station at Horenowes.

"Then I fear he'll never reach it, poor fellow!" was the answer. "He seems so badly wounded that we doubted about carrying him off the field at all."

In the deepening twilight Nina could only distinguish the white Austrian uniform, but her womanly sympathies were roused, and she pleaded that perhaps they could find room for one more. Her request was reluctantly granted; the wounded man was laid on the ground near the door, and as she helped to raise his head on a pillow, even in the dim light, the poor girl recognised her own Karl. His eyes were closed, the pale face showed but little signs of life, and as the surgeon examined his wounds, he shook his head gravely, while Nina watched him with intense earnestness to read her fate.

Was this to be the end? Had she found him after her weary search only to lose him thus? In that fearful moment, when all her hopes seemed shattered and her life made dark and desolate, she did not cry out in despair, she did not faint, or betray her emotion, but she poured out her soul in fervent prayer that his life might be spared.

And that prayer of faith was heard and answered, though for many an anxious day and weary night, life and death trembled in the balance, and Nina scarcely dared to hope. But at last there came a joyful time when the wounded man was pronounced to be out of danger, saved, as far as human aid could avail, by the incessant, loving care of his devoted nurse. In the hour of prosperity, she did not forget to Whom alone she owed it, and her heart was full of gratitude to the merciful Father, Who had guided her steps and answered her prayer, Who had been her refuge and strength in the time of bitterest need.

We will leave Karl and Nina to their happiness, and add a few words more about one whose earthly lot was far different. Poor Anna Görz, the soldier's wife, could hear no tidings of her husband amongst the wounded, and on the morrow of the battle, unable any longer to endure the suspense, she pursued her weary, heart-rending search through the down-trodden corn-fields, amongst the dying and the dead. Some hours later, the poor woman was found sitting on the freshly turned earth of a new-made grave, at the head of which she had placed a little wooden cross hung with oak branches, sobbing her heart out, with her husband's shattered helmet in her lap.*

With this sad picture we will end, for how can a story be otherwise than mournful in tone when it touches on the horrors of war? Long ere this, most of the outward signs of that fearful battle have disappeared from the field of Königgratz; the ruined hamlets have been in part restored; the broken and castaway arms have been removed, the sun and rain have smoothed down the soldiers' graves, only marked here and there by wooden crosses amongst the waving corn. But long, long will it be ere the memory of that fatal day is effaced from the hearts of thousands of mourners, who can never forget the vacant place in many an Austrian home.

May the day not be far distant, when, with a nobler ambition, men shall seek rather to cultivate the arts of peace, and promote the good of their fellow men, instead of inventing more murderous implements of war, and slaying their tens of thousands upon the battle field.†

Jassy.



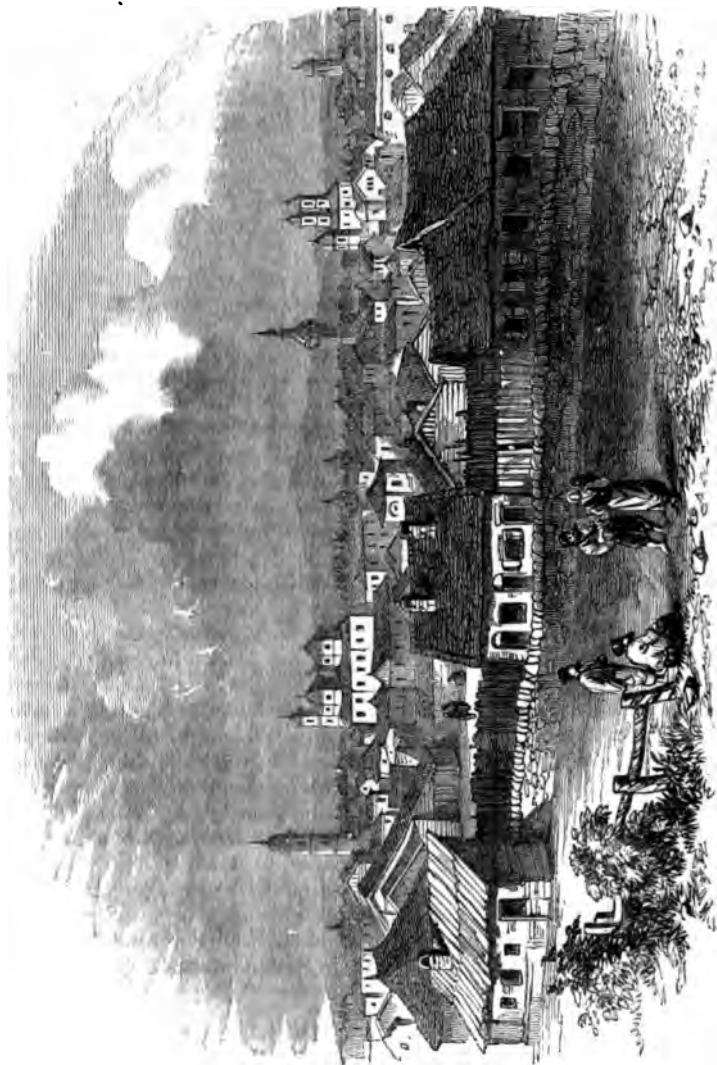
ASSY, or Yassy, is a small town of European Turkey, in the province of Moldavia. It is the residence of the Hospodar, or Prince, and also the See of a Greek Archbishop. It had formerly about 80,000 inhabitants; but in 1772 it was ravaged by the plague, and in 1822 was

* A true incident of the battle field of Königgratz, related by an eye witness.

† The Austrian loss on the day of Königgratz was computed at forty thousand; that of the Prussians at ten thousand.

Jassy.

nearly destroyed by fire. Its trade and prosperity are now reviving ; and the town, with its white houses and glittering spires, and spreading suburbs, situated partly on an eminence and partly in a pleasant



valley, has a promising appearance at a distance ; but a closer inspection disappoints the traveller.

The principal streets are paved or boarded with logs, the houses are irregularly built, and few of them have a second story. The place is most unhealthy from the neglect of cleanliness and from defective drainage.

The ecclesiastical edifices are large and numerous.

An Earnest Farmer.

The inhabitants are chiefly members of the Greek Church, though there are some Roman Catholics, and above a third of the population are Jews, who have 200 synagogues in Jassy.

A traveller gives an interesting account of the observance of the Day of Atonement by the modern Jews, as he saw it in Jassy:—

“About six in the evening we went to two of the largest Synagogues to see the ceremonies of the Day of Atonement concluded. When the sun is setting the Jews pray for the last time, and their crying out is intense, far beyond all their previous supplications; for if they do not obtain pardon of their sins before the stars appear, they believe that they have no hope of obtaining forgiveness for that year.

“When about to utter their last prayer a trumpet was sounded like that of the New Year, but only one blast. Then all was over! and forth they came to the light of the risen moon, pouring like a stream from the Synagogue. They stood in groups, all turning their faces toward the moon; for they believe that the spots in the moon are the *Shecinah*. Each group had a lighted candle, to enable one of their number to read the prayer addressed to *the Shecinah in the moon*. Some held up their hands, others roared aloud, and all showed by their gestures the intense feeling of their heart.

“It was a grotesque scene, to stand amid such a company, each in his high fur-cap, the *tallith** round his shoulders, and, generally, his beard flowing over the book he was reading. As we looked upon the crowds of worshippers that filled the spacious court of the Synagogue, and saw their white eyes ever and anon turned up toward the bright moon, we were reminded of the days when the fathers of these singular people forsook the worship of Jehovah and served Baal and Ashteroth and ‘made cakes to the queen of heaven’ (Judges ii. 13; Jeremiah vii. 18).

“This service being done they appeared as if relieved from the pressure of an overwhelming load, for they had fasted and prayed for twenty-four hours, and they now dispersed in all directions. Many went homewards singing with great glee in the open streets, and shouting aloud to each other ‘Peace to thee, and peace to thee.’ This is said to be done because their sins are now forgiven. How little they know of pardon, obtained by God’s method of justification, which would sanctify and draw the sinner’s heart to Him, instead of making it folly. ‘There is forgiveness with thee that *thou mayest be feared*.’ It is not unusual for these Jews to meet the same night in their Synagogue and be merry together, and we soon after saw several public houses open, at whose door we could look in, and there were Jews sitting together drinking *rakee*, and singing merrily. Thus ended the Day of Atonement. Alas! how changed from the solemn day when the high priest entered into the holiest of all! During the whole ceremony we observed that the people of the town never interrupted them in any manner.”

An Earnest Farmer.



OME forty years ago there dwelt in the village of Longtown, in the county of Hereford, a farmer of the name of Powell. It was a time when the Church of God in this land had not yet awoken to her great mission, and, asleep herself, she allowed God’s poor to slumber too.

So it happened that at Longtown there was neither pastor nor church; and men lived and died as if there was no God, no eternal and unseen world, no spiritual kingdom. But Mr. Powell was a sincere believer and an earnest Christian man. So, when he came to his new farm in this neglected spot, his soul was stirred within

* A white woollen shawl striped with blue at the edges and having white fringes at the four corners, which the Jews wear over their head during prayer, while they hold the fringes in their hands and frequently kiss them in obedience to the commandment — “Speak unto the children of Israel and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments” (Numbers xv. 38).

An Earnest Farmer.

him with a holy grief, as he saw the people living like heathen, and wholly given to covetousness. He at once determined to do his utmost to bring to this forsaken village the means of grace and the hope of glory. He put himself in communication with the Bishop of the Diocese, twice walking a distance of forty miles on purpose to see him. He started a subscription-list for a church, heading it with a very large sum, for him; a sum, in fact, representing three years' profit of his farm. Then by his untiring zeal, through his strong and urgent representations, such as even the most heedless were unable to resist, he succeeded in raising enough to build a church. The work was commenced, and there arose the walls of a little Bethel—a House of God—where never House of God had been before. Rude and plain was the architecture, but it was all they could afford; and it was enough.

At length the day long looked forward to by this noble-hearted farmer, the day of the consecration of his church, dawned on the village of Longtown. Powell rose at daybreak—rose with a joyful heart, as of one whom the Lord had prospered. Forth he set, and far he walked over the mountains by a pathless way to a distant village. There he called at the house of a stone-cutter.

"Morgan," he said, looking in at the door, "is the cross ready?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it is ready; but I'm afeared you'll find it heavy to carry so far."

And he gave it to him. It was a plain stone cross, which the stone-cutter had wished to give as a present to the new church. Light it certainly was not, but the farmer little heeded its weight. He remembered One who had borne a far heavier cross for him; aye, and for him, too, had hung bleeding there. So he joyfully carried the sacred symbol of redeeming love away over the hills to Longtown, and entering his beloved church, with his own hands he placed it over the Holy Table. Then turning to those who stood by, he said, "Now I shall die happy."

He died within a year of that day, and "died *happy*, doubtless," added our informant; "for the latter end of his life was in keeping with the rest."

His history appears to illustrate in a striking way how much one man, unaided by resources or by opportunities—nay, opposed on all hands, if not by active hostility, yet by the stone wall of dead indifference—can accomplish for the glory of his God, and the extension of Christ's kingdom. It also proves the truth of the words of Holy Scripture, that "the memory of the just is blessed;" for the memory of this righteous man is still revered and cherished in that village, which he was the means of so largely blessing. And still, whenever a new scheme of usefulness is proposed, should the people show a lack of interest in it, or a slowness to forward it, the clergyman needs but to remind them of Mr. Powell, and the mere mention of his name is enough to quicken their zeal. And so the good farmer's memory, like light on the Western sky, continues to cheer and warm the hearts of men; and the remembrance of his faith and goodness provokes to love and to good works. "Being dead, he yet speaketh."

R. L. B.

On the Origin and History of the Bible.

BY DENHAM BOWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY
WIRKSWORTH.

Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Oh, send it forth
O'er all the earth,
To shatter all the might of sin,
The darkened heart to cleanse and win.

Lyra Germanica.



THE stirrings of religious life, which were much more frequent and wide-spread than is commonly supposed during the Early and Middle Ages, were beneficial in more ways than one. These constant revivals yielded fruits of varied kinds. Not the least important by any means was the increase of zeal in spreading abroad amongst the inhabitants of some new country the doctrines of Christianity, or in the somewhat kindred task of translating into some fresh vernacular language the Books of Holy Scripture. 'Who would credit,' exclaims St. Jerome, 'that the barbarous Gothic tongue should seek the truth of the Hebrew; and while the Greek is dozing or quarrelling, the German should be searching out the sayings of the Holy Spirit?' Again, in another letter, speaking of the spread of truth, he says, 'Lo, the Armenian puts away his quiver, the Huns are learning the Psalms, the frosts of Scythia gleam with the warmth of faith, the armies of the Goths carry along with them the tabernacles of the Church!'

Not long after the Latin Version had been sent on its errand by its learned author, there was a cry for the reproduction of its joyous news in other languages and dialects; and most fortunately for the happiness of mankind, there were raised up from time to time men able to satisfy to some extent these yearnings and cravings for the Word of Life.

In our own country, where, as we learn from a remark of King Alfred, 'the ministers of God were earnest both in preaching and in learning,' this desire for Holy Writ in the native tongue was strong and constant; but, as may be imagined, there were at first great difficulties in the way. The mixture of races in this island had brought about such changes in the language, that even, if a willing and competent scholar had undertaken the task of translation, his work would not have been understood by vast numbers of the people. The words quite familiar to the ears of the southern population would have been as an unknown tongue to the inhabitants of Wales and the northern counties. The restless, warlike character of the Saxons, the terrible incursions of the Danes, would greatly hinder the work of translation, and damp even the most ardent desires for the fulfilment of such a task. But even in those dark and terrible days there were those who did not yield to despair—who rather hoped against hope, that ere long the much wished-for treasure would come to their relief. Centuries before, Ulfilas had given to the Goths a translation of Holy Writ in their own tongue; would not some one come forth and give to the Saxons a similar boon?

Origin and History of the English Bible.

The earliest attempt to satisfy the yearnings of our Saxon ancestors which is known to us, is that which was made by a monk of the Abbey of Whitby, whose name was Cædmon, about the year A.D. 680. This holy man spent a great portion of his life in turning into poetry many parts, if not the whole, of the Bible. In these verses the language of Holy Scripture is often translated into Saxon with a near approach to accuracy; but still, as we may suppose, when tied down to compose a poem or sacred hymn in a certain metre, the translation would often hardly be a correct representation of the sacred text. Some faint idea may be formed of the kind of work which Cædmon did from those metrical versions of the Creed and Lord's Prayer, to be found in Prayer-books of a certain age, as for instance—

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

First Metre.

Our Father, who in heaven art,
Thy name be hallowed in each hear.
Thy kingdom come; may we fulfil,
Who dwell on earth, Thy heavenly will.

Still, there was a commencement—a first endeavour to present, in however imperfect a form, the truths of Holy Scripture in the Saxon tongue. In this relic of antiquity we have a witness to the fact that there were some few, at least, in that wild and lawless age, who were striving to enlighten their countrymen by means of God's Word (Psalm cxix. 130).

Some years later a smaller, but more exact work, was undertaken by a religious-minded hermit, whose name was Guthlac, of Crowland. He confined himself to the translation of the Psalms into what is called the Anglo-Saxon language, and so great a repute did this little work obtain, that a copy is supposed to have reached Rome. Indeed, some who are well able to form an opinion on such a matter have gone so far as to assert, from certain indications, that a copy of this Saxon Psalter was one of the many books which Gregory the Great sent to Augustine soon after his arrival in England on his missionary enterprise, A.D. 600. A work of this sort would be of immense use to men who came as strangers, enabling them almost at once to hold intelligible spiritual converse with the people whom they had come to instruct and build up in the knowledge of God.

Early in the eighth century, about the year A.D. 706, Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, a very learned and holy man, devoted himself to the work of translating the Psalms into Anglo-Saxon. Nor is this the only good deed which this saintly scholar performed. There are many reasons for thinking that he did a great share of the work in rendering into the vernacular the whole of the Books of Scripture. Within the present century a copy of a Saxon Bible has been found in the Imperial Library at Paris, which in all probability was written about the time when Aldhelm lived; and from sundry identifying notes, there is every reason to conclude that he helped to produce that translation.

A translation of the Holy Gospels into Saxon was made by

Origin and History of the English Bible.

Egbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died about the year A.D. 721. A few years later, the Venerable Bede, the Church historian, in the closing days of his life, spent a portion of his time in translating into his native tongue the Gospel according to St. John. The letter in which St. Cuthbert, his young assistant, describes the completion of this last labour of his aged friend and master, on



[KING ALFRED TRANSLATING THE SCRIPTURES.]

Ascension Day, May 26, 735, is one of the most touching and pathetic anecdotes of Church history. Bede is represented as spending his dying breath in dictating to his scribe the words of the last chapter of St. John, which he was anxious to complete before his decease. The labours, great as they were, which Bede had borne on behalf of his well-loved Church, were not sufficient if he could not furnish some small portion of God's truth in his native tongue for the comfort and instruction of his countrymen. It is stated that Bede, at an earlier period of his life, had translated the Lord's Prayer and the Psalms into Saxon; but as neither

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a century after his nativity) once turned round, and in a dry but rather sour, husky voice announced, after singing two lines of a hymn, "*I shan't go on if nobody don't foller.*" It was a very great improvement upon this, and showed what, even under great disadvantage, a good minister can accomplish.

But I must just tell one other choir experience. It occurred in my first curacy. We held Divine service in a spacious old barn, and a grand service it was. The barn was well furnished with forms, and was always well filled with people, who sang the hymns and chanted other parts of the service with heartiness. If you ask why it was so hearty, I can tell you. The sittings were all free, and the people were close up to one another. "The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith." Good Farmer Blank stood forth close to me with his right hand in his pocket, his book in his left hand, and 'led;' but with what tremendous force did the 'young men and maidens, old men and children' then unite to 'praise the name of the Lord!' It does me good to think upon it now. Well, the barn, as I have said, was often crammed, so that the verger and others were obliged to stand outside, and one night we had strange discord. The service ended, one of the choir men came forward to account for this. It will be understood that in this case 'the players on instruments' as well as 'singers,' are included amongst choir men. "Sir," said he most respectfully, "we could not do so well to-night, there was so many folk, that my trombone could not go out its full length!" Thus the mystery was solved! Don't let my choir-friends be amazed when they are informed that our instruments (all voluntary) consisted of flute, fife, clarinet, violin, two violincellos, and two trombones. All these in a barn which would barely hold 300 people when packed so as to resist the due development of one trombone, were pretty well for noise.

But the reader will see there was heart in all this. Here alone was its charm. The men loved to come. The good old farmer loved to sing, and the people loved to follow with their voices.

We have wonderfully improved our choral arrangements since that epoch, but if we have only the same amount of true heartiness we may be thankful.

Having had not a little experience with choirs, and never having had a quarrel with any of them, I may claim to offer a word or two of counsel. I have had choirs in which women took part, and choirs whence they were excluded. Women have beautiful voices, and are much used for singing in Roman Catholic meeting houses; but while I think they ought fully to participate in singing the praises of God in the 'great congregation,' they can do this quite as effectually as a part of the congregation as though they were part of the choir, and there are obvious objections to women forming a part of a choir, which objections most people have long since recognised, and have acted upon, where it has been possible to manage otherwise, which perhaps is not everywhere the case.

1. Choirs should do all they can to promote congregational singing. The intention of the Christian Church is that "all creatures that on earth do dwell" should "sing to the Lord with

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cheerful voice." A choir which desires, or endeavours to retain the singing to itself, defeats the whole intention of the church.

2. Choirs should do everything in their power to promote thorough reverence and devotion. The congregation reasonably look to the choir to lead, and therefore, if they lead badly, they will be followed and imitated in the badness, just as, if they lead well, there is hope that their good leading will be followed. Nothing can be worse than for those who lead the Praises of God in God's house, to lead very badly by their example in other particulars. Choirs may sometimes be seen, who appear to consider that they are at full liberty, between the times of singing, to be talking, or whispering, or arranging matters just as though they had nothing at all to do with hearing God's word, or with praying unto Him. And so also, when assembled in the vestry, or when coming to church, and on leaving church, one has sometimes known instances of irreverence and thoughtlessness which are distressing.

Such instances do great harm. They bring injury upon religion, and throw a scandal upon choristers and choirmen. I am bound to state, as a matter of observation, that the clothing of choirmen and choir boys in surplices has a beneficial result in these particulars. I am not so silly as to suppose that putting a surplice over anybody changes his heart: but I am confident the dressing of the little phalanx in comely and similar vestments exerts an useful influence upon the feelings and conduct of the singers. I say this after a good opportunity of witnessing the results, both of having a surpliced choir, and a choir unsurpliced.

3. Choirmen, and choristers if old enough, should be communicants, should be, in fact, religious men and religious youths.

Let them only consider what their employment is, and they will feel the force of my observation. Their privilege and duty are, to lead a congregation of persons who are "called to be saints," in their endeavour to sing the praises of their God and Father, through Jesus Christ His Son, their Lord. What ought such persons to be as to their character? Men and youths who take sacred words upon their lips should be at all times very careful of their conversation, but out of the same mouth, blessing and cursing assuredly ought never to proceed. Let my young friends, the choristers, think of this when, with all propriety, they are busy with their marbles, or playing in the cricket field. "Neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient," No, they are woefully injurious, and certainly unbecoming a Christian, or a chorister.

4. Choristers and choirmen should be very real and true-hearted. There is nothing which hardens the heart more than the custom of being engaged in and about sacred things if the heart is not truly and really engaged in the work. To preach and otherwise minister in holy things, or to be engaged often in singing the praises of God, fearfully deadens and injures the heart of anyone who uses them without thought or meaning.

5. Choristers and choirmen should also keep the aim and object well before them for which they are engaged. It is to lead others

Short Sermon.

the widow may bring her mite. We meet to worship, to *offer*, not merely to *receive*, and our offering should include that we have, as well as that we are. Who so poor but that he could spare a penny or half-penny, week by week, to offer at each service on Sundays? and our worship is not complete, be sure, unless it be that of spirit, soul, body, and substance.

Let us look for one moment at the Holy Communion, the highest act of the Church's worship. What is our object in this service? Is it merely to receive the grace, the blessing, which, indeed, is sure for the penitent and faithful receiver? Not only this, nor chiefly this. It is our highest act of *worship*. It is the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. The spirit is prostrate before God at the contemplation of those Holy Mysteries; the heart is kindled and lifted up to God by the contemplation of the exceeding great love of our Master and only Saviour; the body reverently bends in adoration of the present God. Then at the hands of the priest an offering is made of your substance; with deep reverence he presents to God the oblations, the bread and wine provided by the people, also their alms, and other devotions. Thus the act of worship is complete; spirit, soul, body, substance, have alike their share; and God's fire of acceptance falls upon the sacrifice.

There is much more to say, but no space to say more. With one or two naturally suggested thoughts I end.

This true explanation of the object of our meeting in God's house, gives the clearest condemnation of those who absent themselves from it. 'I can read my Bible at home.' This might be something of an answer if we be but '*hearers*;' none, if we be '*worshippers*.'

Then the thought arises of the honour of being allowed to honour God—not only to come before Him as supplicants, but as worshippers. It is surely well, so far as we may here, to raise ourselves to the *angelic* standard.

Further, a proper understanding of this matter, avoids loss to ourselves. To realise that our whole *being* and *having* is invited to share in worship is a valuable aid to earnestness in it. For our own sake, therefore, be we reverent; but yet this is not the highest way of considering this matter. A misunderstanding concerning it, involves (I speak as a man) a certain loss to God. God can be robbed. He tells us so; and He is pleased to desire and to value human as well as angelic worship. 'Creation's Chorus' is not complete without it. For God's sake, then, and that His full honour may be rendered to Him, devote all that you are, and all that you have, to His worship. Bring an offering, and come before Him; an offering out of all—mind-service, heart-service, body-service, substance. This offering of the first-fruits shall then consecrate the mind, and, indirectly, work and recreation shall become worship. The mind's toil, the heart's affections, the body's employments, the whole substance—whatsoever we do shall be done, whatsoever we have shall be possessed, to the glory of God.

Our direct worship shall be the smoke of the incense; but our whole life shall be, as it were, a compound of sweet spices.



“MY ATTENTION WAS ARRESTED BY A MAN WALKING UP AND DOWN
IN A PERTURBED MANNER.”

"No Sweet English Service."

BY T. HENRY JONES, M.A., CONFRATER OF WYGGESTON'S HOSPITAL,
LEICESTER.



THAD occasion, a few years ago, to accompany a beloved sister from England to Marseilles, where she had to catch the steamer for Constantinople. I remember that a tremendous storm broke over the Kentish coast the night before we started. A warning telegram had been received from Admiral Fitzroy, at the Folkestone Harbour, and precautions had been taken: but the hurricane and its effects come back very vividly at this moment to my mind, for some poor fishermen who neglected the warning went out and were lost. The sun broke out brilliantly next morning, but our passage was rather rough, for the sea was still agitated, and chafed angrily in the narrow Channel. We passed some days in Paris, and then left that attractive city by an express, which, leaving late in the evening, ran the entire distance without stopping, except at Lyons for a few minutes, that we might take a hurried breakfast.

I will not attempt any description of the lovely country through which we passed after leaving Lyons. It was not until the afternoon that we suddenly emerged from a long dark tunnel, and the striking and majestic view burst upon us of the grand expanse of ocean, of that intense deep blue so often admired by travellers, and studded all over with the picturesque latteen sails of the Mediterranean. We arrived just in time at the noble harbour of Marseilles; and after watching the gallant vessel as she went on her way to Turkey, with my sister on board, until she became a mere speck on the horizon,—I hastened to telegraph to Constantinople that she had started, and then I wandered about the quays of the great and busy sea-port, amused by the stir and bustle of the scene, with its variety of costume and of language—Greek, Turkish, Algerian, and Italian.

I remember that I tried in the evening to get a passage on board a vessel bound for the coast of Italy; but not succeeding, I returned to 'mine inn;' and the heat being excessive, for even the night brought no coolness, I opened my bed-room window hoping to catch a refreshing breeze from the sea, when a cloud of mosquitoes, attracted by the light, fifted in and made me their instant prey, robbing me of sleep or rest until the morning dawned.

The day following was Sunday, but not one of our peaceful English Sundays, when the multitude who keep holy day may be seen bending their steps

"Towards spire and tower, from shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day."

I wended my way towards a house in the *Rue Sylvabelle*, where as I had been informed, Divine Service was offered in the English tongue. As I approached the porch, I saw a notice affixed; and drawing nearer read an intimation that owing to some accident to the building there would be no Service that day. I was turning away rather sorrowfully, for 'the Lord's Song' is especially needed and dear 'in a strange land'—when my attention was suddenly arrested by the figure of a man walking up and down in a perturbed manner, and his agitated, broken exclamations caught

· “*No Sweet English Service.*”

my ear. “Fourteen years,” I heard him say, “and no Service, no sweet English Service! Fourteen years away, and now no English Service!”

He continued repeating these words again and again. I hesitated whether to address him, when he stood still for a moment, and, turning to me, exclaimed in a troubled voice—“No English Service! no sweet English Service! This crowns my misfortunes this robs me of my last hope. So many thousands of roubles lost,—and now no English Service!” He did not wait for an answer, but continued to pace up and down, wringing his hands in despair.

He was respectably dressed, apparently in about the middle class of life, and from his manner and general appearance I set him down as an Englishman who must have been many years abroad. I said, “I am sorry, too, very sorry, that there is no English Service. It is a great disappointment; but we can go to the Lord of the House, though we cannot go to the House of the Lord.” “Yes,” he answered, bitterly, “but *I* have never heard the sweet English Service for fourteen years!” He spoke in a voice that seemed to weep, though he was denied the comfort of tears. “Fourteen years’ exile! Thousands of roubles utterly lost!—*God has forsaken me!*—I have had no sleep for a long time,—I have been in such misery. My property is gone, and now Religion leaves me too! I came here by ship last night; and oh! how I had counted on the comfort of the sweet English Service!”

I watched him narrowly. I saw in him the tokens not only of mental distress, but bodily exhaustion. There was the pale, drawn, haggard face, with the dull eye and unnaturally contracted pupil—that sure mark of nervous suffering from long anxiety. His distress excited my deepest sympathy, and seemed to call urgently for my immediate aid. It needed not he should tell me, as he did, that he had been sleepless for weeks. I saw it all, saw how such a case neglected might run even into insanity, and I felt rather than thought how a word of sympathy, and encouragement might reach his heart and comfort his wounded spirit.

I always loved the character of Barnabas, and would rather have borne his name than that of any other of the apostolic band. He was called the ‘Son of Consolation.’ I longed now for that same power to soothe the grief-stricken man before me; and I expressed my great sympathy for him as he walked on by my side. Bit by bit, he told me his story. I wish I could recall the touching words in which he told it, mingled with ejaculations that he was lost, that no hope was left for him, and that to die was better than to live.

After all, the pith of it was very simple.—A fourteen-years’ residence in Russia,—a share in some mills,—the bankruptcy of a partner, and the break-down of the affair at the end of fourteen years;—his despairing efforts to get righted,—his departure from Russia after utter and repeated failure, with barely £150 in English money, saved from the wreck of his property:—and *then* this fervent desire suddenly awakened to seek after God in the accents of that holy English Liturgy in which as a child he had been taught to utter his first prayers to the Almighty.

“No Sweet English Service.”

And then underlying all this story of his outer life was the soul's history. Without a friend, without God's Minister, without a Church, going on for fourteen years unreprieved, unchecked; money becoming more and more dear to him; his something gradually becoming his everything; the sweet English Service less and less missed:—the recollection of what once comforted him only added now to the bitterness of his grief—and there was needed the voice of a friend, or the holy words to which he had listened in early years, to recall to him the thought of God, not as the One who had injured him, but as his only Hope, the only Giver of comfort.

And this I endeavoured to point out to him, when I had heard his story. I told him he might go where there was no Church Service, but that he could not travel to a place where God was not—and that God was Love—Love everywhere—Love always—Love to everyone, and therefore Love to *him*. I spoke of this sleepless love, unseen, unthought of, following him to that far-off land, protecting him, encompassing him, embracing him. He might have forgotten God, but God had not forgotten him. God had remembered His Covenant, though *his* had been neglected and broken: though he might have resisted the inward pleadings of that Love, still God loved him—only His loving-kindness and patience could have borne with that long neglect. He had sent the Good Shepherd to rescue him, to disentangle the briars among which he had fallen; had permitted this trouble to come upon him, to bring him again to the fold.

I cannot recall the language I used, but I told him the old story over again, the glad tidings that he had heard years before in some grey Village Church. I recalled to his memory the Gospel story of Jesus; I preached to him with more earnestness than I have always felt when addressing a congregation. It was not only with sighs and long pent-up tears that he heard me, groans, too, and cries burst from his over-wrought heart.

“You have been sent to me,” he said, “as from heaven. You have saved my reason, my life, my soul. I shall never, never forget this.” With extended arms, he prayed God to bless and keep me. We had concluded our conversation (which lasted some hours) seated on the base of an old fountain. Here we parted, probably never to meet again in this world. I left him standing in the attitude of prayer: his uplifted countenance bright, grateful, and happy.

— I quitted Marseilles the following day, with a blessed feeling that I had been detained there, not accidentally, but by the good providence of God, to undo one of Satan's bonds, and to draw a man out of a pit on the Sabbath Day.



On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1350—1430.



UNDRY attempts were made in the Middle Ages to satisfy the constant yearnings of religious people to possess the Holy Scriptures in their native tongue. It is pleasant to be able to trace in successive centuries the gradual and steady progress made towards supplying the much felt need; and to watch the labourers whom God raised up continually delivering their contributions to the safe custody of the church, for the use of its many members.



JOHN WYCLIFFE.

In a remote village of Yorkshire there was born in the year A.D. 1324 one of those men of renown, who ever and anon come into the world in the most singularly quiet and unobtrusive manner to do a work which makes their names famous for the rest of time: one of those heroes whose deeds are of inestimable benefit to each succeeding generation of his countrymen. John Wycliffe, born at Wye Cliffe, on the banks of the Tees, near Richmond, in the year A.D. 1324, died 1384, and thus lived in the stormy period of the reigns of Edward III and Richard II. Moved by the sights which he constantly witnessed, Wycliffe considered that his lot was cast in those times when there was to be a literal fulfilment of the vision unfolded to St. John. Full of zeal, and with a con-

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siderable degree of learning, this devoted man spent much of his time in writing forcible and stirring books against the evils, and crimes, and follies of his age.

It may be that, at length, feeling convinced that no words of his could pierce the heart, or rouse the conscience like the very utterances of God, Wycliffe determined to translate into his mother tongue some part, at least, of Holy Scripture.

Constant use, and patient study, had made him most familiar with the book of Revelation; and, as a natural consequence, that difficult portion of Holy Scripture was the first which he translated into English. Himself subdued and awed by the wonderful statements of that special book, he gave his mind to the task of turning its glorious promises and fearful threatenings into a language which could be understood by even common folk.

Notwithstanding the wear of time, and the bitter enmity shown towards the translated Scriptures, many copies of this earliest work of Wycliffe's are preserved in various parts of the country, some of earlier, some of rather later date, as if the translator, in each fresh copy he made from his Latin Bible, saw some sentences which wider reading and longer experience in the work enabled him to improve. Many of the errors found in the earlier manuscripts are entirely removed in the later; indeed, the care and anxiety to furnish to the reader the most accurate form of God's message are manifest in every page.

This instalment of Wycliffe's work seems to have so whetted the appetite of such as could obtain it, that other books of Holy Scripture were soon eagerly sought for at his hands; and he was entreated to give to anxious readers a further contribution towards a complete Bible in the English tongue. In a short time these urgent requests were rewarded; for about the year A.D. 1380, Wycliffe completed and circulated copies of the Holy Gospels, with the further advantage of a commentary upon them; a commentary chiefly made up of extracts from early Christian writers, with a few brief notes of his own, 'so that pore Cristen men may some dele know the text of the Gospel, with the comyn sentence of old holie doctores.'

This was an immense advance in the coming work, and soon had a visible effect on those who were able to read it. The delight of the translator may be judged from his remark 'One comfort is of knyghtes; they savenen much the Gospelle, and have wille to rede in Englesche the Gospelle of Christe's life.'

But more was yet to come from the same pen. Encouraged by the reception given to the Apocalypse and the Gospels with commentary, Wycliffe follows up these instalments with a still more important addition to sacred knowledge; a translation of the whole of the books of the New Testament. The Gospel-Doctor, as Wycliffe was scornfully called, knowing of no surer way to enlighten the minds of his ignorant countrymen than by setting before them in all its simple beauty the Word of God in a language which they could understand, rested not till he had given them the whole of the counsel of God contained in the New Testament. With all the ardour and diligence which earnest belief can inspire,

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he gave himself up to the work of rendering into the most homely and forcible language, those precepts which the Lord Jesus and His Apostles had delivered for the instruction of their disciples. This complete New Testament was given to the world about A.D. 1381.

Even now, this untiring benefactor was not content. This work of his, great as it was, and dangerous, considering the increasing opposition of the Pope and higher clergy, did not satisfy his mind. There was still a vast mass of Holy Scripture, of which those who could not read their Latin manuscript Bibles were ignorant. Busy himself with constant revisions and improvements of his copies of the New Testament, Wycliffe anxiously seeks for a competent and willing scholar to aid him in his holy enterprise. There was the Old Testament, with all its hard sayings, remaining to be turned into the well-loved language. At length an able and ready helper came to the rescue. Nicholas-de-Hereford consents to devote himself to the long and tedious business; and so patiently did he toil at the work that ere long the whole of what are called the Canonical Books of the Old Testament, with part of the Apocrypha, were done into English. In the midst of a verse (Baruch iii, 20) this important translation of Hereford's is brought to a sudden, and, in point of sense, violent conclusion; the unmeaning break, in all probability, arising from a malicious interference on the part of enemies. Certain it is, that in July, A.D. 1382, Nicholas-de-Hereford having been summoned before his superiors, received sentence of excommunication, and shortly after left England. It is a most extraordinary piece of good fortune to have in one of our rich stores of ancient documents—the Bodleian Library at Oxford—the original manuscript of Nicholas, showing us in this quiet but unmistakeable manner what risks were run and dangers incurred in those times, by pious men, striving to enlighten their countrymen, and spread abroad the knowledge of God's truth.

The remaining books of the Apocrypha did not long remain without a translator. It is generally supposed that Wycliffe himself spent a portion of his time in completing the rest of these histories. But the end was drawing on; these assiduous labours, this constant strain on the mind told on the champion of truth, and on the 31st of December, A.D. 1384, Wycliffe was taken to his rest, having lived to see copies of the translation of the whole of Holy Scripture, with the Apocrypha, in the hands of numerous readers. Unflagging energy, unflinching courage had prevailed, and the people of England once and for ever had a Vernacular Version of God's Holy Word. To Wycliffe must be ascribed the honour of first handing over to his fellow-countrymen the glorious inheritance of the Bible in a tongue which they could understand, thus enabling them, under Divine guidance, to discern what is required of men by their Heavenly Father, and how they must frame and mould their lives as His children by adoption and grace.

An imperfect, and, to some extent, incomplete work, this translation of Wycliffe's must doubtless be admitted to be. Made at a time when the English language was in its very infancy; when the knowledge of Hebrew and Greek was not possessed by even

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the most learned; when most likely there was not a Greek New Testament manuscript in all England, it is a very marvel of accuracy! Making due allowances for these important and weighty points, it is simply wonderful how much of its language survives in our present Authorised Version of Holy Scripture, which was made about 220 years afterwards.



FAC-SIMILE FROM WYCLIFFE'S MANUSCRIPT BIBLE.

Not long after the death of Wycliffe, A.D. 1388, one of his most loyal disciples, who had lived with him, and helped him in his later years to minister to the parishioners of Lutterworth, John Purvey by name, became aware of numerous defects and inaccuracies in his master's work. Trained by Wycliffe himself to seek after perfect accuracy, so far as it could be obtained, this learned and conscientious man set himself to the work of clearing away the more glaring errors and endeavouring to render more intelligible many of the darker sentences of his great predecessor. Uncouth words, rugged verses, and, in some instances, doubtful passages were changed without ceremony, and replaced by others which Purvey considered, in his honest judgment, to be more seemly, appropriate and correct. Singularly enough, we can see exactly where changes were made by Purvey, and judge for ourselves how much he did to render Wycliffe's translation more easily understood by the people. In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, may be seen Purvey's copy of Wycliffe's original translation of the New Testament; and yet more, there is in Purvey's own handwriting a description of the plan which he observed in correcting and improving the original work attached to Wycliffe's manuscript.

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To show how thoroughly honest and independent Purvey was, and how anxious to set forth as God's Word only what upon strictest search and most mature consideration he deemed to be such, it may not be amiss to give here the rules he laid down for himself in carrying out his cherished design. 'First, there was to be a collection of as many old manuscript Latin Bibles as could possibly be obtained; then a gathering of commentaries, of notes and interpretations of learned men of old. Then there was to be a careful comparison of what all these various authorities delivered with what was before him as Wycliffe's work. Again, there was to be a consultation of old grammarians and divines how certain difficult passages had been understood by them; and, at last, with the help of many learned and cunning men, there was to be made from the materials before them as clear and forcible a translation as possible. Some idea of the sort of man Purvey was, and of his qualification for dealing with the text of Holy Scripture, may be formed from these two sentences in his preface, 'A translator hath grate nede to studie well the sentence, both before and after.' 'He hath nede to lyve a clenę life, and be ful devout in preiers, and have not his wit occupied about worldli things, that the Holie Spiryt, Author of all wisidome and cunningge and truth, dress him in his work, and suffer him not to err.'

It would appear that great store was set upon these English manuscript Bibles, as revised by Purvey, for in spite of their condemnation by archbishops, and all the accidents of time and wear, more than one hundred have come down in a fair state of preservation to the present day, some of which have been the property of persons of highest rank, as King Henry VI., Richard III., Henry VII., Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and Bishop Bonner. This corrected translation has been printed at various times, as, for instance, by Lewis, in A.D. 1731, by Baber, in 1810, and by Messrs. Bagster (erroneously as Wycliffe's), in the English Hexapla, A.D. 1841.

These were the more important contributions towards the foundation of an English Bible. There were lesser works of various individuals, whose names have not come down to us, which appeared from time to time, but whose circulation was within a very limited sphere. There were, for example, 'The Harmony of the Gospels,' 'A Compendium of St. Paul's Epistles,' 'An Epitome of the Old Testament,' the Catholic Epistles at full length, and numerous other smaller works of the same kind, the manuscripts of which, at present, are very rare. There can be no mistake in our thinking that the time was now fully come when the English people desired with an intense longing the truths of God in their native tongue; a desire which was rather bluntly expressed by John of Gaunt, 'We will not be the dregs of all, seeing other nations have the law of God, which is the law of our faith, written in their own language.'

It is to be hoped that in thus striving to convey a knowledge of the steps which have been taken in succeeding generations to secure the manifest advantage of possessing a Bible in our own native tongue, the necessary details will not become wearisome.

Rose Hardy's Home.

A knowledge, minute and particular it is, which alone will enable us to esteem, as we ought, those godly men who, at infinite pains and self-sacrifice, have gladly struggled on and spent their lives in this work of translation. If a thought should cross the mind that perhaps in these days there is rather too keen a desire to learn precisely the very point of time when each of these various stages of the great work has been performed, and in what circumstances, let it be answered by the assurance that when truth is honestly sought, the seeking is not wrong, the seekers will not go unrewarded. The days are past—let us hope for ever—when 'if a man speak, surely he shall be swallowed up.' (Job xxxvii. 20). Brighter times are ours, when even with gratitude we can observe the earnestness which is exhibited in sifting truth from fiction, and when we can acknowledge, without fear or shame, that through the labours of these manifold workers we are permitted to see words which we reverence in some new light, under some fresh and more instructive aspect.

Rose Hardy's Home.

CHAPTER I.

“**W**ELL! this is Christmas weather sure enough,” Farmer Hawthorne said, as he entered his house one snowy Christmas morning, “and a fine Christmas fire you’ve got, old lady,” he added, as he stretched out his hands to the glowing heap of logs piled up in the old fire-place. The snow was deep outside, and there were long icicles on the overhanging eaves and on the bare rose branches, but inside all looked snug and warm in the light of the fire which glittered on the breakfast things spread on the table, and on the little corner cupboard which was Mrs. Hawthorne’s special pride, for there stood some china that had been her mother’s and her grandmother’s before her.

Forty-five Christmases had Master Hawthorne seen in that old farm-house, and his wife had passed all her life there, for her father and mother had lived there, and, when she married Hawthorne, he had come there instead of finding a new home. Five-and-forty Christmases had passed since then, some gay and bright, some quiet and sad, but all warm with the strong love between them, which had not grown less with their increasing years, nor feeble with their failing strength. They could recall them all,—the first Christmas after their wedding when the old folk were still alive, and the next when they were gone, but there was a cradle filling the void at the fire-side, and then came Christmases, merry with children’s voices and happy laughter, and there was one Christmas the memory of which was very near Mrs. Hawthorne’s heart, when there was a little coffin upstairs, and the angel of death was their Christmas guest. That was many years ago, and the little children who laughed and played are grown up anxious men and women, with children and homes of their own all

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far away, all but that little one who is a baby still, as she was forty years ago, and lies in Hinton churchyard. They are lonely old people now, and have had many a quiet Christmas alone together, and they are quite content as long as they are together.

People seeing Hinton Mill in summer time would say, "what a pretty old place," and so indeed it looked, as you stood on the bridge of planks across the Maddon and saw it before you. It had once been a mill, for the wheel stood there still, and the old mill buildings, but as long as anyone could remember it had been a farm, and the mill rooms used for store rooms and cattle sheds. These were covered with ivy, and the long low house beside it was nearly covered with vines and roses. From the bridge you could not see the rickyard which lay on the other side, but you could see a neatly kept garden, and between the garden and the bridge and ford was the paddock where the old gray mare used to graze; and past it all ran the river, clear and wide, with willows and tall rushes and blue forget-me-nots clustering on the banks, and white and yellow water-lilies rocking on its breast. Very picturesque, as people said.

"Very miserable and desolate," people said, if they happened to see it in winter, with the paddock and fields round flooded, and the Maddon rushing by a swollen and muddy torrent, with the willows standing up gaunt and black in it, and the bare branches tossing in the wind. Lonely enough it was, for the village lay nearly a mile the other side of the river, and the winding lane, so pretty and shady in summer, was often almost impassable in the winter, but it never seemed dreary or melancholy to the old couple, for it was their home, and they loved it, and, "after all," the old man would say, "a blazing fire will keep off cold and damp, and as for company, me and my old woman don't want better company than one another, eh, missus?"

This Christmas, however, they had other company, for a nephew of Master Hawthorne's and his wife and baby had come down to keep Christmas at the mill, and there they were all sitting together at their breakfast, with the baby asleep in its cot by the fire.

After the meal was over, the old farmer went out to see to his beasts. "Come, Tom," said he, "come and lend a hand with the pigs, for I told Partridge he needn't come down this morning." When the men came in again, the sound of the church bells came in with them.

"You'll not be thinking of church, old lady," said Hawthorne, "the snow is powerful deep in the lane, and we shall have some more afore long, so you and Marianne had best bide at home and take care of the baby and the dinner, and Tom and me will get to church as best we can."

So the two men set off across the paddock in the snow, and the wives watched them off and then sat down to read the Service together. They were neither of them very good scholars, but the old lady knew it pretty well by heart, and they felt the glad tidings of great joy, which came first to the poor shepherds, as well as cleverer, better-educated people might have done, for there were tears in Mrs. Hawthorne's kind old eyes, as

she closed the book, and said, "Dear heart! but it's terrible good, and just to think as there was no room in the inn;" and the younger woman looked across to her baby sleeping so warm, and sighed to think of that Mother so long ago who had only a stable to shelter her baby, and He, the great God himself.

"Heaven help them as has no shelter to-day," she said.

Mrs. Hawthorne went to the window and looked across to a cottage just visible between the snowy trees, the only house but the farm on that side of the river. "I wonder how the Hardys are faring to-day. I meant to have stepped across yesterday, but it slipped my memory. Hardy's in gaol. Mr. Markham gave him three months. John was very loath to have him up, just for his wife's sake, poor soul! but he was always thieving first from one and then another, so Master Field came to John and asks if he'd join with him to put a stop to it, and so he got three months; and sure it's no loss to his wife, for he's a bad fellow and drinks more than he earns. But I'd like to know if they've got anything to keep Christmas with to-day."

"Ah! here's Tom and Uncle," said the other, who had joined her at the window, "you'll be nearly perished!" she said, as they came in stamping the snow off their feet.

"Pretty near," the old farmer said, "but I say, Betsy, haven't you got something as I could take round to the Hardy's. I thought of them in church, and I feared as how it might be a cold Christmas with them with that rascally father of theirs in gaol."

"There, now! if Marianne and me wasn't just talking of them, and if you don't mind stepping round, I think as we can find something to send. Here's this bit of cold roast pork and a heap of cold potatoes as will fry up nicely, and we can spare some of them mince pies for the children, poor lambs."

A basket was soon ready, and the farmer filled up all the corners with rosy-cheeked apples, and Mrs. Hawthorne added two little parcels of tea and sugar, which she knew would gladden Mrs. Hardy's heart as much as anything. This basket the old farmer took on his arm and set off bravely through the snow which was now falling fast. He was gone some time, and Mrs. Hawthorne was beginning to look anxiously at the goose, and hope that the master would be in soon, when the door opened and they heard his cheery voice calling out, "Well! missus, here I be, and I've brought a guest to eat our Christmas dinner with us," and then he came into the room leading by the hand a little girl.

She was a child about ten; her ragged bonnet had fallen back, and the snow lay on her hair, which hung loosely round her neck.

There was an unchildlike look about the little mouth and great blue eyes, for she had seen sad sights in her short life, such sights as take the brightness out of a child's face and out of her life; a drunken father, an ill-treated, wretched mother, a miserable home; and she had gone hand in hand with cold and hunger and poverty all along the pathway of her childhood, as many little children have to do, God pity them.

"Why, it's little Rose Hardy!" exclaimed Dame Hawthorne.

"Yes, to be sure," the farmer answered; "she's come to keep



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Christmas with us, aren't you, child?" and then he gave her over to the two women, who took her upstairs; and it was quite a different looking little girl that came downstairs, such wonders had soap and warm water, and a comb and an old clean pinafore worked. She was very shy and silent, and kept her eyes fixed on the great blazing fire, but then, as the farmer said, "she's not set eyes on such a fire afore, poor little soul."

When dinner was ready, Rose's chair was drawn close by the farmer's, and you may be sure that he saw that she was well supplied. And the goose was done to a turn, and the pies were the best Mrs. Hawthorne had ever made, at least so the farmer said, and as he had said the same every Christmas for forty-five years, I think they must have been very good indeed.

By the time dinner was done the early dusk was falling, and they all drew their chairs round the fire and sat in the fire-light talking of Christmases long past, and little Rose sat on a stool before the fire, busy with the apples and chesnuts in her lap, till her pale cheeks caught some of the warm glow, which was already melting her poor little chilled heart into love for the kind old farmer and his wife. And the darkness crept on outside as they sat talking by the fire till the Farmer exclaimed, "Why, missus, if it isn't tea-time! and there's the little one fast asleep!" And sure enough the child was asleep, with her head against the old lady's knee, where many a child's head had nestled before. She woke as they looked at her, and gazed round with a frightened, anxious look, but was happy enough a few minutes after, helping to get tea, and trotting about after Mrs. Hawthorne, pleased to be of use.

"And after tea," the farmer said, "you and me, Rosey, must go home." But after tea, when they looked out, they found the snow several feet deep and still falling fast, and not a star to be seen.

"Well, what's to be done?" Master Hawthorne asked, "it would be a pretty job if we missed our way and had a bath in the river. What do you say, missus, can you find her a bed?"

"Yes, to be sure," was the answer, "will you stop, child, and go home to mother to-morrow?"

And for all answer Rose put her hand in the old woman's, and the two went up together, and soon there was a little sleeper in a small, warm bed, and the happiest Christmas-day Rose Hardy had ever spent was over.

CHAPTER II.

The next day passed, and still Rose was at the farm. Her mother, a pale, sorrow-stricken woman had come to fetch her home the next morning, but the Hawthornes had asked her to leave her with them for a day or two, as she was "a help to the missus, and terrible useful to Marianne and the baby," and Rose looked so warm and well-fed, that the poor mother agreed, and made her way home through the snow with a lighter heart. But the "day or two" passed, and John and Marianne and the baby went back to London, and still little Rose stopped at the mill, growing happier and rosier and more child-like, and making a

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useful little maid to the old couple, who grew to love the sound of her step on the stairs and her voice in the old quiet house.

She had been with them for a month, stopping on for a few days more and more till Christmas was a month past, when one evening, after the child was in bed, the old farmer told his wife a thought that had been in his head for some days.

"Look'ye here now," he said. "Wife, why need the child go home at all? She's happy here, and it's not as though her home was comfortable, and we'll miss her terrible if she goes now."

"Yes, yes," the old woman answered, "that we shall, but we're getting old folks, master, and do you think we can do for her as a mother would?"

"She has a terrible bad home, missus," he answered, "and we can but do our best, and no one can do more."

And so the old couple talked it over and settled it to their satisfaction, and as they went up to bed they went into the child's room, and stood by the bed where she lay, smiling in her sleep. There were tears in the kind old eyes as they looked at her.

"Poor little lamb," Mrs. Hawthorne said, softly, "God keep her from sin and sorrow."

"Amen," the farmer returned, "they shan't come near her if we can help it, and little Rose Hardy's new home shall be a happy one. God bless her."

And so the old mill became Rose Hardy's home, and a very happy one it was to her. Her mother was willing enough to leave her in such kind hands, and as time passed on the old people grew as fond of her as if she had been a child of their own.

"A handy little maid," old Mrs. Hawthorne would say, as Rose bustled about in the morning, cleaning and dusting. "She'll be a neat little sewer in time," she would say, when she put on her spectacles to inspect a row of little, black, uneven stitches that to any less kindly eyes might have appeared unpromising. This was of an afternoon when Rose was sitting by Mrs. Hawthorne's side, when everything was tidy and the kettle was filled for tea. In the evening she did her lessons with the farmer. "Was there ever such a little dunce?" he would say at first, and then he would pat her on the head and bid her never mind and try again. She was not quick with her book, but the old man thought her progress wonderful, and when at last she was able to read a chapter without many spellings or stumblings, the farmer's face was radiant with pride.

But you must not think that Rose was always indoors; her little sunbonnet was constantly to be seen by the farmer's side as he walked through his meadows or inspected his crops.

On Sunday she walked to church by the farmer's side, and I am afraid thought a good deal of her Sunday frock and her hat with a blue ribbon round it, as she sat by his side in the old, narrow, high-backed pew.

When Hardy came out of gaol, he and his family left the cottage by the bridge, and went in search of work to Medington, a town about six miles distant, so it was not often that Rose saw her mother, and only now and then the poor shabby figure would be seen coming across the paddock, baby in arms, having walked the

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dusty six miles just to see how her Rose was doing, and Mrs. Hawthorne would welcome her heartily, and over a cup of tea she would pour out some of her troubles, and ease her overburdened heart a little, and she would go home feeling lighter and happier, and not empty handed either, for Mrs. Hawthorne always found something to send to the children.

CHAPTER III.

More than two years passed away, and Rose was a tall slip of a girl of thirteen, and had grown quite the right hand of Mrs. Hawthorne, who took more and more to her easy chair and her knitting, and left the more active work to Rose, and she did it capitably, only needing a word or two from the old woman now and then, to set her right.

Master Hawthorne was as active as ever, and was about his farm and seeing after his men from morning till night, but his wife had grown more feeble in those two years, and could not even get to church on fine Sundays, unless the farmer harnessed the gray mare into the gig and drove her there, and this they were both loath to do, as they liked the poor beasts to enjoy the day of rest as well as themselves.

One April morning, as the three sat over their early breakfast, Mrs. Hawthorne said, "Master, I think Rose and me would like a treat to-day, and I was thinking, if you weren't wanting the mare, as we'd drive into Medington and take a look at the shops."

The farmer looked up surprised. "Why, missus," he answered, "this is something new. You're growing young again to wish for a bit of fun. Why you've never been into town this last three years. You can have the mare sure enough, but I never thought you'd take to gadding at your time of life." Mrs. Hawthorne laughed, "Well, master, I don't see why Rose and I shouldn't have our gadding as well as anyone, so we'll start as soon as dinner's done, and get back to tea."

So, after dinner, the farmer helped his wife into the gig, and Rose jumped up by her side, and they moved slowly off. At first, their way lay through winding lanes. Birds were singing in the spring sunshine, and Rose chattered as gaily as the birds sang, as the mare jogged along. Then they came out on to the London road, and the mare mended her pace, and soon they are rattling over the stones in the streets, and are pulling up at the Marquis of Granby, which the mare knows well as the resting-place.

"And now, Rosey, we'll have a good look at the shops, and then I've a call to make on an old friend of mine."

Mrs. Hawthorne could hardly get Rose away from before a toy-shop, and when they went into the linen-draper's, and she was allowed to choose a new ribbon for her hat, her delight knew no bounds. It was sorely against Rose's will when Mrs. Hawthorne at last turned away from the High Street, and made her way to a quiet street with large houses on each side. She stopped before a door with a plate on it, and Rose read "Doctor Windsor."

"Is he a doctor?" she asked, looking up at Mrs. Hawthorne.

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"Yes, child," was the answer; "I knew him when he was your age. We were great friends then, and now he's grown a big gentleman, and folks say is thought a vast deal of for doctoring."

The man that opened the door showed them into a waiting-room, where two or three people were waiting, and here they remained for half an hour, during which time the other people were called out, one by one, and Mrs. Hawthorne and Rose were left alone. Rose was happy enough, for there was a cage of canaries in one corner, and she was quite content to stand and watch them. At last the servant came in. "Dr. Windsor will see you now, ma'am," and the old lady rose. "Stop here, child," she said, and Rose was left alone. It seemed a long time to her, for she got tired of watching the birds and of looking at the pictures; but after a while the servant returned. "This way, please," he said, and she followed him into another room, where she saw Mrs. Hawthorne talking to a kind looking gentleman.

She was pinning on her shawl, and Rose ran up to her, "Oh, I thought you'd gone without me," she said, and then she was silent suddenly, for she caught a glimpse of her mistress's face, and it reminded her of the look she had seen on it in church when she had peeped up at her sometimes in the prayers.

"This is not one of your own, Mrs. Hawthorne," said the gentleman, patting Rose's cheek. "Where did you get such roses?" he asked, smiling. But Rose could not answer or get over the feeling that she ought to fold her hands and close her eyes, and be ready to say "Amen."

"Well, I am very glad to have seen you," said the doctor to the old lady as she rose to go, "though more sorry than I can tell you, at what brought you here; and remember, if ever you think that I can do you any good, send me word, and I'll be with you as soon as possible. Good bye," he said, "keep a brave heart and God help you."

"God bless you, master George, Good bye."

And then they were in the streets again, and making their way to the Marquis of Granby, and the mare was put in, and they turned their faces homeward. Rose had found her tongue again, and did not notice that her mistress was more than usually silent.

The farmer had set the paddock-gate open for them, so the mare was soon standing before the little wicket. Rose jumped down. "Well," she said, "it's been very pleasant, but I'm a bit tired, and it's well to be home;" and as she helped her mistress down she heard her echo the same words softly, "Yes, it's been very pleasant, but I'm a bit tired, and it's well to be home;" but her words seemed to mean something different from Rose's, and Rose looked quickly up into her face and saw the same look, and again felt the same feeling of awe.

"Here, child, call one of the lads to see to the mare, and make haste, for the master will be wanting his tea." And Rose shook off the strange feeling, and ran off. She could not help taking another look at her ribbon when she was upstairs taking off her hat, and while she had it spread out before her, Mrs. Hawthorne came in and sat down on the bed.

"There, child," she said, "I'd best tell you, for you must know

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it soon. I thought as I'd something wrong with me, and doctor says as it's what they calls a cancer coming under my arm, and as nothing can be done to save me. It's terrible painful they say, and oh! I'm loath to leave the master."

The ribbon dropped from Rose's hand, and she stood as if rooted to the ground.

"There, child, don't look so scared, it's none so dreadful," and the old lady smiled as she spoke. "I'm an old woman, dear, and sometimes I feel a bit tired, and as if I'd like to lie by. And I've such a many waiting for me over yonder, that I shan't feel strange till the master comes, and that maybe won't be long. Come, Rose, there's the master, be quick." And she went down, leaving Rose standing there. She hardly understood what it meant. Was her old friend going to die? But she said it was nothing dreadful, and death, Rose thought, was something very dreadful. She had seen a funeral once, people all in black clothes and crying, and the black coffin put into the dark, cold grave in the churchyard. No, it couldn't be that, or she would never have smiled and talked in that way, and then there was the master laughing downstairs. And Rose picked up the ribbon and ran downstairs and soon forgot the mystery as she told of all the sights and doings in Medington.

In the evening, when Rose had been busy upstairs for some time and came down, she found a silence in the room, and the old people sitting hand in hand, and she knew Mrs. Hawthorne had been telling the strange news; but though tears stood in the wife's eyes and the master's lips trembled, they were neither looking very sad, for the stream of death, which in youth seems so terribly broad, now seemed narrow, and they could see the other side plainly, where, as the old lady had said, there were many waiting for them, and the parting from each other could not be for long. So they looked beyond the pain and the parting and the dark valley, to the meeting and the joy, and they were comforted.

Thus the old mistress entered on the path of suffering that God in His wisdom had chosen for her, and no one but He who gave it and she who bore it, knew how great that suffering was. Outwardly everything went on as before, but Rose grew to know that when the hot flush rose on the kind old face, the pain was very bad, and when the old lady stole away and locked herself into her own room, it was that the master might not see the suffering that was almost more than the brave heart could bear.

(To be continued.)

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF S. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.
DAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND PUPIL TEACHERS.



CIENCE and machinery have accomplished wonders since we learned A B C, but the art of teaching has outstript everything else. What a change has been wrought through agencies within yonder well-ordered parochial school, whose roofs and gables almost rival the Church itself in their proportions, in contrast with the by no

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means forgotten day when a cleanly old dame of nigh three score years and ten, neatly appalled in blue gown and formidable white cap, and aided by a far more formidable birch, fool's-cap, and penance-stool, assumed the position of teacher to the village, under patronage of the Squire, the smile of the Squire's wife, and the general assistance of the Parson !

And yet, how many admirable scholastic institutions have been mis-managed, badly reformed, and sometimes utterly lost ! How much good is still being done through some of them that remain ! And—marvellous to be spoken—how small, after all, is the return made to the Church and to religion from all our universities, collegiate establishments, public schools, and cathedral corporations put together ! They ought to have produced results far greater and more precious to the Church and to religion than they have.

The canons of the English Church used to require, and indeed still require, that a schoolmaster shall be licensed by the bishop, and that preference be given in choosing a schoolmaster to the curate of the parish, and all schoolmasters were to teach the catechism, and to take care that on holy and festival days their scholars attend to the sermon and be examined therein. Also the scholars are "to be trained up with sentences of Holy Scripture." Very wise suggestions, perhaps rather impracticable for the present times, although indicating the line to be taken again, ere long, if we would save the world from being given over to mere infidelity.

Amidst all our troubles, it is delightful to know that during the last few years has arisen up a noble band of men and women, trained as Church Christians to be true Church Christians in their characters and in their teaching in the Church's day-schools ; and this band will not be easily destroyed.

Our hearty hints to those teachers and pupil teachers are :—

I.—Remember that you have high and holy work to do. You are to teach and train immortals, whose bodies will die and rise again, but who themselves must live for ever. Their future unceasing condition as well as their prosperity here on earth may probably much depend upon the manner in which you discharge your duty as teachers. It is in vain to say that you have to do only with secular teaching, because were this unhappily true, the nature of even that teaching and the way in which it is taught have much to do with the formation of character. The quality of our bread depends upon the quality of the flour, and the flour upon the corn, and the corn upon the tillage. We all know this, and it is the same with teaching. Whatever you teach, teach it as a religious person. You are dealing with immortals, and even if your training were wholly secular, it would affect their condition for ever. *Everything* that affects the mind affects the morals, be it secular or wholly religious.

II.—Do all you do prayerfully, as Christians and as Church-folk. In whatever business we may be engaged, we should act worthily of our high calling as members of Christ's Church.

III.—Do your work thoroughly. Aim at the *how*, rather than at the *how much*. Endeavour to make your scholars master every subject as they proceed.

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IV.—Do all you do from religious motives and in a religious manner. It is my privilege to know teachers, who I believe have become teachers solely from a desire to do good. Such teachers will be sure to do all they do in a religious manner. No forbidding of religion in their school could restrain the quiet influence of their department. Religion cannot be banished (however much desired by some) where the teacher is religious. Religion will have little influence where taught merely as one of the lessons of the day, especially if the teacher at other times cares nothing for it. A religiously-minded person will *always* do good.

V.—Aim at unity of purpose amongst the scholars, their parents, the parish priest and yourself. There cannot easily be rival interests amongst such classes, and there ought not to be.

But let me add a few words for the pupil teachers, whose position has its peculiar advantages and its peculiar difficulties also.

1.—You are both learning, and teaching. You are both teacher and scholar. The characteristics of both learner and teacher ought to be seen in you. You need the docility, the readiness to acquire, and the willingness to be taught, which mark every good scholar; and you need also somewhat of the decision, firmness, and aptness for teaching which mark every good teacher. Seek to possess all these qualifications; and as one most important step towards success herein, seek the grace of true humility.

2.—Be very careful of your morals and manners—these go much together. Some one has said, and truly, that “good manners are good morals.” “Manners makyth man,” was the motto of the famous William of Wykeham (born in 1324, in poverty, but who raised himself to become bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England, and who founded New College in Oxford, and Winchester College), and truly, nothing assists more in the cultivation of morals than really good manners; and nothing secures good manners so much as good morals.

3.—Possibly you are compelled to lodge, during your period of apprenticeship, with persons who are comparatively strangers to you. Wherever you lodge try to secure a quiet home with those who will try to take the place of your parents. Be not anxious to have overmuch liberty; and be very guarded in making acquaintance. “Keep such company as God keeps.”

4.—Be careful how you spend the Lord’s Day. Be diligent in your attendance at Church, and at catechising, and (if confirmed) at the Table of your Lord. Live the life of a decided Christian, with all humility but without wavering.

5.—Gladly secure, if possible, the interest of your parish priest in your welfare, and if unfortunately you have to be away from your home, maintain frank and frequent intercourse by letter with your parents and friends there.

6.—Let your whole behaviour afford a good example to the many young folks who, to some extent, are entrusted to your care.

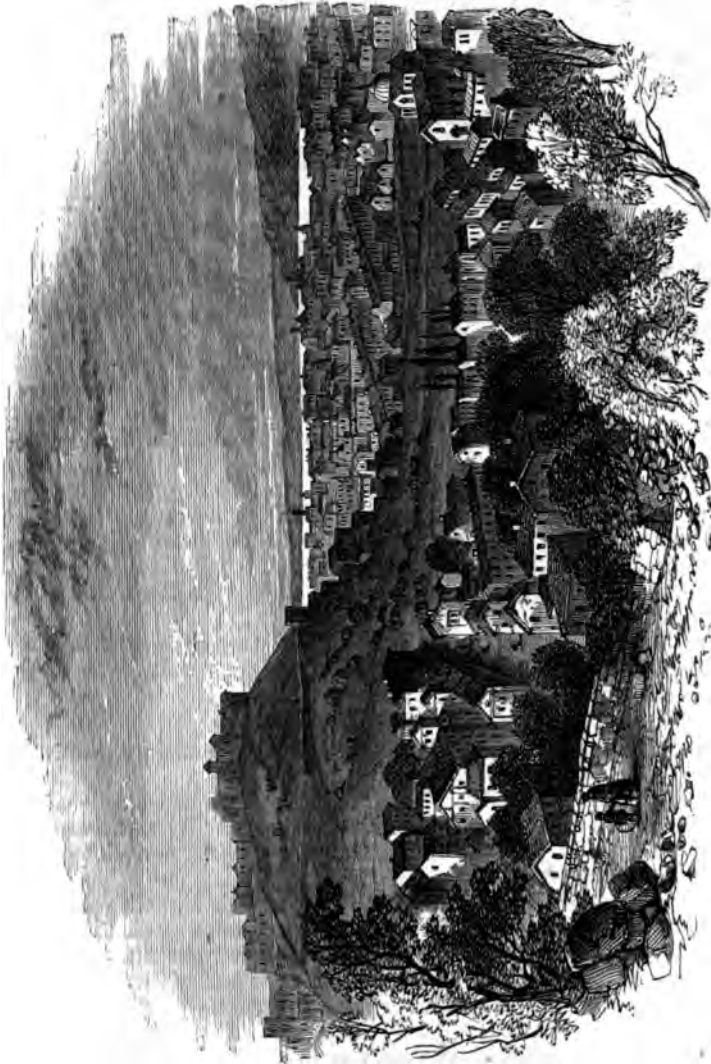
I conclude by saying to all day-school-teachers and pupil-teachers, who may read these hints, be true-hearted Christian Churchmen and Churchwomen, and be not afraid of your principles, for hearty Church principles will endure when all else fails

Berlin.



BERLIN, the capital of the Prussian States, is situate on the Spree, in the middle mark of Brandenburg, and one hundred miles from Dresden, the capital of Saxony.

The circumference of the walls and palisades of Berlin is about eleven English miles, and it is entered through sixteen gateways. Most of the streets are broad and straight, and



the squares regular and spacious. The city owes its chief attractions to the celebrated Frederick II., who, between A.D. 1762 and the time of his death in 1786, spent yearly large sums of money on its improvement. Berlin is distinguished for the external beauty of its many public buildings, not only those devoted to imperial.

political, and commercial uses, but also those which are the centres of religious, benevolent, educational, and scientific effort.

Berlin has a population of about half a million; it has considerable manufactures, and an active commerce, especially in wool.

The city was taken by the Austrians and Russians in 1760, and was occupied by the Emperor Napoleon I. in 1806, after the battle of Jena. On October 21st of that year he entered it, and until the complete failure of the French expedition to Moscow, in 1812, Prussia was forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France.

Short Sermon.

Tears, not all Bitter.

BY WILLIAM KAY, D.D., RECTOR OF GREAT LEIGHS, ESSEX.

Psalm lvi. 8. 'Put my tears into thy bottle.'

1. **W**HEN David came before God, he spoke like a little child opening out its joys and griefs to a loving parent. He laid bare his whole heart to God. He believed that God 'took pleasure in the prosperity of His servant,' and sympathised with him in his sufferings; and so he rejoiced before Him, and mourned before Him, with equal simplicity of faith.

2. The expressions in the text almost startle us by their boldness. —'Put my tears,' he says, 'into Thy bottle;' that is, store them up in a bottle or phial, as men do their choice wines or perfumes. Are human tears, then, cared for by Him whose throne is in heaven? Are they prized and treasured by 'the High and Lofty One, who inhabits eternity'?

If, like David's, they are the produce of 'a contrite and humble spirit,' assuredly they are observed and highly valued by God.* But here we must make an important distinction.

I.

Many tears are of no worth at all spiritually; some are positively bad. Thus—

1. We should not describe an infant's tears as either good or bad, in a moral sense. They invite our pity; they call attention to the wants and cravings of infancy, and bespeak our help; but we do not claim for them any spiritual value.

Much the same may be said of tears which signalise a mere outburst of natural affection. When Orpah wept at parting with Naomi,† her tears were simply the welling over of excited feeling. We should have thought worse of her if she had not wept, but we do not set any high value on her tears.

2. Others, again, are positively bad,—are sinful. For instance—

(a) There is the tear of cowardly unbelief. When the Israelites listened to the 'evil report of the land,' they 'lifted up their voice and wept.'‡ Those tears were bitter in the shedding, and led to very bitter consequences. They cost the people forty years' wandering in the wilderness.

* Isa. lvii. 15; lxvi. 2.

† Ruth i. 9, 14.

‡ Numb. xiii. 1.

Short Sermon.

(b) And there is the tear of wounded pride. When Esau 'lifted up his voice and wept,'* you know how soon those tears were followed by hot, murderous, self-revenge. They were wholly unblest. They belonged to 'the sorrow of the world, which worketh death;' which, if it be not turned out of its course by the grace of God, rolls down into the dark gulf of despair.

II.

But now let us turn to the happier side, and think of tears which 'in the sight of God are of great price.' They are of many kinds:—

1. First, there is the tear of patient meekness; when one who is suffering from injustice or calumny commits himself confidingly to God's care. Such were David's tears, when he 'went up the ascent of Olivet, and wept as he went.' †

In most families there are, I fear, but too many occasions for the exercise of this high virtue. Well, then, if ever you are so tried, pray God that you may not be wanting to your duty as a Christian, and thank Him if, in the moment of temptation, a gentle, loving tear or two rise to your eye. Those are of the kind which He prizes, which He will 'put into His phial;' a richer treasure of fragrance than mountains of frankincense.

2. And there are the tears of repentance,—tears over which the angels rejoice.

Such were those shed by Peter, when the Master, whom he had thrice denied, 'looked on him;' and 'he went out and wept bitterly.' † Bitter tears they were, but yet salutary and medicinal; a tincture of that 'godly sorrow which works repentance unto salvation.'

Such, too, were the tears of her 'that had been a sinner,' who, as Jesus sat at meat, came and 'stood at His feet behind Him, weeping, and began to wash His feet with her tears.' § We are sure that those penitent tears were held precious by Him who pronounced over them the absolving word—'Her sins, which were many, are forgiven her.'

3. Again; there is the tear wept by holy grief over the abounding iniquity of the world, or over the scandals that exist inside the Church.

So the Psalmist ||—'Streams of water run down mine eyes: because men keep not Thy law.'

So Jeremiah ¶—'But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places for your pride.'

So St. Paul **—'Many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.'

How good would it be for us, if there were among us more of that fervent zeal for God's honour, that tender love for men's souls.

4. Then there is the tear of earnest prayer, persevering amidst darkness.

* Gen. xxvii. 38, 41. † 2 Sam. xv. 30. ‡ St. Matt. xxvi. 75. § St. Luke vii. 38.
|| Ps. cxiii. 136. ¶ Jer. xiii. 17. ** Phil. iii. 18.

Short Sermon.

So Jacob, in that night of woeful anxiety, 'wept and made supplication unto the angel,'* who wrestled with him at Peniel.

So our Saviour—in that mysterious agony, when the powers of evil commenced their last assault upon Him—'offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears to Him who was able to save Him from death.'†

Happy they who in His strength have so wrestled and so prevailed.

5. Again; there is the tear of loving sympathy.

Was not that the character of the tears which Jesus shed at the tomb of Lazarus?

Very striking is that history. Our Blessed Lord knew what He Himself meant to do. He knew that before long the lost one would be restored; yet when He saw Mary and her friends weeping, 'Jesus wept;'‡ thereby assuring every group of Christian mourners to the end of time of His ever-ready sympathy, and teaching all His followers to 'weep with them that weep.'

6. These, then, may stand as instances of tears which are blest by God. Only as instances; for I have said nothing about the tear of generous anxiety for another's safety,§ the tear of reconciliation after estrangement, || the tear of struggling faith, ¶ the tear of gratitude,** and others no less precious.

7. All these are happy, sacred, tears; drawn forth from our hard hearts by the power of Him who 'turned the rock into a pool of waters, the flint-stone into a spring of waters.'†† Incomparably better is such weeping than the very best of this world's mirth.

Be not afraid, then, of that which is so highly prized by God Himself.

Remember—

How often the tear of patient meekness has been turned into a lens, through which the sufferer has had glimpses of the crown of eternal glory.

How many times a flood of tears has (through Christ's mercy) been to the penitent as a fresh baptism,—a renewed sealing of the remission of sins,—a restoration of the joy of God's presence.

How the tears of God's faithful servants have prevailed to the conversion of the careless and ungodly.

How the tears of resolute, persevering, supplication have been followed by an eminent degree of Divine blessing.

How the tear of sympathy has fallen like healing balm on the wounds of our suffering humanity.

Remember all this; and, if your appointed line of pilgrimage take you at any time through a 'valley of weeping,' be of good courage. Your Master passed along the way before you, and has sanctified it. Be not afraid; the tears you drop will not be lost. He will bless them; for in His kingdom that old prophecy has been, and is, an established law,—

'THEY WHO SOW IN TEARS SHALL REAP IN JOY.'

* Hos. xii. 4. † Heb. v. 7. ‡ St. John xi. 35. § Acts xxi. 13.
‡ Gen. xlv. 1, 2. ¶ St. Mark ix. 24. ** Acts ix. 39. †† Psa. cxiv. 8.



“Ten a Penny Walnuts!”

“Walnuts, Ten a Penny.”



IMMENSE quantities of nuts of various kinds are imported into England. They are to be found in every poor shop in all large towns, they are to be seen on every street-stall in every country village, at every fair and out-door gathering of the people; indeed, it has been calculated that seven-eighths of the nuts imported into Great Britain are sold in the open air.

The chief supply for English markets comes from Tarragona in Spain, from which place the quantity exported year by year is little short of 8,000 tons. Travellers have described the prattle and laughter of the Spanish girls who gather and sort the nuts in their own country, but this has no parallel amongst the London girls who sell the nuts in the streets; they are mostly of the very poorest class of street traders. One of them said to Mr. Mayhew, when he was making his inquiries about London poor, “It’s the worst living of all on nuts!”

Nut-selling, like orange-selling, is much in the hands of the Irish poor. By the outlay of a single shilling an Irish woman can send out her two or three children with nuts, and still keep some for herself to sell.

The ripe or dry walnuts sold in the streets come principally from Bordeaux. They are sold at public sales in barrels of three bushels each, realising about twenty shillings a barrel, and are then retailed at from eight to twenty a penny; they are sold by all classes of street traders, and yield a few hard-earned but honest pence to many poor boys and girls, who sometimes thus keep their families out of the workhouse; while at other times their parents send them out to sell, and they dare not go home if they have not earned enough to satisfy an idle father or a drunken mother.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON BY WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1430—1536.



THE translations of the Bible into English made by Wycliffe, Nicholas-de-Hereford, and John Purvey, were copied by various friendly hands, and distributed amongst eager purchasers in divers parts of the country. The diligent study of Holy Scripture thus encouraged by having God’s word in a familiar tongue, did much to mature men’s minds for the important changes which were coming upon them in rapid succession. Bitter opposition was offered to the circulation of these manuscript English Bibles; so bitter, indeed, that it was dangerous to possess them; but still all the zeal which opponents could display, was not sufficient to destroy every copy, or tread out the sparks of spiritual life which had been kindled by their perusal.

One great hindrance to the spread of Scripture in the native tongue was, of course, the labour which was required to produce fresh copies by handwriting. Now, however, that element of success was no longer to be lacking. Just at this special period, the art of printing was discovered. First, wood carving, then wood engraving, then impressions obtained by friction from sta-

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tionary types, then moveable wooden types, and eventually metallic types, as clearer in outline and more durable—these were the progressive steps in the perfecting that wonderful art, which more, perhaps, than any other has caused such merciful changes in the world. What strikes us as a most favourable omen in connection with the discovery of printing is this, that the very first complete volume which it supplied to the world was a Latin Bible, called, by way of distinction, “The Mazarin Bible,” whose date is about the year A.D. 1450.

This new handmaid to religious truth was soon called upon to do service to the church. Within a very few years, copies of the Bible were printed in several of the countries of Europe. France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, had received the blessing of a printed Bible in their own languages before the year A.D. 1500. But these translations, welcome as they were amongst faithful and religious people, were of less value than that which was hereafter to be given to England. These foreign translations, like Wycliffe’s, were made from the Latin manuscript Bibles, which, in many instances, were faulty and imperfect. This country had yet to wait with patience. England’s time was not yet come; but in waiting, as we shall find, she had her rich reward.

Another remarkable event (which, when it happened, seemed without one redeeming ray of hope for the Christian world in Europe) must not go unmentioned. In the year A.D. 1453, Constantinople was taken by the Turks. Up to this time, Greek manuscripts of any kind were extremely scarce; and those of Holy Scripture were particularly rare. After the taking of their city by hostile armies, Greek scholars, and those who possessed manuscripts, hastened away from the misery of a foreign rule, to find refuge and quiet in distant lands. Numbers flocked to the various centres of learning in Europe and settled there. Somehow, however, it was years before these manuscripts were made use of. Scholars seem to have shrunk from the task of causing this language to appear in print. The Old Testament Scriptures in Hebrew found editors and printers, and appeared in a complete form at Soncino, A.D. 1488, but the Greek New Testament was less fortunate. There were feeble and isolated endeavours made now and again. In 1486, for instance, there was produced at Vienna, Luke i. 68, 79, The Song of Zacharias. In 1504, the celebrated printer, Aldus, gave to the world the first six chapters of the Gospel according to St. John. It was, however, full seventy years from the discovery of printing (1445—1516) before there appeared in public an entire copy of the Greek New Testament Scriptures.

Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, at length gave his attention to this important and difficult task. As early as 1504, Ximenes had begun to collect manuscripts of the Greek New Testament, and to examine them carefully, and to compare them with the Latin Scriptures. By the aid of many learned helpers, this industrious man was enabled, in the year 1514, to give into the hands of the printers one of the most valuable volumes which has ever issued from the press—a polyglot edition of the entire Bible—that is, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, in several languages,

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arranged in parallel columns. This Bible, which goes by the name of the "Complutensian Edition," contains words and sentences, and even verses—"Readings," as they are technically called—extremely important, taken as they were from manuscripts then under review, but which since have perished. Printed off in 1514—this edition of the Bible could not, for want of authority from Rome, be published till the year 1522, shortly after the death of its learned and competent author. About forty years ago £500 was paid by the authorities of the British Museum for a single copy of this polyglot of Ximenes.

Nearly about the same time, another eminent scholar was giving his mind to the same task. Erasmus, professor of Greek at Cambridge, A.D. 1509—1514, prepared for the press, from a very few manuscripts at his command, an edition of the Greek New Testament, which he published at Basle, in 1516. This work, in many respects worthy of regard, is not, after all, so very important, as it was the result of a comparison of but few manuscripts, and those of recent transcribers. As a justification of this remark, it is a well-known fact, that Erasmus, or Desiderius, as he was called in Latin, had no complete manuscript of the Revelation at hand, and failing in this, he translated from his Latin copies into Greek the parts which were wanting. Before his death, this unwearying divine sent forth four succeeding editions of his work, each more accurate than its predecessor, and a witness that, amidst the most distracting labours and cares, he desired to do his utmost for the Greek text of the New Testament. We can hardly entertain any but the deepest respect for a man who, living in such trying times, could write this sentence—"I would that the husbandman at the plough and the weaver at the loom should sing something from hence."

England's day was now at hand! The Hebrew Old Testament had been published in A.D. 1488. The Greek New Testament was published in A.D. 1516. Hebrew and Greek manuscripts were also to be had. The materials for a translation into English, from the original languages direct, were now within reach. The man equal to the work and willing to undertake it was not long wanting. William Tyndale, born in Gloucestershire, educated at Oxford, and a disciple of Erasmus, at Cambridge, was so fully alive to the need of an English translation of the Scriptures that it was the one desire of his life to supply that need. It was little favour that his design met with, from those whose aid and influence he sought. Tunstall, Bishop of London, to whom he resorted about the year 1522, could afford no shelter for such a worker; and in a very few months, Tyndale discovered that there was no place in all England where he might translate the New Testament. Forced into exile, Tyndale travels to Hamburg in the early part of the year 1524, where he resided for some months; spending his time, as it would appear, in the great work of his life. Soon he gave to the world his translation of St. Matthew's Gospel—then that of St. Mark, which shortly afterwards reached England, and produced a favourable impression.

In the later months of 1524, Tyndale journeyed on to Cologne; and having completed his translation of the whole of the books of

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the New Testament from the original Greek, he puts it into the hands of the printers. The type was set up, some of the sheets even were struck off, when a threatened seizure compelled Tyndale to escape with his sheets and blocks to the more congenial



city of Worms. Arrived there, no time was lost in carrying on the work; and soon a large edition was ready for transport into England. In spite of the most vigilant watch along the coast, numerous copies of Tyndale's translation reached the hands of English readers, and were sought after by men of every degree.

For the next four or five years there was no further contribution to the future work published. Tyndale, however, was not idle. Living in a city where there was a large Jewish population, he improved the opportunity by mastering the sacred tongue of the Old Testa-

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ment. In the year 1530 he had completed a translation from the Hebrew of the Books of Genesis and Deuteronomy, which were so highly approved of, that in the following year he was ready with the remaining three Books of Moses. These books of the Old Testament in their translation bear evident marks of care and patience in their formation, and the various notes and interpretations given with the text show signs of an acute and original and painstaking scholarship.

From various causes, the numerous copies of the New Testament in English, which Tyndale had sent into England in 1525-1527, had become scarce. They were bought up, and publicly burned at the gate of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, February 11, 1526, in the presence of Cardinal Wolsey and his clergy. They were privately destroyed to avoid persecution; indeed, so effectual were the means used to get rid of these books, that only a fragment of one edition has come down to our times, to tell us what Tyndale's first labours were like. In 1534, Tyndale again devoted himself to the New Testament, and was careful now in this thorough revision to remove all errors and faults which had been pointed out to him by able and observant critics, friendly and unfriendly. Watched and distracted as he was, Tyndale yet found time to improve his work and take out of the text any unfit word or harsh rendering which marred its rhythm and simplicity. This further edition shows many marks of improvement on the earlier attempts, as if the translator was not at all afraid of owing to errors, even if they had been pointed out to him by one who refused him hospitality and assistance.

Another special portion of Holy Scripture now gained favour in Tyndale's sight: namely, those chapters and verses from various books of the Old Testament and Apocrypha which were in use, as Epistles in the Salisbury Book for several holy days in the Christian year. These Epistles he translates direct from the original Hebrew language, and appends them to his revised edition of the New Testament. In such of these Epistles as are taken from the Pentateuch (and there are six), there are several alterations made from the copies of those books printed and published in 1531. In the three years 1531-1534, Tyndale had become much more intimately acquainted with Hebrew idioms, and better able to translate them into his native tongue; and this increased knowledge he turns to account in correcting the minor errors which he had fallen into in his earlier works.

In the months which intervened before his martyrdom at Vilvorde, in October 1536, Tyndale was very busy in going again through his whole work, revising and correcting the latest edition with the most earnest zeal. In this final revision he introduced some novel helps to the reader. In a former edition he had marked off the portions which were read publicly in church; he now gives the tables of contents at the head of the several chapters, to facilitate the study of the text. Everything which could be done, in order to make known the Truth in its most simple form, that Tyndale did. It seems hard to have to state that this man, who from early middle life had been living in exile, who had had to

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encounter perils by his own countrymen, perils of robbers, perils on the sea, should receive as his reward for his unwearied exertions to secure a printed English Bible, translated from Hebrew and Greek originals, a cruel and a bloody death—that he should have to close his earthly labours with the earnest cry, "Lord! open the King of England's eyes!"

Another and most important translation of the Bible made its appearance within the period 1480-1536. This work, undertaken, as it is supposed at the request of Thomas Cromwell, Secretary of State to Henry VIII., was ready to be printed some time in the year 1534, but delay of some sort caused it to be a year later in publication. In October, 1535, it appeared, bearing the name of Miles Coverdale. This was the very first entire English Bible which had been seen in print, and is on this account remarkable. Tyndale's New Testament, Book of Jonah, and Pentateuch, with perhaps three or four other books of the Old Testament, were to be had; but Miles Coverdale, in one volume, gave to the English people for the first time God's Word complete in their native tongue. Where this Bible of Coverdale's translation was printed is a matter of doubt; but that it was in some foreign town, and not in England, it is now generally agreed. It is well to observe that Coverdale does not conceal the sources from which he derived his translation. Though a friend and fellow-worker with Tyndale, he was not gifted with the ability of that remarkable man, nor skilled in those ancient languages which Tyndale so faithfully reproduced. Coverdale tells us in his preface that he took his English from "the Douche and the Latin," that is, in other words, from the Latin Vulgate, and Luther's translation of it.

This period now treated of was one of vast progress in every respect; but in no one branch of knowledge was there a more perceptible advance than in that of Biblical learning. Looking at what was brought about by the energy and patience of these holy men who struggled on with their lives in their hands, we may well conclude that they esteemed the riches and honours of the world lightly, and that their single aim was to bring light where there had been darkness, hope where there had been despair, joy where there had been misery and sorrow. And speaking more especially of those engaged in translating Holy Writ, we may read their simple words with much profit and edification, and in the spirit which can say—

"We too may grasp your arrows bright;
E'en to this hour we combat in your mail,
And with no doubtful end—we combat and prevail!"

"My Seat, Sir."



ONE Sunday evening a young man entered a Place of Worship in London and took his seat. Presently the lady to whom the pew belonged came in. She said to the young man harshly, "This is my pew; you have no business here." The young man took up his hat and walked out, resolving never to enter a place of worship again. In a week after he was dead.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

Rose Hardy's Home.

CHAPTER IV.

To casual lookers-on the farm seemed much the same as it had ever been, still the same order and neatness everywhere, and still the same kindly welcome to all from the old farmer and his wife; but by degrees it got about among the neighbours that Mrs. Hawthorne was failing, and there was not one who did not feel the sadder for the thought; and many a "How's the missus?" and warm grasp of the hand did the farmer get on market day from men whose one idea you would have thought was making a good bargain; for there is a great deal of real kind-heartedness in the world, if we would but see it.

And so spring passed, and summer came, and harvest turned the fields into gold, and autumn was coming on quickly, and still the old lady crept down to her arm-chair and had a welcome for the master when he came in from the fields.

Rose had grown into quite a woman, and was a great comfort to them both. The Medington doctor came over once or twice in the summer, but there was very little he could do to relieve the suffering, though his visits cheered and pleased his old friend. People noticed how aged the farmer grew to look during that summer, for the grief told on him sorely, but the autumn brought another trial which was nearly as hard to bear. Master Hawthorne had lost the sight of one eye in early life, but the sight of the other was so good that he had not felt much inconvenience from it.

One afternoon in September, Mrs. Hawthorne had been very bad, and her pain was past all concealing, and the farmer was quite overcome and went out, and when Rose followed him out she found him leaning against the doorpost, fairly sobbing.

"Ah, Rosey," he answered, "my girl, I can't abear to see it," And then she cried too, and he comforted her, and got cheerful himself as he did so. "There, lassie, cheer up. Look yonder at the red sunset, we shall have a fine day to-morrow."

"Now go in, child, and comfort the missus, and cheer her up a bit, and I'll go and give a few peas to them pigs, and make them stop their hollering."

Rose stood watching him as he fetched the peas from the granary, and went to the gate. The pigs crowded round him, and he came back to fetch a stick from the row of pea sticks to drive them back. The sticks being fixed deep in the earth came up with a jerk, and then Rose heard a cry and saw the measure of peas and the stick fall to the ground, and the old man stagger back with his hands to his face. She ran to him, and led him into the house, and the old mistress forgot her pain in tending his. But skill and tenderness could do no good, God had taken back His great gift of sight; "I can't abear to see her pain," he had said, and indeed he never saw it again.

Reader, it makes me sad to write of this, and maybe you to read it, so I will not stop to tell of those last few weeks of the old mistress's life. There is always much comfort mixed with good people's troubles, great and overwhelming as they may seem to us, and so it was with them.

When Mrs. Hawthorne's pain was over, and she was laid to rest, everyone said that the old man would not be long in following

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her, but it was not God's will to call him yet, and in time he roused up from the heaviness of his grief, and was once more the same genial old man as formerly, only with something gone from and something added to the look of his face and the tone of his voice, as of one whose heart was in heaven.

More than one of his children offered him a home with them, and pressed it on him, but he said that an old tree is ill to transplant, and he would rather stay at Hinton Mill for the little time he had left. He and Rose would get on well enough together. A nephew of his, Joe Hawthorne, who lived in Hinton, was to help in the management of the farm, and do all the overseeing work, while the farmer gave the money and advice, and in this way it was settled, and things soon fell into a regular way again.

Joe Hawthorne was a plain, hardworking man, with a wife and children of his own, and his cottage lay quite the other side of Hinton. Except at dinner, which he had at the mill with the farmer and Rose, and during which they talked over farm matters, they did not see much of him, as he was out and about the farm, so, in the house, Rose had pretty much her own way. A difficult position for a young girl left alone with an old blind man, but the mistress's teachings had laid a good foundation, and she made a brave manager in most things. The old man was quite dependent upon her for everything, so her time was fully employed, and he used to say that she was both eyes and right hand to him. She felt the mistress's loss terribly, day after day something would stir up the bitter sense of loneliness and loss, and often she felt ready to give it all up, and not try to fill the place of her who was gone. But the patience of the old man made her ashamed of these feelings, not a word or murmur ever escaped him in the long days of idleness and darkness which must have been so trying to an active man like him. Joe Hawthorne would drive him into market sometimes, and Rose led him about the fields, and to Church on Sunday, but who can count the long hours when he must sit in his chair with nothing to do, and with the sad feeling of uselessness.

That first winter was very long to both of them, but Spring came at last, and the grass grew green on the old mistress's grave, and people ceased to glance aside at the plain white stone which told how Elizabeth, wife of John Hawthorne, rested there "till the day break, and the shadows flee away." Her place knew her no more; Rose's step was light again, and her song gay, as she went about her work; only in the old farmer's heart the image of 'the missus' lived as freshly as if she was still by his side.

And so time passed on, weeks, months, and years, bringing many changes to Rose, turning her from a child to a young woman, making her taller, stronger, and a little wiser. And time made her prettier too, as her bedroom glass told, and many a one looked at her as she walked by the blind man's side on Sunday to Church, and said that Rose Hardy would be the beauty of Hinton.

And time brought a Confirmation to Hinton, and Rose, just turned sixteen, was one of those confirmed. Mr. Parker, the rector, had classes to prepare the candidates, and Rose and Master

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Hawthorne had many serious talks in the long evenings. She was child-like in many things, though she was such a tall girl, and the quiet farm life had kept her simple and innocent, but she learnt and thought much at that time with the old man's help and prayers.

But time did not only bring blessings to Rose; it also brought temptations, as it does to all. Carelessness, vanity, and deceit were her chief temptations, now that the kind motherly eye was gone that had detected the seeds of them in the little child. The old man had sometimes thought his wife over strict and fidgetty, when the carelessly done work had to be done all over again in spite of a cloud on the child's face, or a tear in the blue eyes; or when the gay ribbon was put aside, and a more sober one chosen for her hat, in spite of longing eyes or evident discontent. But time, and the little cracked glass, and her own foolish heart made Rose a very vain girl. It was well for the old man that he could not see what she looked like sometimes, and that he could not see how folks looked at her, and how the good sober mothers, with girls of their own, shook their heads and said, "They never did see good come of girls making themselves so smart."

And, in truth, Rose's head was quite turned, and even in church, her thoughts wandered away to how the clergyman's wife had her bonnet trimmed, or how the young ladies at the Hall dressed their hair. It led her too into deceiving her kind old master, and she would tell him that she wanted a new gown, as her old one was "that shabby, she was quite ashamed," when her conscience told her that she might well make the old one do. "Why it seems only t'other day as you had it," he would say.

"Oh! master, it was ever so long ago, and the rain last Sunday has spoiled it terrible."

But time even in youth brings wisdom; and little by little Rose began to see that she really looked better when she had not taken such pains to be smart. Her very vanity taught her that she looked better in her print dress with her neatly plaited hair than in her most successful attempt to imitate the Squire's daughters. She was wise enough to see that the real thing is better than the very best imitation, and that as she never could, take what pains she might, look like a young lady, the next best thing was to look what she was, and dress accordingly. And so at nineteen there was little enough fault to find outwardly with Rose Hardy. The girls said she was growing quite old-maidish, but I think there was more than one young man in Hinton who would not let her be an old maid if he could help it.

And the time that brought so many changes to Rose and passed so quickly with her—for her hands were busy and her heart was light—seemed to stand still with Master Hawthorne, teaching him gently that hard lesson of patience; and the old farmer was learning to serve God even in that enforced idleness, for "they also serve who stand and wait," and he was waiting in the dark ante-chamber till "through the grave and gate of death" he should "pass to a joyful resurrection."

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CHAPTER V.

"MASTER, it's quite warm in the sun, and I've been thinking, if you like, I'll take your arm-chair to the river-side, and we'd sit there while I finish this bit of sewing."

The old man was very helpless. Having lost his sight so late in life, he had none of those fine instincts that sometimes partly make up to the blind for the loss of God's great gift; he could scarcely grope his way across the room without help, and his rough labour-hardened hands could help him little by their sense of touch. But he could still feel the warm sun, whose light made no difference to his continual night, and on this beautiful afternoon he sat by the river, drawing in with pleasure the sweet smells and balmy air of Spring. Rose sat on a stool at his side, busy with her work.

Hinton Mill looks very pretty in spring, and so thought a young man who had just reached the bridge and stood looking at the scene before him, not the least pretty part of it being the old man's venerable form with his white hair and bowed head, and the girl by his side under the waving willow's shadow. But he did not stop long looking at the scene, but crossed the meadow towards them, the thickly springing young grass making his footsteps so silent that when he was close to them and spoke he made the old man start, and the colour flush into Rose's cheeks.

"I think I'm speaking to Master Hawthorne of Hinton Mill," he said.

"Ay, ay, sir," the old man answered, "there's not much mistaking the old blind farmer. At your service, sir."

"It's about the fishing I've come. Sir John said that I might try my luck, and he says, 'Go to Master Hawthorne,' says he, 'he knows more of it than I do.'"

"Ay! that I used to do," answered the farmer, "before I got blind, but I'm a poor guide now, however; but anyhow, you're welcome to all that I know. Might I ask your name?"

"Miles Welch," answered the man. "My father rents one of Sir John's farms over the other side of Medington. I daresay, now, you've heard tell of him at market."

The young man stood before the farmer, a tall, well-grown young fellow of two or three and twenty.

"Rosey, fetch a chair for Mr. Welch," the old man said.

"No, no, I'll sit on the grass, if I may stop and have a bit of chat."

So he sat down on the grass, and Rose took her seat again and went on with her sewing. The old man was pleased enough to describe his fishing adventures.

"And may I ask, if I may be so bold, what business it is that brings you to these parts?"

"Well, I hadn't anything much to do this spring, so I'd a mind to try the fishing here for a while, and I've taken a room at the 'Green Man'. The fact is I've not settled down yet to business; my brother John has taken to the farming, and I want to look about a bit before I settle. I don't see why I need be in a hurry as long as my father can give me a mount in the hunting season, and a little shooting and fishing to fill up with."

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The old man was silent.

"Ah, now," the young man went on, "I see you think me a terrible idle chap, don't you, farmer?"

There was a pleasant genial ring in his voice that was very taking, and it warmed the old man's heart to him.

"No, no, lad, I'll not be judging you, but when I was your age, leastways what I guess it from your voice, I'd been hard at work for several years."

"And you've worked hard ever since, I'll be bound," Miles answered, "and havn't had no time to take your pleasure or enjoy yourself. Ah, Master! I'm the wisest, after all. I'll have a bit of fun while I'm young and strong, with a firm seat in the saddle and a light hand on the bridle, now or never to go across country. Time enough to jog along the high road when care jumps up on the crupper, as they say he will sooner or later."

The old man shook his head thoughtfully. "There's the difference in looking forwards and backwards. Seems to me looking back as if work and happiness went hand in hand. My busiest days have been my happiest. Why, now, as I sit here or crawl up to bed at nights, I think sometimes that one of the pleasantest things I mind was coming in downright tired with work, hard work, lad, in the hay-field or at harvest. But there, what a tiresome old man I be, going talking on. Rosey, Master Welch would take a dish of tea with us, maybe."

The young man readily agreed, and Rose, getting up, folded her work and went away to the house, Miles following her with his eyes as she crossed the meadow in the sunshine.

Presently the old man got up, and, with the young man's help, made his way to the house, where Rose had spread the tea.

"It's not often as we have company, me and my little girl. It's a bit dull for the child to see nobody but an old blind man from week's end to week's end. Maybe, if you're fishing about here, you'd come in now and then, and cheer us up a bit."

This was Miles Welch's first visit to Hinton Mill; but it was by no means the last. Scarcely a day passed without bringing him to the Mill, first of all with some excuse, something to ask, something to tell, a line for Rose to mend, or a fish for the farmer's supper; but as the days passed on no excuse was needed, and the old farmer listened for his step on the path, or his whistle down by the river, and Rose set a cup and saucer for him at tea-time as regularly as for her master and herself. By the time the apple-blossom had fallen, Miles was no longer a stranger, but part of the life in Hinton Mill. The farmer took a great liking to him, and was never tired of his company or of singing his praises when he was absent, and Rose would listen with the colour coming and going in her cheeks, and only answering in short words, till the farmer grew to fancy that she did not like the young man, and vexed himself with thinking that he had kept his little girl so shut up that she had got shy and too much wrapt up in the quiet home. And Rose thought of nothing at first except that she was happy, that the days were full of sunshine and flowers, and she did not stop to ask what made it all so bright and sweet to her. But this unconsciousness could not

Rose Hardy's Home.

last; there is no pure, lasting happiness on earth. A day when Miles did not come, it was the first of June, opened her eyes suddenly to the cause of her happiness. To listen all day for a step that did not come, to watch for a distant figure by the river and not to see it, to feel dull and cross and irritable, all told her the truth. The next day, indeed, he was there again, and she was happy, but with a mixture of pain. June, with roses and honeysuckles and bright hot days. There were quiet walks home from evening



service between hedges sweet with honeysuckles and wild roses, lingerings by the wicket, rambles by the winding river.

“Go and find the lad,” Master Hawthorne would say, “and bid him come to tea.”

And she would go across the meadows to the river and stand among the tall green rushes under the willows, watching Miles's float, sleeping in the shadows or dancing on the current, and the minutes would slip away, and the farmer would wonder and think Miles was hard to find. Then came the haymaking, and the old farmer sat out under the big elm, and Miles worked with a will,

'Stand like an Anvil.'

and won the hearts of the rough Hinton labourers by his open, pleasant manners.

But eyes were not wanting in quiet Hinton to see even among the rushes and under the willows, nor ears to hear even soft whispers in the hayfields or in the lonely lanes; and some eyes are cruel, and some tongues sharp, and Rose was soon made to feel what people thought of her.

Turned away eyes, and tossed heads, and half words just loud enough for her to catch, "Well! I never see good come of it yet;" "Fine gentleman lovers;" "Well for him he's blind;" "Pride goes before a fall." She grew to hate going to the shop, and to dread the meeting of the neighbours in the churchyard on Sunday. "Why should she be ashamed?" she asked herself; "she had done nothing wrong. What harm was there in being happy?" And yet the treacherous blood rushed up into her cheeks at the words, and her eyes sank beneath the glances of the Hinton people. And then came a new fear. What if they should put some of this hateful nonsense into the old master's head, and trouble him and make him trouble her with suspicions. She would be more careful in future to hide her happiness. And so, little by little, the veil of secrecy was thrown over the liking that had been so innocently open; and she found that to cover it all, deceit had often to be used. First of all it was silence that deceived the old man. She would not say if Miles had been, unless Master Hawthorne asked her; she would not say who had been her companion on her walk to the village, or on her way from home, from church; and she would meet Miles under the willows rather than ask him into the parlour, where the old man sat dozing away the hot July days.

Then the harvest came, and the farmer was out a good deal with Joe, and Rose was left to herself sometimes for long days. What harm was there in asking Miles in? She did it sometimes when the master was at home, and why not now? And when the farmer came in, and pitied her for having been lonely and dull all day, she did not mention that Miles had been there most of the time, and had only left, perhaps, when the sound of the gig coming along the lane had broken in on their pleasant talk.

(To be continued.)

'Stand like an Anvil.'

*(The Message of Ignatius to Polycarp.)**

'Stand like an anvil,' when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls fierce and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast;
Duty shall be Life's leading star,
And conscious innocence, its rest.

'Stand like an anvil,' when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear,
Thine but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

'Stand like an anvil,' noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time;
The soul, like God, its Source and Seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime. BISHOP DOANE.

* Both the giver and receiver of this Message fulfilled the injunction, and died the death of martyrs.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.O.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.



DURING the last ten or twenty years, exaggerated claims have been made for what Sunday Schools ought to do, and have done; and as a consequence we may not wonder that these claims have been attacked, and that the whole system of Sunday Schools has come under rather severe criticism.

We say as a 'hearty hint' to Sunday School Teachers, therefore, Neither be disheartened by severe criticisms, nor yet by any means disregard them. They are not wholly uncalled for. God will not honour His people when they boast. A boasting Church is sure to become humbled or else humiliated. We trust that Sunday Schools, being on the whole approved of God, are being only humbled, not humiliated.

They are no longer used and talked about as if they were substitutes for Baptism, or Confirmation, or Church Services, but as real auxiliaries and handmaids of the Church. This is a grand step in the right direction.

But this is only a step. More is wanting. It will do much for the utility of Sunday Schools, if we apprehend their true scope and bearing. In this particular they assume the twofold aspect of being great religious aids to parents, and to the Clergy.

Sunday Schools assume that parents, as a whole, really desire the spiritual welfare of their offspring, even although too often their example and behaviour is hardly consistent with this hope.

They assume also that the Clergy desire in every possible way to train up the young for glory as members of Christ, as children of God, and as inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

They offer to aid both. To the Clergy, they say, We desire to aid you in your arduous duties, far too manifold for your single exertions. We will work with you heartily; we will try to train these classes for your Confirmation classes; we will try to teach these older ones for your Bible classes; and altogether we wish to work thoroughly with you and to aid you. To the parents they do *not* say, with fulsome falseness, Send your children to us and we shall be much obliged to you. This would be untrue, and would put the thing in a wrong light. But they say, We wish to assist you in your earnest endeavour to do that which is your great privilege and great duty, viz, to train your children for Heaven. We cannot remove your responsibility. This is neither possible nor proper. We cheerfully offer our assistance to you, and we affectionately desire that you and we and our Clergy may co-operate heartily in this work of training and teaching the young.

Then we say to Teachers:—

I. Throughout your work, keep the Saviour's commission before your mind; which tells His Church to go into all the world, to make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, and to teach them to observe all things that He hath commanded. Teach them to "observe," i.e. teach them to know, and train them to do, what He hath commanded.

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

II. Try to work with the parents of the Scholars. Do not be satisfied with anything short of setting up a thoroughly good understanding between yourself and the parents of every Scholar of your Class. Here probably lies more than half of the means for good in Sunday Schools.

III. We advise that the same Scholars and Teachers should meet at a Sunday School once only every Sunday. Have a Sunday School every morning, every afternoon, every evening of the Lord's Day, if desirable, but neither Scholars nor Teachers ought to attend, we think, oftener than once every day. They will learn more, and will enjoy School more, than by going twice every Sunday. But this is only a hint applicable to new schools.

IV. We would also say to Teachers and Superintendents: Do not exceed nine scholars on the books of each class. A teacher may do much with seven to nine scholars, while very little can be done to a larger class, and the parents (*vide* Hint No. II.) will be neglected. Far better is it to have a small number of scholars and to do good to them, than a large number who shall only hinder one another.

V. The grand way of teaching, whatever your lesson may be about, is by catechising. It is a wonderful art, but when acquired it is invaluable. We would also strongly advise the thorough learning by every scholar of one well-selected text of God's Holy Word every Sunday, to be repeated on the Sunday following.

VI. All the classes (except the very young) ought to be thoroughly grounded in the Church-Catechism. Numerous manuals are provided to assist in this. Properly taught, it will be found that the Church-Catechism affords a scope for teaching all the first principles of true religion and of the Church. Amongst very many excellent manuals, may be mentioned the well-known "Leeds Catechism." There are many others also of great value.

VII. The main object of a Sunday School ought to be to train and teach young (baptised) persons in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; but there is nothing in the least degree inconsistent with this object (nay, it is a part of the work), if you devote a few minutes every Sunday to an inculcation of Church-principles, such as the value of Baptism, the importance of Confirmation, the preciousness of the Holy Communion, of a form of prayer, of Episcopacy, and of the general agreement of the whole Church Polity with that of the New Testament.

VIII. Do not imagine that you will succeed as a Teacher, unless you prepare your lesson beforehand. Do not think to prosper without simple, faithful prayer, or without a calm confidence that your labour will not be in vain, if it be done in the Lord, *i.e.*, to His glory, and in dependence on His grace.

Diligence, prayer and humility will give a confidence, arising out of strength derived from the Holy Spirit, which cannot fail.

IX. If your Parish Priest is willing, try to promote a weekly or monthly meeting between him and yourselves. This can be done after evensong in Church (as experience proves) very profitably, but it ought to be done in some way whenever possible.

X. It is too much to expect that Teachers can render themselves

Dr. Franklin's Way of Lending Money.

proficient. We greatly need Diocesan inspection, by which immense results would be secured. And why not have a Teacher of Teachers? Our happily numerous Parochial Choirs club together, and secure an occasional lesson of great usefulness from a skilful Choir-master. A Teacher who should go about a Diocese, (under Episcopal approval), to give model lessons to Teachers and instruct them in the management of a class, would soon greatly add to the powers of usefulness of that able band of Sunday School Teachers which the Church possesses.

XI. There is no doubt that the youngest classes require some of the very best and most accomplished Teachers of the Sunday School. "Take heed that ye despise not any of these little ones."

XII. Rejoice in ever recollecting that when all has been done that the Church can do (and this has hardly been fully attempted yet), "it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." That "He worketh in us to will and to do of His own good pleasure." We can "plant and we can water." We ought to do so—it is our privilege to do so; and these cannot be done in vain, because God alone can, and God will, give an increase.


Let us not only recollect this fact, but be encouraged by it.

Therefore we will conclude by saying, with all possible respect and affection to the Sunday School Teachers of the Church throughout the world, by whom these pages may be read:—

Dear friends, you have a grand and glorious work before you, if only you will do it aright. Be Christians, be Churchmen, in every part of your Sunday School work. Let nothing short of true piety be your aim. And let all your means be those that are thoroughly worthy of Christian Churchmen. None are so well calculated for the benefit of the young; none are so well calculated for the benefit of the adult, as those which the Church provides.

As Christians, and as thoroughly honest earnest Christian Churchmen, you can be—and our parting prayer is that you may be—"Hearty Sunday School Teachers."

Dr. Franklin's Way of Lending Money.

" SEND you, herewith, a bill of ten Louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give much; I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will in time enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me, by lending this money to him, enforcing him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity, I hope it may thus pass through many hands before it meets a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and so am obliged to be cunning, and make the most out of little."

“No Englishman is he.”

AN OLD SONG.

TRUTH Liberty has tried her best, since first the world began,
The noblest of her handyworks is, still, an Englishman!
And though, where'er the name is known, 'twill not be soon forgot,
'Tis well the world should know, for once, who Englishmen are *not*.
The man that scorns the Bible, and makes a mock at Kings,
That in the pride of power forgets the Source from whence it springs,
Who, with his heart's whole loyalty, says not on bended knee,
“God save the Queen of England!” no Englishman is he.

II.

The man that calls a blush of shame upon a woman's cheek,
Who sides with the oppressor, or who sides not with the weak,
Who sternly bids the widow and the orphan from his door,
I say he is a coward and a churl—if nothing more.
He that can tamely hear a man traduce an absent friend,
Who stoops to use unworthy means to gain whatever end,
Who holds that he his plighted word to break or keep is free.
I care not what he calls himself, no Englishman is he.

III.

The man that turns his back upon an even-handed foe,
Who coolly gives an insult and yet calmly takes a blow,
Gives currency to calumny, seeks shelter in a lie,
Call him who will an Englishman—for one, so will not I.
The man who feels it shame to own the sire from whom he sprung,
Who in old age despises her upon whose breast he hung,
Who will not scout the man that does—I care not though he be
The proudest Peer in Christendom—no Englishman is he.

IV.

The man that marts his birthright is a base and sordid slave;
He who would sell his country is a double traitor knave;
But he who urges indigence to anarchy and blood
Is a felon-hearted hound, for whom the gallows is too good.
I say that every Englishman may, if he will, maintain,
Through ill report and good report, unsullied by a stain,
His faith, his truth, his loyalty, his self-respect; and he
Who barter any one of them, no Englishman is he.

Reflections.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

ON SOME FLOWERS SEEN BY DAYLIGHT AND CANDLELIGHT.

I.



BROUGHT home some pansies with me yesterday from a neighbouring florist, who is a great fancier of this humble flower, though I cannot say I set much store by it myself. Amongst them was one called *Victoria*, in honour, I presume, of our most gracious Queen; and truly it was a rare specimen of its kind, the ground being a pale yellow, with a fine black eye in the centre, and one dark spot on the outer edge of each petal. Another, which was much praised by some, but in which, for all its sounding title, I saw very little to admire, was called the *King of the Whites*; to me it seemed that the so-called white was nothing but a dirty yellow, and its only or chief recommendation appeared to consist in its unusual size and the exact roundness of its form.

Reflections.

At night, however, looking at them by candlelight, the yellow both in the King and the Queen seemed a pure white, and they each of them commanded universal admiration, especially the King; whilst some smaller and darker flowers, of the same sort, which in the morning had looked pretty enough, now showed but meanly, and were little regarded.

How truly, methought, is this an image of [†] what passes in the world! Walking by the dim taper-light of this life, we pursue and covet eagerly some object for an imaginary excellence, which, when subjected to the test of truth, proves little else than a delusion and a sham.

Many a middle-aged dame, under the flaming light of a ball-room, will exhibit a skin of snowy purity, which, when seen by the morning's sunshine, is as yellow as the gloves she wore for white the previous evening; while many an unpretending maiden, wholly overlooked under the glaring chandeliers of an assembly, is possessed of virtues which might adorn a throne, and render happy and cheerful a husband's hearth. Be this a lesson to me to judge not too hastily, either of men or things; and to remember always that there are *three hundred and sixty-five days* as well as *three hundred and sixty-five nights* in a year.

II.

ON THE DELICACY OF A MOLE'S EAR, AND ITS QUICK SENSE OF HEARING.



I WAS making a collection of animals' skulls with a view to illustrate comparative phrenology. Thus the head of the fox exhibits remarkably the organ of secretiveness, that of the magpie the organ of acquisitiveness, that of the bull terrier combativeness, and so forth. Amongst other skulls, I fell upon that of the mole; and, while studying what might be its peculiar phrenological development, my attention was arrested by the extreme fineness and delicacy of the ear.

I had not noticed the like in any previous animal, out of many hundreds that I had macerated for my purpose.

The fibrous texture of the foramen, as it entered the brain, was beautifully white, almost to transparency, and yet extremely strong; it took the form of a long tube, carefully disposed in such a manner as to prevent the earth, in which the creature is continually grubbing, from entering.

A sufficient explanation was thus at once given of the remarkably acute sense of hearing possessed by this singular animal; a sense, which, though the creature has eyes, is sufficient of itself to warn it of any approaching danger, while busily employed in its subterranean operations.

Let us learn from this rare specimen of God's handiwork to be careful how we infer the incapacity of any individual in all points, because he may seem remarkably defective in one. The proba-

Bagdad.

bility is, on the contrary, that the just law of compensation will exactly make up for his defect in one quarter by an extra supply in another.

The mole was supposed once to be actually blind, so much so that the poet speaks of the *oculis capti talpæ*; the structure of its ear would now seem to place it at the head of all creation in the keen sense of hearing.

The various gifts of God are so distributed, whether in the human, animal, or vegetable kingdom, as to be some special advantage to each, while all are alike intended to promote His



MOLES.

honour and glory. The shame, if any, rests with those, not who are deficient in some particular gift, but, who abuse or do not rightly employ that they assuredly have.

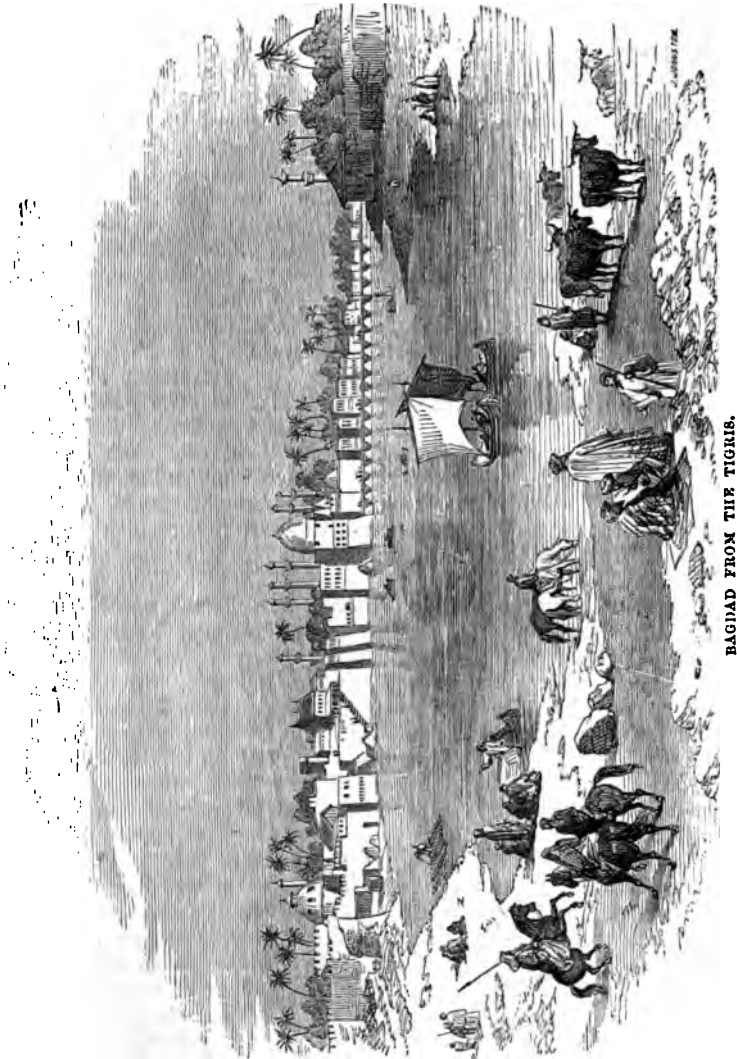
Bagdad.



HE city of Bagdad, in Asiatic Turkey, stands on the Tigris, two hundred miles above its junction with the Euphrates. It is surrounded by a forest of date trees, and the domes and minarets of its hundred mosques, glittering above and among them, have a striking and picturesque effect at a distance. On a nearer approach, however, the meanness of the houses, which are mostly of brick and but one storey high, dispels any idea of beauty which the traveller formed from the distant view. The streets are dirty and unpaved, and so narrow that two horsemen can scarcely pass each other abreast. The houses of the rich, however, are handsome, have windows of Venetian glass, ornamental ceilings, and a courtyard in front, with small plantations of orange-trees.

Bagdad.

In the ninth century, the famous Haroun-al-Raschid reigned in Bagdad. In a burial-ground, outside the walls of the town, there is a tomb erected to the memory of Zobeide, the wife of this caliph, and the famous lady of "the Thousand and One Nights."



Tradition has it that the tomb of the Jewish prophet, Ezekiel, is in this burial-ground.

Bagdad has undergone many revolutions, and was nearly destroyed, in 1630, by Amurath IV., to whom it surrendered; since then it has been nominally subject to the Porte.

Short Sermon.

The Foundation of Ministerial Work.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF ST. BARNABAS, HOMERTON.

Phil. i. 8.—“*For God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.*”



IN these words the Apostle lets us into the great secret of his success in winning souls to Christ. He unlocks to us the door of his heart, and reveals the treasure of living sympathy stored up within it.

The first point which strikes us in this wonderful verse is the solemnity with which St. Paul introduces what he is going to say. It is the more remarkable because there is in him a holy reserve, which makes him sparing in the use of such solemn appeals. Men who think lightly of our Heavenly Father's Majesty, are continually 'calling God to witness' on the most trivial occasions. The spirit of St. Paul is too deeply imbued with an awful reverence for God, to allow him thus to use His Name. We may be sure, therefore, that when the Apostle does invoke God as his witness, he is about to say something of unusual solemnity; and so it is in the text. St. Paul might indeed have called men to witness. He might have reminded his converts how 'he rose up early, and so late took rest,' that he might preach unto them 'Jesus and the Resurrection.' He might have pointed to his own frame, wearied and worn with the labours of his Apostolate; or to his brow furrowed with the anxiety springing from 'that which cometh on him daily, the care of all the churches!'

Man, however, may be deceived. Love of work may be a mere matter of temperament, and good emotions may be aroused only to die away. Some better witness is needed, and therefore the Apostle appeals to the Great Searcher of hearts, 'from Whom no secrets are hid. He withdraws, as it were, from the gaze of men, and kneels apart in a calm solitude with God, and there he unfolds his whole soul to the Divine Eye. 'Thou,' he would say, 'Who knowest the thoughts of every human heart, examine me and prove me, try the ground of my heart.' Imperfections St. Paul well knows there have been in his ministry; mistakes of impetuosity, springing from his own natural temperament, he does not seek to conceal; but he opens his heart to God with the full confidence that He will discern there purity of intention and love of souls. In doing so, indeed, he takes no credit to himself, for is not that very zeal for souls the gift of God? Is it not, as we shall see, a coal kindled from the living fire of the compassion of Jesus Christ?

What then does St. Paul ask God to witness? 'God is my record,' he says, 'how greatly I long after you all.' The last part of the verse contains the real pith of the Apostle's teaching; but I would just pause for a moment here to point out how completely these words reveal to us St. Paul's love of individual souls. There is rather a tendency in the present day to do things on a gigantic scale, and this tendency has told to a certain extent upon our spiritual work. We are content too often to deal with souls in the mass, rather than to make the soul of each one the subject of

Short Sermon.

our special prayers and exhortations. Now the teaching of the Apostle would correct this. He 'longs' indeed 'after all.' The whole Philippian Church is dear to him; and yet each individual soul shares his prayers, and is the object of his earnest watching. This is not mere human care or human watchfulness, for he goes on further to tell us, that this longing for souls is 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ.' The expression 'bowels' is often used both in the Old and New Testaments to indicate stirrings of the deepest emotions of affection and compassion.* In this place the expression undoubtedly means 'in the compassion of Jesus Christ,' and therefore we feel that St. Paul is saying a wonderful thing.

It is related of an eminent servant of God, that once while visiting a sick parishioner, who was in great bodily pain, he prayed (what was certainly not a wise petition) that he might feel as much sympathy for his pain as our Lord Jesus Christ Himself would feel; and his biographer goes on to tell us that he was utterly stupified by the manner in which he felt the most acute sympathy with him, and 'sat down' as one 'astonied,' until he asked God to relieve him from the burden, which he had simply but unwisely asked that he might feel.† Now, St. Paul's aim was to feel the spiritual sympathy or 'compassion' of our Blessed Saviour for souls. His prayer was wise and understanding, and yet oftentimes, when the petition was granted, the Apostle must have prayed 'with strong crying and tears,' faintly, yet still really, shadowing the Agony of the Garden, and 'filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ.' St. Paul seems marvellously to have gathered into one the universal and the personal love of our Blessed Lord for souls. The yearning of his heart was 'for you all,' and yet there was the deep love for individual souls, so that no tempted or troubled one was unremembered when the Apostle bowed his 'knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In this very spirit of the 'compassion of Jesus Christ,' St. Paul seemed to realise the value of the soul, its need of the Atonement wrought out for it, and the infinite capacities of Atoning Love to apply itself to the wants of each soul. Let us think of the ways in which St. Paul longed 'after all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.'

I. The Apostle felt in some sense, though of course in a far less degree, as our Blessed Saviour felt, the value of each soul. He saw the fearful issue at stake, and he had an intense longing to help, so far as he could, all who were engaged in the contest for life. It is a grand thing for any one to get this true estimate of the value of an immortal soul. If we could only regard one soul at its true value, an impulse would be given to our Home and Foreign Missions which would far exceed the enthusiastic dreams of their most earnest supporters. Only let us get the true value of the soul written upon the hearts of our fellow-churchmen, and we shall hear no more of lack of funds, or want of helpers.

* Compare Gen. xliii. 30; Canticles v. 4; Isaiah lxiii. 15; 2 Cor. vi. 12; Phil. ii. 1; Col. iii. 12; Philemon 7, 12, 20; 1 John iii. 17. These references, if carefully looked out, will sufficiently illustrate the meaning of the expression.

† Fletcher of Madeley.

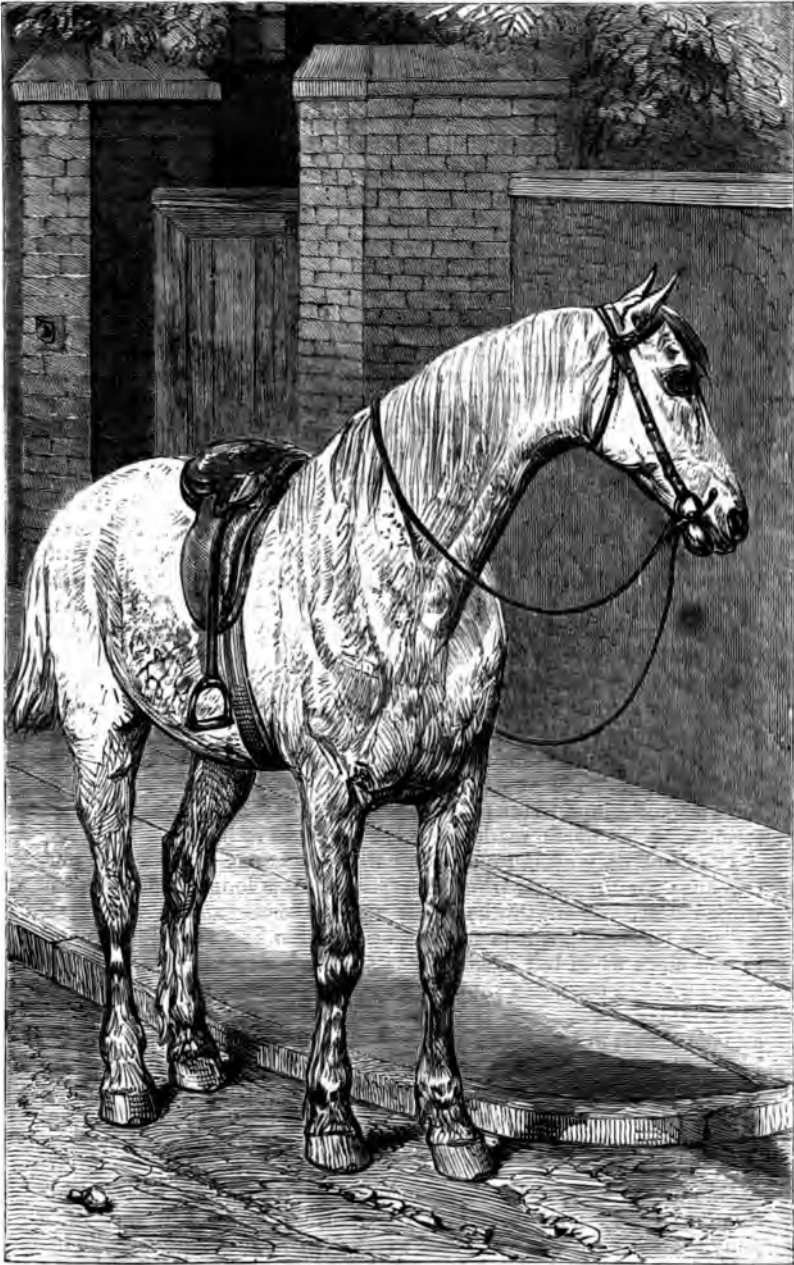
Short Sermon.

Sometimes people seem to talk as if no effort for God were of any value, unless a large number of souls could at once be influenced by it; but surely this is not in accordance with the spirit of our Blessed Saviour's teaching. Each soul is of infinite value in the sight of the Father, who created it, the Son who redeemed it, and the Holy Spirit who longs to sanctify it. The same God, who said by the mouth of Ezekiel, 'Behold all souls are Mine,'* has written the same truth upon the heart of the Church in all time since. It was in this spirit then that St. Paul watched the struggles and prayed against the temptations of each one, whose spiritual history he knew. Our Lord seemed to gather up into His own sympathy the special need of each soul. He proposed an apparently stern ordeal to prove the ambitious request of the sons of Zebedee; He had a word of infinite sympathy for the penitent Magdalene; and a look of reproachful love for the Apostle who in a moment of weakness had denied Him. In short, He had ways of dealing with individual souls only consistent with His perfect knowledge as God of the wants of those souls. St. Paul, in his measure, though of course at an infinite distance, tried to catch this spirit, and hence his power of adaptation to the wants of individual souls, and his ready ministry to their special necessities.

II. This keen appreciation of the value of each soul did not lessen the Apostle's zeal for dealing with men in the mass. His ministry combined at once the special treatment of individuals and the universal proclamation of 'the good news of God.' Care for individuals did not cramp his ministry, or diminish its breadth in any way, nor did his ever-growing love for souls, widening as it naturally did, the sphere of his action, lessen his interest in the soul of each one to whom he ministered.

In this twofold spirit we seem to have the grand principle of Christian work set out by the Apostle. The mission of the Minister of Christ is to *each soul*, and yet it is to the *whole world*. That Ministry must have sympathy for each, and yet it knows no bounds to that sympathy. It is not mere 'fellow-feeling,' no mere genial kindness, which springs out of a heart loving by nature; but it is the offspring of grace, and the outflow of a heart constrained by the love of Christ, and quickened by the spirit of His Compassion. In this spirit surely we ought to ask God that we, whether Clergy or Laity, may work. We must not undervalue the importance of great and united efforts, such as organised assaults on the kingdom of Satan; neither, on the other hand, can we afford to despise the detailed dealing with souls for Christ's glory. Each has its place in the ministry alike of the Clergy and their lay-helpers. What we all need, and what each of us should strive after, is the spirit of Christ-like love to *all* souls, and the spirit of Christ-like sympathy for *each* soul. So when the last great in-gathering comes, as we behold souls gathered for ever into the peace of God, and the unending praise of Heaven, each yearning shall be satisfied, all longings shall be fulfilled, and we shall know in Heaven, as we never knew on earth, the meaning of that expression, 'the compassion of Jesus Christ!'

* Ezekiel xviii. 4.



SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY F. W. KEYL.

The Butcher's Horse.

The Butcher's Horse.



WHENEVER I take my few minutes' stroll, before setting down to work, I am amused and interested by watching the horses and their drivers in the service of the various tradespeople who supply the daily wants of our neighbourhood. Sometimes I am pleased, often I am vexed, according to the way in which I see men and boys treat the animals entrusted to their care. When I think how much we depend upon the good nature and forbearance of animals, so much stronger than ourselves, I feel angry with those who drive a willing horse too fast. A boy is apt to forget how helpless he would feel if the pony which he is cruelly driving beyond its pace (being assisted in lashing it by some companion whom he has picked up on the road), were suddenly to turn round and upset the cart. In single harness there is nothing to prevent a horse from doing so.

I am happy to say that most of the men I meet are kind and gentle with their horses, and it is pleasant to see the recognition with which the latter greet each other, as they meet day after day at the different houses of the customers.

Butchers who ride are getting scarce now, as it is more convenient to man and horse to travel about in a light cart with the meat. Nevertheless, sometimes a return to the old fashion becomes necessary, and hence it was that I saw the old grey of our illustration waiting all by himself for his master. He stood there as stolid as Old Time. All of a sudden his ears were pricked forward, and his head bent round towards the well-known and evidently welcome footsteps which he heard. As I approached him I said to the man a few words in praise of his horse, and hoped he was kind to him, feeling convinced beforehand that such was the case. "He would not wait for me as he does, if I were not," was the reply, which proved what I had before surmised. The man further told me that he had been three years in the place, and that he was going to have a photograph made of his four-footed friend. Being on good terms with his horse, made his work pleasant to both.

It is not only *right* to be kind to one's horse, but also advantageous; for the horse, when well treated, lasts longer, and does his work better. If one thinks of the nervous temperament of a horse, we may be sure that it is no trifling effort to him to keep still and in one place when left to himself. I was one day watching a small pony outside a butcher's shop, in a lively and somewhat narrow street of a country town. The pony was waiting for the little boy in blue and his basket to be got ready. Every passing object seemed to make his whole nervous system quiver, but he would not move, and only betrayed his uneasiness by the twitching of his ears and shaking of his head. His greatest trial seemed to be when the rival butcher-boy came trotting past on his old white pony, yet even then he did not stir.

One of the happiest beings in existence must be a little, good-humoured butcher-boy, out in the morning sun on a fast little pony. I wish I could instil into every such boy how much he is indebted to the willing animal which carries him, and that he should not make so free with spur and whip on an animal that will bear it, and to remember how frightened he would be on a resolute horse, which a child could *not* ride. There is a little urchin, on

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whom I keep my eye, who has managed with his one spur and little whip to make a very tidy pony a confirmed jibber. I foretold him how it would be, and there are now half a dozen turns in his beat where he has to get help and have the pony led round.

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON-BY-WIRKSWORTH.

A.D. 1536—1660.

TWAS in the extremely unsettled days of the reign of Henry VIII. that such surprising advances were made in the work of supplying the English people with copies of the word of God in their own tongue. It was hardly to be expected, that a monarch who had begun his career as a staunch supporter of Roman pretensions would eventually be so thoroughly altered in his sentiments as to permit a free circulation of the Holy Scripture throughout his dominions; and yet that change was effected.

Coverdale had undertaken a translation of the Old and New Testament, and had brought his labours to a successful issue, delivering to his countrymen the first complete Bible in English. The demand for this valuable treasure was so eager and sustained, that not many months had passed over before the edition was completely exhausted. In many respects inaccurate, in many passages at fault, the first batch of Coverdale's Bible readily found purchasers, even at a comparatively exorbitant price, and in the face of a keen opposition to its sale offered by the bishops and clergy.

In the year A.D. 1537, two fresh editions of Coverdale's Bible were brought out which were "overseen and corrected by James Nycolson, in Southwarke." In these volumes occur for the first time the words "set forth with the king's most gracious license." There had been in preceding years an unwritten sanction to circulate the Bible in English, but now a bolder step is taken, and what may be called the first "Authorised Version" was put forth and commended to the clergy in a Royal injunction, which required that before "Aug. 1 next coming every parson or proprietary of any parish church within this realm shall provide the whole Bible in Latin, and also in English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein."

This translation of Coverdale, as the author himself contemplated, was soon followed by another from the hands of men who had devoted much time and money to its completion. Various former translations were made use of by John Rogers and T. Matthew in executing their task, Tyndale's and Coverdale's especially; so that this large folio edition, though bearing the name of Matthew, must be regarded merely as an attempt to improve the work of others rather than an original work of the joint labourers. This Bible, dedicated to the king, appeared in the year A.D. 1537, and soon created a favourable impression on the mind of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, who made no secret of his despair of any translation ever proceeding from the bishops of England, writing

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thus—that he hoped this edition of Matthew may be allowed in use “until such time as we bishops shall set forth a better translation, which I think will not be till a day after doomsday.”

There was now taken one further step with this translation of Matthew. Coverdale's Bible had been issued under the license and with the approval of the King, but now this of Matthew and Rogers was allowed to be “bought and read within this realm.” All pains and penalties were now removed, and for the first time the Holy Scriptures were permitted to the use of all who were disposed to obtain them. This fresh-gained liberty on behalf of lay readers soon manifested itself in the rapid disappearance of the first edition, which had been brought out under the auspices of Grafton and Whitchurch, merchants, and subsequently book publishers. What tended to make this translation popular was the large body of notes and comments with which the margin was studded, many of which were of a homely and striking kind.

Even now, with these several translations before them, there was in the minds of many an increasing desire to possess another, and, if possible, a more perfect and trustworthy copy of Holy Writ than any that had yet appeared. The more highly educated and more influential portion of the people were not content with Tyndale, or Coverdale, or Matthew and Rogers, and demanded another translation which should be more strictly in accordance with the original writings. In the early part of 1538, Cromwell, the King's secretary, who took a lively interest in the work of translation and spread of Holy Writ, prevailed on Coverdale, who had been improving his knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and other languages, to undertake another English edition of Scripture.

Entrusted with such a work by a man in so high a position as Cromwell, Coverdale went about his task in a most determined manner. As it was impossible to produce a Bible worthy of the time, with the materials found in England, Coverdale travelled to Paris, taking with him Grafton, the publisher. The earlier translations were diligently compared with the Hebrew and Greek, and with those versions which had been recently made by Luther and others in the German and French languages. Numerous alterations and improvements were introduced, and the work was rapidly advancing to completion under the license of Francis, the King of France, when an order from the Inquisitor-general was received, demanding an instant cessation of the work. Fortunately the greater part of the sheets on their issue from the press had been sent by Bishop Bonner to England and thus escaped from harm; and not long after the receipt of the Jesuit interdict, presses, types, and printers were brought over to England. This translation, completed about the month of April, 1539, is sometimes called “Cranmer's Bible,” but more generally goes under the name of “The Great Bible.”

This translation appeared in a little while after—in the year 1540—with a preface, which had been written by Cranmer specially for it; and subsequent editions have also intimations that they had been “overseen and perused by Tunstall and Heath.” So great was the demand for this edition of Holy Scripture that it was found almost impossible to supply it in the quantities required. The utmost

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powers of the press were strained in order to satisfy this craving for Scripture truth, which, as Cranmer wrote in his preface, "the Holy Spirit hath so ordered and attempered, that in them, as well publicans, fishers and shepherds may find their edification, as great doctors their erudition."



[READING THE CHAINED BIBLE IN CHURCH.]

Indeed, the desire to read or listen to the words of Holy Writ in the native tongue became so intense that crowds would often gather round one who was able to read from the large Bibles set up and often chained to a pillar in churches, and patiently hearken unto what they were told by royal authority to regard as "the undoubted will, law, and commandment of Almighty God, the only and straight mean to know the goodness and benefits of God towards us, and the true duty of every Christian man to serve Him accordingly." Even Bishop Bonner was so moved by the popular

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wish as "to set up in certain convenient places in St. Paul's Church six large Bibles," so that the people may come there and learn for themselves humbly and reverently their duties and privileges as Christians.

Besides those editions hitherto described, there was another of lesser importance which made its appearance about the year 1539. Richard Taverner, a layman of very eminent talent, formerly a student of Oxford, and renowned for his knowledge of Greek, undertook to revise the former translations of Coverdale and Matthew and Rogers, and to present to English readers a more faithful copy of Holy Scripture than any that had yet been furnished.

Various editions of Taverner's work were completed and put in circulation; folio and quarto copies of the entire Bible, and quarto and octavo copies of the New Testament. This edition was also dedicated to King Henry VIII., in whose service, as one of the clerks of the signet, Taverner was. In these copies there was a table of principal matters and numerous notes of explanation, and short comments on difficult passages; but notwithstanding these advantages, Taverner's translation never obtained wide popularity, and was soon displaced by copies of the "Great Bible," which carried with them the sanction of Cranmer and other leading bishops.

It was hardly to be expected that so vast a change could be brought about without some check and hindrance; and thus we are not surprised to find, that, in the closing year of Henry's reign, opponents of the circulation of Holy Writ used their utmost influence with the king to induce him to stop its progress. An order was issued that "no woman (except noble and gentlewomen), no artificers, apprentices, journeymen, serving men, husbandmen, or labourers, should read to themselves or to others, publicly or privately, any part of the Bible under pain of imprisonment." In 1546, not only Tyndale's translation, but even Coverdale's New Testament, was forbidden, and copies of all translations were sought after by enemies, and cast into the flames without scruple or fear.

Henry VIII. died in January, 1547, and was succeeded by Edward VI. During his short reign of six-and-a-half years, many editions of the English Bible were printed and circulated; but no new translation was undertaken, if we except an attempt made by Sir John Cheke, at one time professor of Greek at Cambridge, and subsequently tutor to Edward VI., to turn the Greek Scriptures into a purer English than former translations. Then came the dark period of the reign of Mary, when neither Bible nor Testament was permitted to be printed in England, when those who had been earnestly striving to put copies of God's Word into the hands of the people, had to yield up their lives at the stake, or hasten from their native country to foreign cities for refuge.

Amongst those who were thus forced into exile were Coverdale, Whittingham, Goodman, and Sampson, and these found a temporary home at Geneva. These earnest men, now free to pursue their labours on Holy Scripture, diligently set about the work of producing another English translation which should be more free from blemishes than either Tyndale's or the Great Bible. For "two years and more, day and night," these learned and pious

men were engaged in this arduous task; comparing former translations with the original tongues, and searching through the many Greek and Hebrew manuscripts then at Geneva, in order to detect any errors which might have accidentally been allowed to creep in. As early as the year 1557, an edition of the New Testament was printed by Conrad Badius. But this instalment was only the forerunner of a much more complete and satisfactory volume, a new translation of the entire Bible, with many very important additions and improvements, which appeared in the year 1560, and was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

This translation, which commonly goes by the name of the "Geneva Bible," was well received by the people, and soon gained a high reputation amongst all classes of readers. One change was a great gain, namely, the size. The Great Bible appeared in a cumbrous folio volume, but now the Genevan Bible might be had in a small quarto, which was a much more convenient size. Another improvement was in the type. Instead of the old fashioned black letter* which had been used in every former edition, there now appeared for the first time a Bible in what is called Roman type, which is much more easily learned and used. Yet another advantage was supplied in this work. Hitherto the text had been printed in a continuous line without break, but now, following a device which had been partially used in a Greek Testament by Robert Stephens, and in some Hebrew Old Testaments, the editors divided the text into verses, which is a great assistance to those who are constantly referring to particular words of a prophet or evangelist. Many editions of this Genevan Bible were printed and published between the years 1560-1611, some of which contained notes and comments of a very sensible kind, and a Bible Dictionary, which was of very great use to students of Holy Writ.

For some reason, the "Great Bible" of Coverdale was the only translation authorised to be used in churches, and though the Geneva Bible was in many respects manifestly superior, it was never permitted to be set up for public reading. In the year 1564, Parker, who was the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a man of considerable ability and learning, designed a new translation which could go forth with the full authority of Church and State for the public and private use of every individual in the realm. The work of translation was undertaken by eight bishops, and seven other learned men, and these, after about four years' labour, presented in the year 1568 a large folio volume as the result of their labours. This translation, which goes by the name of "The Bishops' Bible," and of which several editions were published, never gained any very wide acceptance amongst scholars or general readers, though it was the only volume allowed for public reading in Church. In

* "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."—*Isaiah* xl. 8.

"The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."—*Hebrews* iv. 12.

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this edition many wood engravings were introduced, and some maps, and some genealogical tables; but with all these accessories "The Bishops' Bible" met with but a small measure of success.

There is yet another translation which issued from the press during the period indicated above, which must not be forgotten. Those who clung to the Unreformed Church were lavish in their condemnation of all English translations, and found fault with both the matter and manner of the various translators. At length, however, some of their number who were living in exile at Rheims undertook to bring out a translation which might be used with safety by the faithful. In the year 1582 the New Testament appeared at Rheims, and in the year 1609 the Old Testament was printed and published at Douay. This translation never obtained much circulation, its many errors and eccentricities proved fatal to its acceptance amongst men who had been accustomed to the plainer and simpler words of earlier translations.

In this brief description of the various translations which were made in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, many most interesting details have been necessarily omitted; but still most of the important facts have been named, and each step in the onward progress has been plainly marked. It is to be hoped that many who glance over this rough outline of Bible History may be led to enter more carefully on the profitable study of this subject; and find amongst the abundance of information ready to hand some fresh reason for valuing highly "the great and wonderful work" of an English Bible, which has been given into their hands by men who carried on their labours "with fear and trembling."

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CHAPTER VI.

THE harvest passed, and the fields were bare where the golden corn had stood so thickly; the apples were turning red and rosy on the old tree, under which Rose had stood that sweet April day when Miles came first; and the apricots, on the south side of the mill, were blushing in the hot August sun, and the Hinton people were still talking of Rose and her fine lover all the more, because she tried to escape their eyes and tongues; and the old farmer wondered why Miles came so seldom.

One day, it was market day in Medington, the last week in August, Joe Hawthorne had started early, with the old master, driving in the gig, and Rose was not to expect them back till late in the evening. "Take care of yourself, little one," were the kind old man's last words to her. "Yes, yes," she answered, gaily, "I'll not be dull, for I've plenty to do."

There was no fear of her being dull, for it was not long before Miles was there, and the days were never dull that brought him.

It had been a sultry, dusty day, and the old man was tired and worn out, and troubled too, so Joe brought him back earlier than Rose expected. She had laid tea for Miles and herself, and they were just ready to sit down, when a shadow slowly passed the window, and the old man's hand opened the latch, and he

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stood in the doorway. Rose turned pale, and the laughter faded out of her eyes, and Miles looked awkward, and stood silent.

"I thought I heard voices," Master Hawthorne said, "are you here, Rose?"

"Yes," she said, clearing her voice with difficulty, "you're early, master."

"Yes, I'm tired. Are you alone?"

Miles, in the meantime, had recovered his presence of mind, and made a sign to Rose to say nothing of his presence.

"I was just sitting down to tea," she said, quickly, getting hot and red, and trying not to look at Miles, who seemed amused at what was so painful to her.

"The old man went on, "Has Miles been here to-day?"

Miles signed to her to say "No," and she said it, with a feeling as if the word would choke her.

The old man seemed to be satisfied.

"That's right, my child; and now I want my tea, for I'm terrible tired." He was going to sit down in his arm-chair, close to where Miles was standing, and Rose began nervously clinking the china together; but just as he reached his seat, he stopped, "I'd better go up and put on my other coat, he said, "and wash some of this dust away. I reckon, I'm pretty well covered."

"Yes, you are." Rose answered, eagerly, and was at his side directly, guiding him towards the staircase, and up into his room.

"There, that will do, Rosey. I can manage well enough;" and she was gone down the narrow stairs and into the kitchen, where Miles still stood laughing at her burning, miserable face. "Go," she said, "go at once. Oh! I am so ashamed and sorry."

"I've half a mind," he said, "to stop and have a silent tea, and hear how you and the master speak against me."

"Don't laugh," she said, "but only go now before he comes down;" and she laid her hand on his shoulder as if to push him out; he took her hand in his, but she snatched it from his grasp, and covered up her face with it, and he left her so, as the farmer came groping his way downstairs.

That was a silent tea and evening; both were thinking, and neither of them pleasantly, but neither noticed the other's silence, so wrapt up were they in their own thoughts. The old man was thinking of a story that had been poured into his unwilling ears, that day, by a farmer's wife, who lived the other side of Hinton, a woman with a rough tongue and a coarse mind, who prided herself upon calling a spade a spade, and telling the truth to every one, be the truth never so bitter and black and heart-breaking, and the hearer never so feeble and shrinking, and weak-hearted. She had taken his Rose's name, his own sweet flower, and dragged it through the mud and trampled on it. The old man had listened for a time with the courtesy he showed to all women, listened till the colour mounted to his sunburnt brow, and his hands shook, but at last he said, "Silence, it is not true; I know it is not true."

She was beginning a loud, indignant outburst, but he stopped her by a motion of his hand, and there was a simple dignity in

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his figure as he stood before her, old, blind and helpless as he was, that kept her silent while he spoke.

"I know that it isn't true; but I believe that you meant kindly in what you have said, and I thank you. You've daughters of your own, ma'am; good, virtuous maidens every one, but think of them another time before you take away a poor girl's character, and learn to show pity to others, for, maybe, the time may come, though God forbid it, when your own may have need of pity too."

And so he left her and came home tired and troubled to Hinton Mill. It was not true, but still he had not taken care enough of his little girl, nor thought how pretty and unprotected she was with only an old blind man, and he had let slander breathe on her and evil tongues blacken her fair fame. He was thinking of this as they sat alone together in the evening, and unconsciously he spoke aloud what was in his mind; "but I'm so helpless now, Betsy's gone."

Rose had been on thorns all the evening, accusing herself bitterly for her ingratitude and deceit, and when he spoke those words, she came and sat down on the low stool, at his feet where she used to sit as a child. "Oh, master," she said, "dear master, I've been a bad girl," and then she told him all, how she liked Miles, and, maybe, he didn't dislike her, and how folk would talk and make such a deal of things, and how she'd got ashamed of saying how he came after her even to the kind old master, and tried to hide it, and what a bad, deceitful girl she'd got to be, getting worse and worse till that very evening, when Miles was there, when he came in, and they had made use of the master's blindness, to deceive him, and she had told a downright lie too. All this was told with sobs and many interruptions. Could he ever forgive her, or think well of her again? The old man only stroked her head and said, "Poor little Rose, poor little maiden! Forgive? it was he who needed forgiveness for taking such poor care of his little girl. Trust? who could he trust after God, but her?" Then he told her a little of what he had heard to-day, and then he spoke of Miles: "And had he asked his Rosey to marry him?" she answered, "No, not just that. He says he can't think of marrying yet, for he has only what his father gives him to live upon, but he says that he never means to marry anyone else."

"And does he think it right," said Hawthorne, "to come about the mill and make all the folks talk of my little girl, and yet not have a home to offer her? I'll not be saying anything against the lad, but it seems to me a poor love, that doesn't love a girl's good name as well as herself, and a poor man indeed as lives on another man's earnings."

The girl was silent, and the old man went on, "There, deary, you don't like my saying it, but I like the lad too well to wish him to waste his life. And you and I are going to speak our minds to one another now, and trust each other out and out. And to-morrow I shall have a talk with Welch, and I shall tell him that till he can offer my little girl a home, and an honest husband, he must go away, and not come setting folk's tongues wagging in Hinton. Will that be very hard on him, Rosey?"

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And so it was settled, and the next morning, when Rose caught sight of Miles on the bridge, a farm-boy was sent to ask him to come in, and the farmer met him at the door, and taking his arm, walked with him up and down the meadow path, while Rose sat at her bed-room window, watching the two, and trying to guess what they were saying, from the glimpses she got of their faces. I think she hoped, from the look of them, that all would be settled, and that the farmer would bring in Miles with him, and that all would go on in the usual pleasant, happy way, only pleasanter from the master knowing all about it, and from there being no concealment, but instead of this, she saw them stop at last near the door, and Miles take the old man's hand, and shake it heartily, and she heard him say, "Good-bye, then, sir; and thank you very much. I shan't forget your words in a hurry," and the farmer said, "Good-bye, my lad, and God bless you," and then Miles went away across the paddock without even a glance at the window where she stood, with tearful eyes and beating heart, half behind the curtain.

"The lad has gone," the farmer said, when she came down, "and he has done well."

And so Rose's summer passed, and the sunshine was gone, and he had not even said, "good-bye," or shaken hands, and at their last parting, she had bid him go, roughly, and had pushed him away, and covered up her face, and now, maybe, she should never see him again.

CHAPTER VII.

As the autumn passed and the signs of winter crept on, as the days grew shorter and the leaves fell in showers on the damp ground, as the mists hung heavily over the river and the smell of decay was in the air all around, Rose's small patience ebbed away, and a heavy weariness and discontent settled down on her. She did not neglect her duties, but she went listlessly about them. She grew weary of her work, weary of the quiet round of duties, weary even of the kind old master, who noticed the change in her step and voice, but, guessing the cause, he never spoke of it, but grieved in his kind old heart at his child's trouble. He noticed, too, that the hand that guided him, and the voice that answered him, were not always so gentle as of old, but it only vexed him as being the sign of a sore, fretting heart in his little girl.

One evening in November, they had been sitting long silent. It was a dreary, wet night, constant rain all day, and now the wind was getting up, and moaned round the old mill, driving the rain with a gust against the window. The fire burnt dull, and all added to the weight of the impatient girl's heart, which was aching for news of Miles Welch. Old Hawthorne asked her to read a chapter of the Bible to him, and she did so, laying aside her work and her thoughts, sad as they were, unwillingly. The old man sat with his face turned to her, and bent forward, as if he were drinking in the words she read.

As she finished, she closed the book, and some of the disquiet and discontent came to her lips, and she spoke, "Ay, where's the

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use of it all? Where's the good of asking God for this or that? Heaven's such a long way off, and how can He know or care if this one is glad or that one sorry?"

The old man was silent, and she went on, "There's such a many, you see; why, think of all the folk in Hinton, and that's a small place to some others; and there's Medington and London, too, and lots of towns and villages as we've never heard the names of even; and there's kings and rich people in plenty, and how can God have time or care to know what poor folk want?"

"Such a many," the old man answered, "rich and poor, high and low, all nations and countries, and yet every hair of their heads is numbered; and then think of all the other things, the beasts who seek their food from God, and the birds too, for not a sparrow falls to the ground without Him. Ay! it's passing wonderful, and more than we can understand. But it's not hard to believe, for sometimes God seems so near. He has seemed nearer ever since He took my sight. Deary, when I sit here sometimes and pray, it don't seem like praying to a great God up in heaven, but as if I was speaking to a friend close at hand, and telling him what I want, and how I feel."

"If He hears them, He can't be so merciful, for He don't heed. If I'd the power to spare such a lot of trouble and suffering, I'd not look on and see it all."

"Hush, Rosey, hush! you don't know what you are saying."

"Ay! maybe, it's very wicked, but I can't help seeing it. There was mother, I mind well when I was a little bit of a child, how she used to pray that father mightn't come home drunk and beat her. And then, don't I know how you, ay, and many a one too, prayed that the old missus mightn't be took; and she, too, didn't she pray as your sight might come back, if it were never such a little? and yet, and yet——" Her voice broke into a sob. The thought of the kind old mistress softened and touched the sore, impatient heart of the girl, and her mind went back to old days when the mill had seemed the gladdest, happiest home, and she the most fortunate girl in being there; and then her thoughts came back to their constant resting-place that last summer, and its joys and hopes. And the old man sat silent awhile; and then, rising from his seat, he felt for his stick, and stretching his other hand towards the maiden, he said, "Come, Rosey, I want to go along the path by the river, as far as the bridge."

"Why, are you dreaming, master? it's pitch dark, and raining heavy, and the water's over the path in half a dozen places. We should be in the river and drowned before we got half-way."

Then the old man sat down again. "There, Rosey, that's where it is. I don't think you don't hear, or don't heed, or don't love me, because you won't do what I ask. I only know that you can see, and I can't, and so you know best. That's where it is with praying; we set our hearts on something, and think it terrible hard if we don't get it, forgetting what poor blind creatures we are, and that, maybe, all the time God sees that what we're longing for is dangerous. But don't be afraid to ask, deary, and tell Him what's in your heart, for He'd a deal rather you asked, even if He

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thinks it better not to give, only ask Him to do what's best for you. I mind the time well when I couldn't bear that prayer as comes at the end of the service. After pretty near breaking one's heart praying, maybe, in the Litany, it came like something cold



[“ SHE HID HER FACE IN ITS ROUGH MANE.”]

to one to ask only for what is “expedient for us;” but I’ve lived long enough to know better, and to feel that, as long as we have in this world knowledge of His truth, and in the world to come life everlasting, all the rest don’t much signify, and the dear Lord taught us Himself to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ before ever we asked even for our daily bread. Some day, maybe, you and me, and the old missus, may be looking back together, and see it all plain; but we must be patient, it won’t be here, but over yonder, where the day breaks, and the shadows flee away. Come, deary, let’s go to bed.”

When Rose was alone in her room, the old man’s words still

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rung in her ears, some of his earnest, lively faith in God's presence and love seemed to have entered her own heart. She went to the window, and putting back the little curtain, and opening the lattice, she leant out into the darkness. The rain had ceased, but the rose leaves were still dripping, and cool drops fell on her hot forehead; and then, kneeling by the window, she spoke out what was in her heart, and asked God to give her back Miles Welch; and as she asked, the clouds broke, and a ray of moonlight came through, as if in token that her prayer was heard.

The same moonlight, passing through the other window, fell on the old man's white head as he prayed. His heart was yearning to be at rest, but still he left it to God's good pleasure. "Gather me to Thy rest, O Lord, when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, only without sin and shame."

He prayed that God's will—*she*, that her own will might be done; but both prayed, not merely said their prayers, and before we judge her, let us look back on our own cold, heartless words, and there are few, indeed, who need not say with a good man of old, "Lord, pardon our prayers."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning Rose awoke with a pleasant feeling at her heart, that she had not known for long, and she went about her work with a lighter heart, and found herself singing quite gaily, as she tossed the barley to the hungry fowls, who came flying and running to the old wicket. The farmer, too, seemed more lively, and cheerful, and they sat at breakfast in a very pleasant humour. They were talking of a day they had long planned in Medington, when Rose was to drive the old mare, and they were to go and see a friend of the master's who lived there. They were talking of this, when suddenly the words faded off Rose's lips, for a step she knew well was coming up the path. Then came a hasty knock, and before either could say, "Come in," Miles Welch was there.

"I daresay you thought I was never coming back, Master Hawthorne," Miles said, "but my plans are a good bit altered since I was here, and I thought I would look in and talk matters over with you."

"Always glad to see you, lad, whenever you like to come. But we thought you'd forgotten old friends, didn't we, Rosey?"

"Ay, that we did," the girl answered, blushing as she spoke; "we'd have forgotten you too, maybe, soon."

"Ay, that's the way with absent friends," Miles said; "but, Rose," he went on, more earnestly, "I've something to talk to the master of, and, maybe, you're busy, so, if you'll let me and him have a chat together, it will be best."

Rose got up quickly. "I've plenty to do, never fear," she said; "it's not likely I'd stop here wasting my time listening to gossip."

She tossed her head, and tried to make as if she did not care, but she was vexed and angry with him; he had been away so long, and yet he almost bid her go away the minute he came.

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"Saturday is a busy day," she said, "so, maybe, I shan't see you again before you go, so I'll say good-bye to you, Master Welch."

But Miles was not taken in by her little pretence; he looked up in her face with a smile that sent all her vexation and dignity out of her in a minute.

"I've a deal to say to you too, Rosey, by-and-bye."

She did not seem so busy as she had said, when she went upstairs, for she sat there idle, with hands clasped in her lap, listening to the two voices downstairs, the old feeble one, and the young strong one; she could hear the tones, though not the words. How could she work, with the thought of the "deal to say" that Miles had in store for her. At last the talk seemed to be at an end, and she heard Master Hawthorne's voice calling her. She would not answer at first, that they might think her busy, but when at last she came to the head of the stairs, and answered, he bid her put on her bonnet and walk a little way with Miles, "and don't be long, for he has to catch the train."

When in a few minutes the two set out, they walked on side by side for some time in silence, till they were at the stile leading into the lane. Then Miles stopped, told her that old Master Hawthorne's words about his wasting his life in idleness had touched him up, and made him uncomfortable, and that he had made up his mind to find something to do, and to do it, and that just as he was looking about, an uncle of his, a sheep-farmer in Australia, had written to ask him to come out and help him. "It's a fine opening, Rosey, and he's making a mint of money, and then, in his letter, he says, 'if you bring out a wife with you, so much the better,' says he. And I'm going, Rose, as soon as I can get ready, and I've come to ask you to come with me?" And then he painted their life out there in a new country; they two together, working their way on, and meeting joys and troubles always hand in hand. And Rose stood silent, listening with shining eyes and parted lips, as if she could see the scene that he laid before her. Surely the temptation was great, to turn her back on all that was dull and wearisome and vexatious in the old life, and go forth with Miles to new, bright scenes, where his love and presence would make endless summer.

"I've been careless and idle, Rosey, but, with such a wife, I'll be another fellow altogether. And the master says as you may come, for I asked him first, and he told me to settle it all with you this morning. So you've only to say 'yes,' and it's all settled."

Still she was silent, and he stopped waiting for her answer, and looking on her face, on which a trouble and perplexity had taken the place of the glad, wondering interest of a minute ago. For a moment she was silent. Then she turned from him, and looked across to the old mill. "No, Miles," she said, "I mustn't leave the old master who's been so good to me."

He tried coaxing first, she had always been easy to talk round, and he thought it would not be hard now, but she stuck to her resolution. "He's been so good to me, I can't leave him." Then he got angry, and accused her of not caring for him, of playing fast and loose with him, and she stood silent, with clasped hands

A Practical Example.

and trembling lips, but still she shook her head in answer to all his entreaties. Then he spoke of the long journey, of the uncertainty of life, and of its being unlikely that, if he went, they should ever meet again, to see each other's faces, and hear each other's voices. His voice was low and gentle, as he spoke, but though the tears gathered in the girl's eyes, she shook her head.

At last his patience seemed gone. "Oh, well, if you don't care to go, and had rather stop here, it's no use talking, and I shall lose my train, if I stop here much longer; so good-bye, Rose, and I hope you'll be happy." He got over the stile, as he spoke.

She could not believe he would leave her so, but when she had brushed away the blinding tears, and looked up, he was crossing the wooden bridge, and the next moment was out of sight. He was gone, and gone in anger, and she had sent him away. She stood looking after him, feeling as if her very life had gone with him. The old mare came up and rubbed its nose against her arm, and touched by the dumb creature's sympathy, she put her arms round its neck, and hid her face in its rough mane.

"Did you think I was gone, Rosey?" a voice said close by; and Miles was by her side again. "You're the best little soul that ever lived, that you are, and I was a brute to vex you. There, there, don't cry. You were right, and I was wrong; and I don't like you any the less for being so true to the old farmer. But do you think you can be as true to me, Rosey?"

"True? Ay! that I will, Miles, all my life."

"You need be strong to do it," he said, "for, maybe, it will be years before I come back; but I'll be true to you, and work for you early and late, and when I can, I'll come home and fetch you."

A few moments more, and they parted, and then Rose turned back to the old home, saying to herself, "What does it matter as long as we're true?"

In the kitchen the old farmer sat waiting, and he turned his face to her as she came in. "Well, Rosey?"

She came and sat down on the little stool at his feet as she used to do when she first came to the farm.

"Miles has gone," she said. "He bid me say good-bye to you, for he'll be too busy to come here again before he sails."

"And so my little girl has chosen to stay with the old man. God bless you. I think you've chosen right, and you'll not regret it."

(To be continued.)

A Practical Example.



MAN who had received a field as an inheritance, neglected to cultivate it, he left it untilled, and it was soon covered with thorns. Some time after, this proprietor, wishing to restore it to its real value, said to his son, "Go and till that piece of ground." The son went and found it so full of thistles that, losing all hope of ever being able to get to the end of it, he said to himself, "When shall I ever be able to root up and clean all this?" Then lying down on the ground, he went to sleep. He continued to do the same thing for

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several days successively. The father, coming to visit the field, and seeing it just as he had left it, said to his son, "How is it that you have not done anything yet?" "Father," he replied, "every time that I have come to work, this great quantity of thorns has so frightened and discouraged me, that instead of working, I have thrown myself on the ground and gone to sleep;" upon which, his father replied, "Weed every day as large a space as your body covers when you are thus lying upon the ground, and your work thus advancing by degrees, you will no longer be discouraged." The son obeyed, and in a short time the field was weeded.

Let us root out one by one, each bad habit, each selfish thought, and the field which God gave us at the day of our birth will, in due season, be covered with flowers and fruits.

J. F. C.



The Death of a Christian.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair Spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

MRS. HEMANS.

Life's Battle with Old Time.

His life was one grand battle with Old Time;
 From morn to noon, from noon to weary night—
 Ever he fought, as only strong men fight.
 And so he passed out of his golden prime
 Into grim, hoary manhood; and he knew
 No rest from that great conflict, till he grew
 Feeble and old, ere years could make him so.
 Then on a bed of pain he laid his head,
 As one sore spent with labour and with woe;
 "Rest comes at last, I thank thee, God," he said.
 Death came, upon his brow laid chilly hands,
 And whispered, "Vanquished!" but he gasped out "No;
 I am the victor now, for unto lands
 Where Time's dark shadow cannot fall I go."

The Night Watchman's Song.

FROM THE GERMAN.

<p>HARK, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Eight</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Eight</i> souls alone from death were kept, When God the earth with deluge swept. Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>	<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Twelve</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Twelve</i> is of Time the boundary: Man, think upon Eternity! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>
<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Nine</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Nine</i> lepers cleansed returned not: Do not thy blessings, man, forget! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>	<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>One</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>One</i> God alone reigns over all; Nought can without His will befall. Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>
<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Ten</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Ten</i> precepts show God's holy will: Oh, may we prove obedient still! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>	<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Two</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Two</i> ways to walk has man been given; Teach me the right—the path to heaven! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>
<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour <i>Eleven</i>, good sirs, has struck. <i>Eleven</i> apostles remained true; May we be like that faithful few! Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>	<p>Hark, while I sing! our village clock The hour of <i>Three</i>, good sirs, has struck. The <i>Three</i> in one, exalted most— The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Unless the Lord to guard us deign, Man wakes and watches all in vain. Lord, through Thine all-prevailing night, Do Thou vouchsafe us a good night!</p>

Hark, while I sing! our village clock
 The hour of *Four*, good sirs, has struck.
Four seasons crown the farmer's care;
 Thy heart with equal toil prepare.
 Up! up! awake, nor slumber on;
 The morn approaches, night is gone!
 Thank God, who, by His power and might,
 Has watched and kept us through the night!

Heartly Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

VISITORS.

ALTHOUGH our next and final paper, by embracing lay agency in general, may be said to include Visitors—whether District Visitors or visitors for specific purposes and upon unusual occasions—it seems well to devote one paper more especially to them.

For, in past times, they did good service when the vast portion of church members were inert and careless. They still do a great work in many localities. And it is not unlikely that under a more complete system of organization than has commonly obtained amongst them, they would prove an even more valuable auxiliary in church-work than heretofore.

I reflect, with much gratitude and pleasure, upon the great good effected by district visitors in two parishes wherein (in the one case, I was curate, and in the other, I was vicar), they worked very cheerfully and well. But experience tells me, also, that the circumstances and surroundings of some parishes may render the use of visitors almost impossible. Wherever it is otherwise, a faithful band of true-hearted visitors is a cause of great blessing, and much strengthens the pastor's work.

Visitors ought, of course, to be regular worshippers and communicants, and generally at the church within whose district they serve. But these remarks are obviously so necessary as to scarcely need offering to the reader.

Visitors, in common with the clergy themselves, and in common with all who try to do good, have difficulties and temptations peculiar to their office. They must not be offended if I, most heartily wishing them every success and blessing, venture to point out what their especial dangers are.

There is a danger of the visit becoming a mere affair of gossip. Mrs. Garrulous is in many respects a decent body, and attends church at least every Sunday afternoon, but unhappily she knows her neighbours affairs better than she knows her prayer-book, and being clever, with her way of putting things, she contrives to interest her kind, well-meaning visitor so much in her story about Widow Watchford, and about the goings on down at the Winkwells, that, quite without suspecting it or intending it, the visit has become a mere empty talk about anything and anybody except Christianity or themselves! We all are in some danger here, but none more so than the district visitor.

There is, also, the very easy, and very natural, danger of favouritism. Favouritism is very easily acquired, and it is very natural withal, but it puts an end to all usefulness, if permitted. Those who know what visiting is, know very well the difference between the reception one meets with at (suppose) No. 45 and No. 73, and that one would rather go a dozen times to the former house than once to the latter. What so natural as to prefer calling where you are met with a smile and a welcome, to calling at that other dwelling, where the barely civil manner, short, stumpy voice, and general bearing of the inmate assure you, beyond doubt, that you are certainly not wanted there?

Hearty Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

And let me say, even here, there are limits to the perseverance with which you continue to call at such a house. I do not remember above four houses at which I have ceased to call, and I apprehend that we should be very careful not too readily to "give up" anyone, however roughly we may be treated.

At the same time, we have no right or authority to invade the dwelling of any man, poor or rich; and the poor ought certainly to be treated with the same manners as the rich. Only the danger to the visitor is, lest easily ceasing to call upon those who are not very attractive at first, a system of favouritism towards others gets set up, which works much ill feeling in the mind.

These are two of the great dangers and difficulties of the visitor. Let me offer a few hearty hints of another kind.

In dealing with the poor, I mean the needy, it is useless to talk to them about spiritual mercies while they are starving. Jesus ever showed sympathy with the visible evil, and sought to relieve it, even though He came to deal with evil in its higher and more spiritual forms.

A tract to a hungry man is of little use. Nay, it may do harm. On the other hand, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Much indiscriminate giving is positively harmful. If you so give as to encourage a habit of dependence and a want of self-reliance, and if you crush out, instead of foster, a spirit of self-help, you are doing great harm; you are pauperising the person; you are making beggars; and you are doing a positive injury to them and to the whole community.

"Consider" the poor. Try to assist them to help themselves. Aid them in an emergency; but endeavour to put them in a position to prevent emergencies arising.

It is kind to assist the poor in their distress, but it is better to put them into a way of keeping out of distress.

I should be very sorry to say one unkind word against a man, because he is poor or "down."

There are many genuine cases of very sad suffering and distress which demand our sympathy and deserve our assistance. But with all this, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that vice and want go very much together, and that in very many instances (though with distinct and numerous exceptions) the distress and the poverty are plainly caused only by the immorality of the sufferers.

This is a great matter for the contemplation of visitors.

Then, I would hint, also, that visitors should have a definite aim, and should work to secure it. In one case it is to persuade J. T. to cease his drunken habits. Here, it is to bring C. D. to church. And here, to show that steady fellow, B. R., that he is much in the wrong for not attending the Holy Communion, as His own loved Saviour hath invited him, asked him, and advised him to do!

Do all prayerfully. Make your visits a subject of prayer ere you leave home, make them the subject of prayer on your return. Get, also, early to Church, and there plead with God for any special cases to whom your heart has been peculiarly drawn out.

Remember that you are working in a good cause, and for One

Short Sermon.

Who will not let your labour fail of good results. Therefore, do not act feebly, as though a "perhaps" hung about all you do. Act as a thoroughly hearty, earnest member of the church, who is working for the glory of his God and the benefit of his fellow creatures. Go at your work as to a reality, for reality it is. Treat it as a work which embraces the unceasing Future as well as the Present in its influences, and you will, I think, be, what I earnestly trust you may be, "Hearty Visitors."

Short Sermon.

Overcoming the World.

BY T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., HEAD MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
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1 S. John v. 4.—"*This is the victory that overcometh the world,
even our faith.*"



FROM this text let me take occasion to set forth three points:—

- I. What is meant by 'the world?'
- II. What is meant by 'overcoming the world?'
- III. By what means this is to be done.

I. What is meant by the expression, 'the world?' The phrase has many significations, but it is used in the text in the sense in which it is a source of danger to the Christian's soul. People sometimes use the expression 'the world,' intending by it to describe the society of ungodly people, in contrast to that of the servants of God. But it is impossible to draw a line which will clearly separate the two classes. Doubtless, in some cases, the distinction is plain enough. There are some few servants of God of whose characters none can doubt. There are some enemies to God and religion of whose characters none can doubt, as well. But, in the outward and visible Church in general, the wheat and the tares grow together, not distinguished by human eye. Amongst the Twelve was a Judas, evidently undetected by the other Apostles; and when Elijah complained that he only was left, God surprised him with the answer, that He had seven thousand left in Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

In the same town—in the same congregation—in the same family—the spiritually dead and the spiritually alive are mixed—nay, even in the same heart, the heart of every Christian man, there is to the last something left of the spirit of the world, not wholly driven out by the Spirit of Christ. We cannot therefore now call any set of people 'the world,' and any other set 'the company of the people of God.' By-and-bye, the reapers will come to make the separation, but at present the Lord of the harvest has issued His command, 'let them both grow together.'

What, then, is 'the world,' spoken of in the text? Simply, the

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things that are seen and temporal, as opposed to the things that are unseen and eternal.

And it is often called 'this wicked world,' because of the wickedness which it produces, by ministering to the sinful lusts within us, and inclining us to forget the interests of our souls, and to worship the creature rather than the Creator.

How clearly is this the case! How easily are we drawn aside from the service of God, not only by things lawful, but even by things necessary. The money that we use—the business to which the Bible bids us attend—the recreation needful for our health and spirits—our food, and raiment, and sleep—nay, our very homes (intended to be the types of the harmony and peace of the eternal Home above), even these needful things may and do minister to sin by withdrawing our affections from things above. It is this which makes the battle we have to fight the life-long struggle that it is. The religious life were easy, if it consisted in the avoidance of certain well-known people, and certain well-defined places and practices. But closely mingled as are the world and the church, the Christian soldier must be ever on the watch. Wherever he may go—into the deepest retirement—into the very sanctuary of God itself—he has with him the battle-field and the contending forces, the battle-field, his own heart, the contending forces, the spirit of self and the spirit of God.

Such, then, is the enemy of which the text warns us, so subtle, so continually about us and within us, so hard to detect, so difficult to overcome.

II. Let us ask next, then, what is meant by overcoming it?

Not flight. There are some particular temptations from which we may flee, and must flee, if we can; but there are many, again, which meet us every day, and all day, which must be manfully met, fought with, and overcome. Would it be possible to say that a general had overcome his enemy (though he had not lost a soldier), if he had never met him? He might be wise in avoiding him for a season, that he might gather strength or better choose the place of conflict. But to 'overcome' him, he must meet him, fight him, and subdue him. Hence the mistake which they commit, who imagine that a life of cloistered seclusion gives opportunity for the growth of a higher and a loftier Christian character. Not so. The Christian's strength is shown, not in blind ignorance of evil, but in deliberate preference of good. A Christian's duty lies, therefore, not in forsaking his place in the business and intercourse of the world, not in quitting the friendly gathering and the family circle, but in glorifying God in them, in showing how His Holy Spirit can make him an example of integrity, of purity and humility, of self-denial, and of charity—it lies in mastering the special temptations incident to each man's own particular position and calling—it lies in proving to the world, not only that every duty of life is best discharged by the servant of Christ, but also that God's world of natural duty is the fittest, as it is the appointed, training-ground to prepare His saints for His heaven and for His presence.

This is what Christ meant, when, not long before His departure from them, He prayed for His disciples, not that God should take

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them out of the world, but that He should keep them from the evil that was in the world.

While therefore we may say that certain practices are sinful, and that certain people who do not make even a profession of godliness are ungodly, it is as undesirable, as it would be impossible, to point with the finger and say, 'the world is here,' or 'the world is there.' To attempt to do so would be doubly hurtful, ministering, on the one hand, to spiritual pride and conceit, and depriving, on the other, the careless and the godless of the quiet, but oftentimes powerful, influence of Christian example.

To overcome the world, then, is not to go out of it, but in it to keep oneself unspotted from it—to do its business, but not in its spirit—to mingle with its intercourse, but not with its motives—to abstain from excess even in things lawful—to remember the danger even in things needful—to have our conversation in heaven and our affection set on things above, while our time is spent among things below—to be content to live and work for Christ, but willing, when God calls us, to die and be with Christ—this is to overcome the world—this is (like our Master) not to shun the encounter, but to meet the enemy on the appointed field, there to fight him, and there to foil him.

III. And how is this to be accomplished?

The text tells us by 'faith.' 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

And the Apostle gives us a definition of faith, viz., 'the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for.' In other words, it makes things unseen evident, as though they were seen. It makes things only 'hoped for' before, as much enjoyed as though they were substantial.

Bearing in mind this definition, it is not hard to understand how faith enables the believer to overcome the world. Without faith we know nothing *but* of the things of this world. It is thus that the Saviour describes the natural man.

When speaking of the coming judgment, and when likening the careless state in which men would be found, then, to the state in which they were found when the flood overtook them in the days of Noah, He says of the latter, they ate, they drank, they bought, they sold, they married and were given in marriage—things belonging solely to the world of sight and sense.

By which Christ meant to say, that they had *no other thoughts*, they lived *no higher life*, the things temporal were the *only* things they saw, and things earthly the *only* things they hoped for.

And is not this our state by nature? How many people now live for nothing but the things of time and sense! What an aimless state! Its only end, if we look to no Future, the echo of the words, as we stand over the coffin that is lowered into the grave, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' But if there be a Future, an offended God, and a judgment to come, a state how appalling!

Now in this, the natural state of man, the world is the victor.

But contrast this with the believer's state. Put side by side the men of this world and the men of faith, and on which side, when they have met, has always lain the victory?

Short Sermon.

In the long struggle between Moses and Pharaoh, which throughout spoke with the voice of authority, and which finally had the mastery? When Ahab met Elijah on Carmel and in Naboth's vineyard, on which side were the calmness and the courage?

When the prophet Daniel stood before Nebuchadnezzar, interpreted the writing to Belshazzar, or answered King Darius from the lions' den, on which side lay the dignity? Or when Paul, the prisoner, was brought bound into the presence of Felix on the judgment-seat, was it the prisoner or the judge that trembled?

These are some of the victories which faith always gains over the world without, when the two meet in conflict, but they are not the victories that are the most difficult for the believer to win. He has enemies to fight in the world within him far more dangerous than any he can meet in the world without—sinful lusts, carnal appetites, earthly-mindedness, pride and conceit, ignorance of God, hardness and blindness of heart. Over all these faith gives the victory.

When the sinner has been convinced by the Holy Spirit of his sin and of the just anger of God, it leads him to the Saviour, and persuades him often, through many doubts and fears, that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Through the same Spirit, it changes his heart from being, in the Bible language, 'earthly, sensual, devilish,' and makes it heavenly, spiritual, and partaker of the nature of God. Through the same Spirit, it leads him to the Word of God for direction in all his ways, and to seek the glory of God in all his works. It makes him dread to grieve, to vex, or possibly even to quench the inward workings of that heavenly friend and guide. And all this, faith accomplishes by so bringing into the soul the interests of a higher and a lasting world, that they dwarf to insignificance the passing interests of this. To his opened eyes, the world is ever full of the ministering spirits of the King of kings. For him, Death has no terrors, for he looks calmly on to scenes beyond the grave. He hears the trumpet sound, he sees the great white throne, the open books, the countless crowd of the rising dead, the multitude assembled before the judgment-seat, and, in the language of the Apostle, he cries, through faith in triumph, 'O Death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

May this experience be ours at those times when we all shall need its blessedness, at the hour of death and the day of judgment! We have all surely felt the strivings of God's Spirit within us against the power of this lower world. Let us beware how we resist these heavenly strivings. Let us ask God's help, that we may sit loose to the attractions of this world of sense. Let us make diligent, prayerful use of the means of grace, seeking especially through them the workings of God's Holy Spirit. Let us cultivate in the soul the unseen life that belongs to the unseen world, preparing now for the kingdom, where we hope to dwell for ever, and that we may be strengthened to maintain the Christian's fight and to win the Christian's crown; let us pray continually, 'Increase, O Lord, that faith in me, which alone can enable me to overcome the world.'



"The Obsequious Beadle."

The Scandal of the Age.

BY LORD HOUGHTON. WRITTEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO.

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large Church-door:
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score,—
From one out-stepp'd a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a Prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,
But above the Cross there glisten'd
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly as up a ball-room.
Her footsteps seemed to glide.
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peep'd wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,—
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded,—
Where could she rest and pray?
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners"
She sighed, and went away.

Old heathendom's vast temples
Held men of every fate:
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of Saint Sophia
Confounds all human state.

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year,
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom
Each man the other's peer.

Save only in that England,
Where this disgrace I saw,—
England where no man crouches
In tyranny's base awe,—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of law!

There, too, each vast Cathedral
Contracts its ample room,—
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom,—
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.

Who shall relieve this scandal
That desecrates our age,—
An evil great as ever
Iconoclastic rage,—
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

On the Origin and History of the English Bible.

BY DENHAM ROWE NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON-BY-WIRKSWORTH.

Read, then, but first thyself prepare
To read with zeal, and mark with care;
And when thou read'st what here is writ,
Let thy best practice second it.
So twice each precept read shall be,
First in the book and next in *thee*.

PETER HEYLIN.

A.D. 1600-1611.



IN the later years of Queen Elizabeth's reign there were many very learned men devoting their time to Biblical studies. It would seem as if the religious fervour of the age could not be content with what had been already done by Tyndale, Coverdale, Rogers, or the Bishops. Individual scholars who could discern faults here and there in every revision which had been made, were not backward in pointing them out for correction in any future attempt at amendment. An increasing number of clergy in the Church of England, whose only authorised copy was the translation called the Bishops' Bible, were most anxious that further efforts should be made towards attaining an English translation of the Holy Scriptures which

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should be free from many of those evident blemishes which were contained in their public copies.

On the accession of James I. to the throne, these private desires assumed a more urgent character. Those who felt them were bold enough to come forward publicly into the presence of the King at the Conference held at Hampton Court in January, 1604, and make known their wish for a fresh revision of the Scriptures by eminent and honest scholars. There was scarcely any opposition made to this reasonable request, as all who were present there must have been aware that the Bishops' Bible, or the Genevan Bible, or Coverdale's Great Bible, was here and there incorrect in its rendering from the original Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. A few scornful words from individuals could well be passed over as harmless, seeing that the long hoped for work was about to be undertaken by competent men under royal authority.

Not many months after this conference, the King had obtained a list of names of men well qualified for the task, and had entrusted to them the duty of thoroughly and efficiently reviewing and revising the text of the English Bible, and presenting to the people what to the best of their ability they considered the true Word of God in the English tongue. Andrews, Reynolds, Barlowe, Overall, Duport, Bedwell, names known far and wide as representatives of acute scholarship and deep learning—these were the hands unto which was committed the labour of satisfying the just wants of earnest and truth-loving people; and never perhaps did companies of scholars, divided into groups as these forty-seven were, work more harmoniously and satisfactorily together; the sense of responsibility would seem to have weighed upon the mind of each reviser, and constrained him to use his best endeavours for effecting a perceptible improvement on all former translations.

There was a certain number of instructions forwarded to the men who had been selected for the work, for their guidance; and on the receipt of them, it appears each individual gave himself up to the labour with a ready will. By the end of the year 1604, many of the revisers were fully occupied on the separate portions specially assigned to their care, searching out for every particle of information which might throw light on dark and difficult passages; and gleaning here and there scraps of wisdom, ancient and modern, which might serve to clear up points hitherto doubtful and unsettled. The wide field of Scriptural learning thus thrown open to industrious workers was travelled over again and again in quest of grains of truth, and no corner seems to have escaped the vigilant and practised eyes of these eminent and unselfish men.

The Bishops' Bible, issued in 1572, was to be the ground-work of the new version. This text found ready to hand was to be changed as little as possible, and was on no account to be altered unless the Hebrew or Greek was plainly mistranslated. Every available source of information might be freely used to perfect the text in existence; manuscripts might be collated; the writings of the old Church Fathers might be compared; the more recent vernacular versions in French, German, Italian, Spanish, might be investigated, scholars, native and foreign, might be consulted; in

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fact, no one known channel of truth was to be left unexplored; there was now to be a most practical answer given to the unworthy remark, "If every man's humour were to be followed, there would be no end of translating."

The work thus virtually commenced under the king's authority in the year 1604 was carried on in the most quiet and unobtrusive manner by the revisers, for about three years; each as it would appear desiring to keep back the formal part of the task until full time had been given to mature and perfect the section he had received. In the year 1607, the groups of men, two at Oxford, two at Cambridge, and two at Westminster, began to meet for the purpose of settling and arranging the text according to the opinion of their members. A great deal of time was taken up in these necessary and important discussions, as no verse or word was permitted to stand unless its presence was supported by the strongest and best evidence. So careful were the revisers in their preliminary labours, that when they knew that a certain small word was a better equivalent for the original Hebrew or Greek than a longer, which was in the Bishops' Bible, they invariably made the change, their object evidently being to make the language of Holy Scripture as plain, clear, and simple as possible.

At the end of about three years, in the year 1610, copies of the Scriptures, as revised by each group of scholars, were handed over to a body of six of the most eminent of the labourers, two from Oxford, two from Cambridge, and two from Westminster, to be reviewed by them in consultation with certain other learned men chosen for the purpose. These picked men spent nine months in going over again what had been given to them with the most scrupulous care, one perchance reading whilst others would listen with Hebrew, or Greek, or Latin, or German, or French, or Italian versions before them. There was no shrinking from labour, no manifestation of undue haste, but a painstaking and conscientious desire to produce a version which might fairly challenge criticism and allay doubts and fears.

In the year 1611, there was prepared for the press the manuscript as finally corrected by Bishop Bilson and Dr. Miles Smith; and under their supervision the first edition of the Version, which goes by the name of the "Authorised Version," was *imprinted* at London by Robert Barker in the course of the same year. So great was the change for the better in many important passages, and so visible the improvement in the whole tone and character of the renderings, that the Revisers do not shrink from saying in the preface that their Version is "newly translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised by his Majesty's special command."

Since the first edition was printed and published in the year 1611, this "Authorised Version," known by us, has gradually displaced all other translations, and won it sway quietly to the position which it now holds, as that of the Standard of Truth, for all who speak the English language. There are doubtless in this, as in all former translations, trivial errors which greater acquaintance with the original tongues enables us to discern, yet still, considering the

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age in which it was made, we may regard our present English Bible as a very marvel of perfection. Even those most diligent labourers who spent so much time and pains in its production did not claim for their work absolute freedom from fault: in their modesty, they prefixed these truthful remarks, "Truly, good Christian reader, we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one, but to make a good one better . . . or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against; that hath been our endeavour, that our mark. To that purpose there were many chosen that were greater in other men's eyes than in their own, and that sought the truth rather than their own praise. . . . Neither did we disdain to revise that which we had done, and to bring back to the anvil that which we had hammered; but having and using as great helps as were needful, and fearing no reproach for slowness, nor coveting praise for expedition, we have at the length, through the good hand of the Lord upon us, brought the work to that pass that you see."

It would be ungracious in the extreme to complain of a Version of Holy Scriptures which was brought out under the sanction of such profound scholarship, and has stood its ground under the most trying circumstances; and at the same time unwise to regard it as above all honest criticism. If, by the aid of a more advanced learning, any renderings can be made a more accurate interpretation of the original records; or if, by the help of more ancient and correct manuscripts, small points here and there may be made more intelligible, there should be no fear to accept these emendations, and to accept them in the most grateful spirit as special blessings to a later age. Literal accuracy is not to be scorned, though there stands out as a standing warning to idolaters of an exact text, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" and any time, perseverance, or genius spent in securing for us the most perfect transcript of the Divine will to man, should receive our heartiest thanks.

In the slight sketch of the Origin and History of the English Bible which has been attempted in these pages during the year, there has necessarily been omitted several of those more graphic episodes which have occurred in the long period which has been treated of; it is to be hoped, however, that the fragments which have been communicated may quicken in the minds of many a strong and abiding desire to follow up the study of such an important subject with a more lively and intelligent interest. Abundant means for so doing have been furnished during the last few years by able and accomplished writers, whose names are a guarantee for solid learning and patient research. Archbishop Trench on the "Authorised Version," and Canon Westcott on the English Bible, supply ample materials for a much more extended enquiry than could possibly be carried on in these pages; and for an account of the earlier Wycliffite Versions, the splendid book of Forshall and Madden supplies every tittle of information which the most industrious learner can desire.

If we have seen, in this imperfect history, some slight indica-

Sunny Days in Winter.

tions of a providential watching over the Word of God, some few traces of a higher hand protecting these treasures of wisdom from hurt or harm, let us not be afraid to avow our convictions; or to allow our veneration to increase with every succeeding year of life. Death has been bravely faced, loss and imprisonment have been cheerfully borne by many a noble hero in defence of God's Written Word; and much pain has been secretly endured by those who have striven to hand down undefiled the streams of Gospel Truth. The fixing of the Canon, the preservation of Manuscripts, the translations into other languages, the exclusion of interpolated verses, have not been easy tasks at various times, and thankful ought each reader of the English Bible to be that such a glorious heritage has been bequeathed to him.

Living in times of change, when anxious souls are again claiming a removal of the few imperfections which disfigure pages of the Sacred Book, let us not be afraid to commend the task unto the hands of ripe scholars and religious men. If the Divines of the age of James I. supposed that improvements could be made in the future, and looked upon their work as a temporary and not a final effort, let us not shrink from the task which is set by men craving for truth, but earnestly and willingly, with God's help, pursue it. Fear, there need be none. God's word to His people is still, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen." (Matt. xxviii. 20).

Sunny Days in Winter.

SUMMER is a glorious season,
Warm, and bright, and pleasant;
But the Past is not a reason
To despise the Present.
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all.

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all the promise,
Perish'd in our arms:
But the memory of the vanish'd,
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that
bloometh—
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossom'd,
Hangs its coral ball:
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them well;
But this holly's glistering berry
None of those excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent;
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all!

Then, although our darling treasures
Vanish from the heart—
Then, although our once loved pleasures,
One by one depart—
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no winter, after all!



Heartly Hints to Lay Officers of the Church.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

GUILDMEN.



AS a general and very great principle, we would say, at the outset, that we regard every baptized person, on arriving at a fit age, as bound by every consideration to be confirmed, and then to become a regular and a frequent communicant, and that every communicant is, by that very act, a member of the best, the greatest, the truest, and the grandest of Guilds, being bound as a member of Christ to do something, however small, however great, however insignificant, or however important, for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and for the benefit of the family of fallen Adam, whom Jesus, the second Adam, hath redeemed. And we believe that this truth, long neglected and almost forgotten, cannot be too much insisted on. If practically recognised, it would raise up such a band of lay helpers in the church as would, with God's blessing, effect a mighty reformation amongst the people, and would do much to spread true religion. One great means towards producing this result is found in numerous associations, societies and guilds, with which the church is teeming now. It matters little by what name we term these associations, for in practice most of them mean nearly the same thing. Some think that "association" is the best term, while others think that the word has a very scientific ring about it; some fancy that the term "guild" smacks terribly of Popery, even as others, who have a sound and wholesome dread both of Popery and Romanism, consider the word as the most convenient and appropriate term that our vocabulary contains.

Dismissing such a question as a mere trifle amongst men in earnest, and a mere quibble amongst determined fault-finders, who will be neither silenced nor satisfied with any thing that earnest churchmen attempt to do, we rather throw our thoughts together upon the work to be done and the workers to do it. We hope the day is now quite near when permanent deacons will be ordained to minister within and outside the church; when unpaid sub-deacons (who will not thereby put aside their condition as laymen) will also be carefully selected and ordered for work also within, and, perhaps, without the church walls. There is great need for some such proceeding. It would give an impulse to church work which is still needed. But there is, and there ever will be, a work to be done by the Church, the full discharge of which demands the action of every member of the Church, just because he or she is a member of it (1 Cor. xii. 21, 22).

The principle is one, the practical applications numerous and not altogether easy to enumerate. The principle is clear enough. The Church consists of many members, under the one great head, Jesus Christ. Every member, *without exception*, has its functions to perform within the one united body, and no member is so unimportant that the most comely member can do without it. There is such a combination amongst all the members as renders it impossible for one member to say to another "*I have no need of thee.*" The great point of enquiry for every member of Christ's

Life.

Church, then, is, what is my function? What is that, in this great body of the Church of Christ, whereof I am a member, which I am called upon to perform?

It matters not whether you be poor or rich, learned or ignorant, blind or lame, or even bed-ridden. Every member of the Church of Christ can do something, as such, to the glory of his God and Saviour, and the good of his fellow-creatures. It is, therefore, at once your highest duty and your greatest privilege to feel that you have such a calling, and the point to be decided by you is, what is your peculiar calling within the Church, and consistently with due order?

In very many instances (especially where the Guild simply demands that you be a communicant, and that you promise to do something every week to the glory of God and the extension of His Church), you will find a Guild will afford you the very platform for usefulness you desire.

And let me say to all hearty Guildmen, do whatever you undertake with perseverance, life, and reality. Never attempt anything in connection with the Church with hesitation, or doubt, or uncertainty. Do it because it is right, because you ought to do it, and with a happy conviction that it is useless without the blessing of God, and withal that God will bless it and any work done in His name and in reliance upon His grace.

This is the last of the set of "Hearty Hints" to my fellow brethren of the Church. I have endeavoured to write them all under a sense of the responsibility entrusted to me, and I have sought so to write them as to make men feel an interest in them. I am sensible of many shortcomings, but I can say, with a heartfelt consciousness of truth, that I have earnestly wished to avoid hurting the feelings of any one, while seeking to be as practical as possible. If, however, I have failed in this particular, I beg to assure every reader that it would pain me greatly to give needless offence, and that I have never once done so intentionally. May it please God so to bless all the readers of my Hearty Hints, that though unknown to each other, we all may work heartily in the great Anglican communion of the Church Catholic of Christ, in whatever part of the world we may be.

And hereafter, when our work is over, "having served God in our day and generation" here, may we rejoice in His presence, and praise His grace and love which made us "Hearty Workers" in His Church on earth. Till then, let our motto be "Be not weary in well doing, our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Life.

We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breaths,
In feelings not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILLY.



Rose Hardy's Home.

CHAPTER IX.

AND so Miles Welch went away, far from quiet Hinton Mill, over the great sea to Australia, and left Rose Hardy behind him by her own choice; and as the old man told her, she did not regret it. I do not mean that she did not sometimes weary for the sound of Miles' cheery voice, and a sight of his kindly face, and find life very dull without him. Patience is a hard virtue for young blood: but few people have a better model before their eyes than Rose had. But I think even when her heart was most yearning and longing, if Miles had stood before her with his pleading face and voice, she would still have decided the same, and always when the old master spoke of Miles, which was very often, she would say, "but I'm glad I stayed with the Master and the dear old home."

One day, when she spoke thus, he said, "Ah, deary, I used to think a terrible deal of the old mill. Ah! and so I do now, only maybe not so much. I mind once when there was a talk of our leaving it and taking another farm, I felt as though it would nearly break my heart, it seemed as if it were just home and nowhere else could be; but since the old missus went, it has seemed different, somehow; it seems as if I was just biding here a little, 'strangers and sojourners,' as it says, and was just waiting to go home. There's a place for me up there in my Father's house, and my heart and treasure are there already, and it's light in the home there, deary, always light."

And so time passed on in the quiet mill till it was no longer yesterday, or last week, or last month, or even last year that Miles went away. They heard once or twice, and Rose replied, but they were neither of them good at writing, and Miles was very busy, so that after a time no letters came to or left the mill, but "what does it matter, as long as we're true?" Rose said. She did not mope or pine for her lover, but went cheerfully about her work like a brave-hearted girl as she was, and work passed the time, which might have crushed her with its weight if she had sat with folded hands. She tended the old man with constant watchful care, and he needed it more and more, for every month seemed to take something from his failing strength and bring him nearer the home he was seeking. The management of the farm had fallen almost entirely into Joe Hawthorne's hands, though he came in most days and told Master Hawthorne what was being done.

Then as time still passed on the old man's place at church was empty on Sunday, and at first it was only that the weather was bad, or Master Hawthorne had taken a cold; but as Sunday after Sunday passed and Rose took her place there alone, she felt that she should never again hear his voice joining in the prayers, or see his head bent so reverently, and that the time would not be long before he would no longer take part in the feeble praises of the Church militant here on earth, but would be joining in the glorious 'Hallelujahs' of the Church triumphant in heaven.

* * * * *

Christmas Day again, fourteen years since my story began, and little Rose Hardy found her home in the old farm, ten years since the old mistress "crossed the flood," nearly six years since Miles came, and five since he went away.

Rose Hardy's Home.

"A happy Christmas to you, Master," Rose said as she opened his bedroom door. He was still able to get up and dress himself without help, and he was standing by the window waiting for her, for she always came to lead him downstairs. She rarely left him at all now, for he was very feeble and dependent on her for everything.

"It's fourteen years since you brought me here first. Do you mind the day? How cold and frosty it was, wasn't it? and what a poor little half-starved creature I was when you led me in. Do you mind it all, Master?"

"Ay, ay!" he answered, "fourteen years ago, and it seems but the other day."

As they sat at their breakfast, they talked of old times, and of that first Christmas, and the farmer went back to Christmases long ago before there was a Rose Hardy in the world.

"You and me must have service to ourselves, Master." Rose said as she began clearing away the things.

"No, deary, I won't keep you from Church. I'm a deal better to-day, and then if you set things handy for me I shall do well enough till you come home, and I know the service pretty near by heart. Eighty-five Christmas days have taught it me. Never fear, Rosey, but I shall do comfortable, and maybe I shall doze a bit now and then, and pass the time thinking of old times, for my life is as good as a story, deary, and I'll read it to myself."

She did not like leaving him, but he grew so worried by her staying that she agreed to go, doing all in her power to make him comfortable till her return, setting his armchair out of the draught, and making up a bright fire.

Then she went and put on her bonnet. As she came down stairs, she heard his voice speaking softly to himself, "Through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the Dayspring from on high hath visited us; to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace."

"Master," she said, "the bells are ringing, do you hear?"

"Open the door, deary; my hearing's not so good as it has been. Ay! sure, there they are, 'glad tidings of great joy.'"

"Goodbye," she said from the door, "I'll not be long."

"Goodbye, Rosey. Don't forget I'm waiting for you at home."

And she closed the door and went. Her mind was full of him as she crossed the meadow, and she thought of all his gentleness and patience, and of all his great goodness to her. She was so taken up with her thoughts that she climbed the stile and went up the little lane without noticing a figure standing on the bridge, who had been watching her all the way from the mill.

"Where are you going, Miss Rose, in such a hurry, that you have left your eyes and your thoughts behind you, and can't even say 'good morning' to a friend you've not seen for years?"

Who was it that was standing there looking at her? Who took both her hands in his and kept them in his grasp? Her heart seemed to stand still, for it was Miles Welch, his very self, who stood there in the very place where she had seen him last, five years

Rose Hardy's Home.

before ; and his voice was sounding with the Christmas bells in her happy ears.

What they said in those first minutes Rose could not recall, she remembered only that she made a movement as if she would have turned back to the mill, but Miles drew her hand under his arm and said, "Not yet, you and I, Rosey, will go to Church together, and then go and tell the old master."



And there they were, on their way to Church, with her hand resting on Miles' arm. She could not speak for something that rose in her throat that was very near a sob, and her eyes were more than once misty and dim. Miles, too, was silent, and only smiled and nodded to the groups of people who had a welcome to say to him or a Christmas greeting.

As they passed in at the churchyard gate Miles stooped and looked into Rose's downcast face, "And you haven't even said you're glad to see me, Rose."

Rose Hardy's Home.

And she made no answer, but looked up at him with damp eyes and quivering lips, and they passed in and knelt down side by side in the old seat. "What does it matter so long as we are true?" And they had been true, and the five years of waiting seemed to them but a few days for the love they bore one another.

After the service was over Miles found that he could not get away so easily from the neighbours, who pressed round him to bid him welcome or ask news of his return; but when at last he had made his way through them, and was clear, he turned to Rose and said, "Now, Rosey, for the old master."

And they set out at a quick pace for the farm. As they went their tongues were no longer silent, and he told her how he had got on slowly but steadily in Australia, where he found that fortunes were no more to be made in a day than they are in England. His uncle took a great fancy to him, and treated him as if he had been his own son; but as time passed on, the day when he could come home to fetch Rose seemed to come no nearer, and he was beginning to feel almost in despair, for "I couldn't quite forget you, Rosey, do what I would." Then not quite a year ago his uncle died and left him everything. "I might have been no end of a rich man if I had stopped and kept on with the sheep farm; but I found with my uncle's money I could get a snug little farm in old England, and so I sold everything and thought I'd come and see if there was still a blue-eyed girl at Hinton Mill. And you mustn't be so hard on a chap as you were five years ago, when you sent him off to the other end of the world, and did not mind a bit."

"Not a bit, Miles, not a bit." And she laughed with tears in her blue eyes, a laugh that was so pleasant in his ears that nothing he had heard in those five years came near to it in sweetness.

"And though you treated me so badly, I've been thinking and thinking to please you, and I'm thinking there might be room for me in the mill, and that maybe the master would let me take on the farm instead of him, so as we should all be together. What say you, Rosey?"

How short the way was. How soon they reached the mill. They seemed only this minute to have left the church, and here they were going up the garden path.

"It's not a bit changed," Miles said; "it's all just the same; it might be only yesterday when I left; and there's the white pigeons and the old dog and all."

As she unlocked the door she stopped and motioned him to be quiet.

"I will go in and tell him," she said. "Oh! he will be so pleased."

So Miles stopped in the porch, and she went in alone.

The fire was burning brightly, and the old man lay back in his elbow chair dozing, she thought, with one hand stretched out on the Bible, which he liked placed within his reach, though he could not read it.

"Master," she said, "Master, I've some news for you."

He did not answer, and she came nearer, and then she uttered a cry of terror, "Oh, Miles, Miles, come!" For like the poor

The Close of the Year.

shepherds on that first Christmas, a great light had shone from heaven for the old man sitting in darkness, and he had gone to keep Christmas with the old mistress in the light. "The city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. For there shall be no night there."

Years have passed since then, and Rose and Miles still live in Hinton Mill. Their life is a very happy one, with many blessings and few sorrows. There are little children growing up round them, and life has much sunshine for them. But Rose never forgets the dear old master and mistress, and she often recalls the master's last words, "Don't forget that I'm waiting for you at home," and she remembers, that pleasant as the old mill is, that it is not our rest, but that her Home lies beyond the dark valley, where the old master is waiting for her.

The Close of the Year.

ANOTHER year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on;
Whelmed in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, for ever gone!
O, no! forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot
quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.
'Tis midnight—from the dark-blue sky,
The stars, which now look down on
earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth
And when the pyramids shall fall,
And, mouldering, mix as dust in air,
The dwellers on this altered ball
May still behold them glorious there.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread,
To me, to me, there comes no night.
O! what concerns it him, whose way
Lies upward to th' immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled!
Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and
skill,
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as ye will.
When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight
glow;
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

Press onward through each varying hour;
Let no weak fears thy course delay;
Immortal being! feel thy power,
Pursue thy bright and endless way.

ANDREWS NORTON.

A Copper Mine.



HE copper mines in the south-west of England, where a few narrow pits all open about the same level, are very different from the well-ventilated coal-pits, through which air moves constantly.

On a fine, warm, breezy, bright, sunny day, with the sweet breath of fields and heather hills in his nostrils, a pedestrian in search of information comes to a trap-door and a hole like a draw-well. Odours, as of bilge water and rotten eggs, rise when the trap is lifted, and contrast abominably with the delicate perfumes of beans and hedge rows.

There is no rattle, no din, no movement here. A dull, sleepy,

A Copper Mine.

creaking sound comes faintly in from a big water-wheel which is slowly turning and pumping water from a neighbouring hole. The only cheery sound about the place is the rattle of hammers and stones, where boys and girls, and strong-armed women are smashing and washing ore in sunlight and fresh air. Like bees they sing as they cheerily work. Their cheeks are ruddy, and their bright eyes dance with fun; but down in the dark well is sickness, silence and gloom.

A distant sound is heard below: the yellow glimmer of a candle shines out of the dark earth, and the regular beat of thick-soled boots on iron staves comes slowly ticking up the pit, like the beating of a great clock.

A mud-coloured man appears at last: this miner may be blue, or yellow, green, brown, orange or almost red, but he is sure to be gaunt and pale-faced. His hair and brow are wet with toil; his eyes blink like those of an owl in day-light: he wheezes and looks fairly blown. With scarce a word of greeting, he stares and passes on to the changing house. When a lot of miners who work in such mines gather amongst other folk, they are as easily distinguished as blanched celery from green leaves.

When visitors go down, guides and strangers, dressed in their worst, each armed with a tallow dip, stuck in a ball of clay, cluster about the well, which is called the 'foot way,' and, one after another, they vanish from the upper air. For the height of a town-church down they go into the darkness, and their steaming breath rises up like blue smoke. When daylight fails, a halt is called, and candles are lit on the ladders. This travelling is, to say the least, uncomfortable. A man in the middle has to watch that he may not tread on the fingers next below him and to look out for his own knuckles; he has to clasp the cold, greasy, gritty iron rounds, and the candlestick of soft wet clay, so as to hold both without losing the light, or singeing his nose with the candle. He has to feel for his footing, to watch for any damaged or missing round, and generally keep his wits bright; for there may be fifty fathoms of sheer open depth at his elbow, and nothing earthly to save him if he slips or stumbles in this 'foot way.' Like a train of Irish hodmen slipping down from a London house, down goes the procession, and those unused to the work find it hard labour.

In half an hour, or an hour and a half, according to pace and distance, a journey which would have taken a few minutes in a coal-pit, lands the visitor at the bottom of this mine, where machinery is unknown. On the floor of a coal-mine the footing is sure. Here passages are made at different levels, and they are full of pitfalls, and uneven in height and width. Tramping and splashing through mud and mire, over hard rock and piles of rubbish, the train moves off.

When the level is reached, a miner leads, another brings up the rear, and strangers file off and keep their places as best they can. "Shoot!" cries the leader, and ducks his head. The next, finding the edge of a sharp iron-shod trough at the level of his eyes, dives under it in his turn and passes the word "Shoot." It is the place where ore is shot down from upper levels into waggons, and it is a

A Copper Mine.

trap to break the heads of the unwary. "Sump!" cries the leader, and the follower, with his candle flickering in his eyes, finds that he stands on a single plank, or a narrow ledge of stone, above a black abyss. In day-light, heads are apt to swim above such depths; in the dark that feeling is absent; so each in turn passes the bridge and gives the word "Sump." It is the place where ore is sent down, or the top of an air-chimney, or the mouth of a pit dug into the vein. "Deads!" cries the leader, crawling up a heap of stones, wriggling through a long hole, and sliding down head foremost into the passages beyond. The soles of his boots disappear at last, and one by one the procession struggles through, taking the colours of the mine from its roof and sides. And so for half a mile, or a mile or more it is "heads," "shoot," "sump," "deads," "splash," "tramp;" and by that time all hands are wet, hot, greasy, smoky, and muddy.

When the miners have driven two long caves, one above the other, so far that candles will no longer burn at the ends of these passages, and men can hardly breathe, the next step in metal-mining is to 'rise' and 'sink' and join the caves, so as to make a passage for air to move through, if nature so wills.

To get to the top of a 'rise,' 'stemples' are often fixed for steps. These stemples are bars of wood on either side, and to mount is like climbing a chimney. The stones which are quarried at the top out of such a hole are thrown down and gather in a conical heap below. So the place is well called a 'close end.' In order to get oxygen into this black hole, a small boy, whose life is one perpetual grind, is stationed at some place where the air is thought fit for use. With a circular fan and a leaky tube, or with a thing like a magnified squirt — by the muscular force of a young male engine with the idle nature of a boy — some air of some sort is driven to the end, and half-choked men and dim candles struggle on for life in the burrow.

The ventilating boy passed, the leader dives into a rolling cloud of thick fœtid smoke. His candle turns into a nebulous haze, his legs are seen wading alone in clear air after his head has disappeared in smoke, but both are found together at the end. With hands and feet on either side of the 'rise,' in the graceful posture of a split crow, or a wild cat nailed on a kennel door, through showers of dust and falling stones, up sprawl guides and followers with many a puff and cramp, till they crowd a shaky platform at the top of the 'rise.' There is a feeling of tightness about the neck; the chest heaves with a gasp, instead of rising steadily; and generally there is distress and a feeling like nightmare. Men at work in these bad places pant and breathe painfully; their faces are purple or red; their veins swelled; their brows wet and begrimed with soot. They seem to labour hard, though their work is not harder than quarrying stones elsewhere. In such places candles flicker, and sometimes go out altogether; no puffing or drawing will light a pipe or keep it lighted. There is no laughter, no fun, no cheery chatter of active labour at these 'close ends.'

To return to upper air is hard work. From the bottom of a deep mine, up perpendicular ladders, with foul mine-water dripping on

A Colloquy with Myself.

his head, and a smoky candle spluttering in front of his open mouth; edgeways through clefts, on all fours, feet foremost, head foremost, on his back, his sides, the amateur miner follows his guide. Greasy, muddy, drenched, steaming with perspiration, with throbbing ears, giddy, tired, and gasping like a fish, he struggles back to fresh air; and, when daylight appears, glimmering far overhead, when the trap-door is passed, the first long greedy draught of the clear, pure air of heaven seems too strong. It flies to the head like brandy. Even miners who are used to such places often stagger and totter like drunken men when they come 'to grass.' These were the sensations of the winner of a Highland hill-race, in good condition, at the age of twenty-eight, who in well-ventilated mines only felt ordinary fatigue after many a long scramble underground.—From "*Frost and Fire.*"

A Colloquy with Myself.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be;
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee.
What are Riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.
What are pleasures? When afforded
But by gauds which pass away?
Read their fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.
What is Fashion? Ask of Folly;
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.
What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In adversity's dark day.
What is friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow;
If on false pretension grounded,
Like the treacherous sands below.
What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night;
Shining, but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light.
But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.
What are Hopes but gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between?
Or foam-created waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms,
throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.
What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience? More than sunshine, brightening
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.
What is Time? A river flowing
To eternity's vast sea,
Forward, whither all are rowing,
On its bosom bearing thee.
What is Life? A bubble floating
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.
What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well,
But the gate to life unending,
Joy in Heaven, or woe in hell?
Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.
Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do.
Be not by profession cheated;
Live as if thou knewest them true.
As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself,
With their answers, I've given to thee.
Put them home to thyself, if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh, look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee!

BERNARD BARTON.



The Old Year.

DroPPING, dropping, dropping,
 Slowly dropping away;
 Like the silent sands of the hour-glass,
 Drops the old year day by day.

DroPPing, dropping, dropping:
 No sound of spoken word;
 But every day had a tale to tell,
 Which only God has heard.

DroPPing, dropping, dropping,
 Swiftly dropping away;
 So go the years of the earthly life
 On their appointed way.

DroPPing, dropping, dropping:
 Oh, joy to see them go,
 If they tell a tale in the Father's ear
 Of a holy life below.

S. N. S.

Reflection on a Christmas Tree.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

HOW eagerly do these children gaze on this glittering bauble! Methinks there are not less than an hundred eyes directed towards it, and not one but rests steadfastly upon the admired object. And yet all that it contains would be dearly bought at five shillings, for any solid or lasting purpose.

The making of some of the toys has been the one occupation of several of them during play-hours for the last six weeks, and has even interfered seriously with the business of the school-room; and many a mysterious whisper, and hasty concealment of a half completed article, has betrayed that there was some more than usually important matter on hand.

And now that all the knick-knacks are collected together, and

Short Sermon.

hung fancifully among blue and green and crimson tapers and ribbons on this fairy stem (which is but after all a lifeless branch of a fir-tree without roots), how do these little urchins attach a value to them, almost equalling in their vivid imagination the fabled wonders of Aladdin and his Lamp!

At length the ringing of a hand-bell announces that the prizes are beginning to be drawn, and all is hushed and still. Their little hearts beat quick in mute expectation of the result, and each one follows eagerly with his eye the arm stretched forth to reach down the object indicated by the lottery. One by one they are apportioned, and great is the glee or grievous the disappointment according as this or that article is awarded to each claimant by the judgment of the distributor, from whose decision there is no appeal.

And are these children, then, I ask, so far removed from us grown-up Christians, who are looking on in wonderment at their vain ardour after such very trifles? Does it never occur to us, what are all the most splendid treasures of this world, could we concentrate them in one spot, compared with the glories that shall be revealed hereafter? Are they not as dross in the balance, when set against the pure gold of eternity? And yet do we not, some of us, toil after the one, rising early and late taking rest, while the other we dismiss almost wholly from our thoughts as a matter of comparative indifference? Do we not carry on the pursuit after the one in much secrecy and mystery, lest haply our monopoly be discovered and interfered with, and some strange hand step in to share in the gains? And is there not, perchance, some one object—be it riches, be it fame, be it pleasure, be it distinction—that we are bent on securing, forgetful of that higher reward, that unfading crown, which is reserved for those hereafter who have sought steadily for it by patient continuance in well-doing, and in a firm faith in Christ their Saviour? And missing this temporal prize, are we not most grievously disappointed; though its possession, had we attained to it, were of no more solid worth than the toys after which our children are now so eagerly on the stretch? Finally, do we remember that there is no appeal from the heavenly judgment;—blank or prize, it is drawn but once, and that FOR EVER.

Short Sermon.

Reading God's Word for Principles.

BY FRANCIS MORSE, M.A., PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN, VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, NOTTINGHAM.

Acts ix. 6.—“*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*”



AMONGST the helps that are to be found towards living a holy life, an important place must be given to ‘The Study of the Word of God for Principles of Holy Action.’

It is very much to be feared that many persons, even

Short Sermon.

amongst those who make a fair outward profession of Christianity, hardly ever read the Bible at all. They hear it read in Church, no doubt, and they hear sermons, and they have a general knowledge of its contents, but they are not familiar with its principles, and do not take it as their daily guide.

Others, who do read it, read it very often rather to see in it the doctrines they take with them to its study, to confirm themselves in their pre-established opinions, and to find a condemnation of all those who differ from them. Others, no doubt, read it just for the sake of reading it. They have some remains of conscientious feeling about the duty of reading the Bible; and so, perhaps alone, perhaps with their families, they read a portion morning or evening, and only read it. It is forgotten as soon as read. It is read as a duty to be done, not as a means of learning what duty is to be done.

But what I would commend to my readers here as a great help to holy living is the daily reading of the Holy Scriptures with the one view of carrying their principles out in daily life and business.

When Captain Hedley Vicars became an earnest Christian, he laid his open Bible on his table, and told all who came in that henceforth *that* was the Book by which he meant to act.

I am not suggesting that you shall lay your Bible on your counting-house table—it might lie there only to be seen; but that you should, each day, go to business with some part of God's word fresh in your mind, as the direction of your God, and the principle of your life.

I have headed this subject, 'Reading the Word of God for Principles,' for the New Testament, and, indeed, the Old too, as far as it applies to us, is made up of great broad principles. We do not find there directions for every minute particular of action, but great motives, broad principles, transcendent promises, overwhelming threatenings.

It is our business to become so familiar with these as to bring them to bear on every action of life, great or small. They are sufficient to save us, if we do so, but not more than sufficient; and it is certain that if we do not avail ourselves of the forces they offer us, we shall constantly be beaten by our foe, and eventually lost.

You will remember that Holy Scripture was the sword of the Spirit which our Saviour used in His temptation, and that it was with a word of God that, on each occasion, He silenced and eventually drove away the evil one. 'It is written,' He said, 'it is written.'

And you will remember also that St. Paul, when instructing the man of God how to be thoroughly furnished, writes thus: 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works' (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17).

The course of ordinary business is like that of a full river rolling on in its might, and carrying everything away with it as it

Short Sermon.

goes. Men think of nothing else. There is need of some rock, islanded in the midst of their thoughts, to stem and check their progress, if it is to be stemmed at all.

Such a rock would be the *Word of God*, if known and believed to be the Word of God. But who rarely reads it never thinks of it, especially where thought is needed, so that it has no more effect upon his course of life than a stone thrown from the bridge into some swollen river.

But a man who had just been reading, as the Word of God, 'All liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone,' would hardly tell a lie with *that Rock* standing up before him. A man who had just been listening to 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' would hardly with *that* rising up in his mind risk the losing of his soul for the sake of gaining a few pounds. A man who had just been thinking over our Saviour's words, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me in this evil and adulterous generation, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when he comes with his holy angels,' would hardly then and there shrink with shame from the confession of that Saviour. A man who had been reading that morning, 'I say unto you, Whosoever shall look upon a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart,' would hardly, with that ringing in his ears, let his eyes run loosely where they please. A man who had just heard from the lips of the Saviour, 'Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness *first*, and all these things shall be added unto you,' would hardly set to work in business as if there were no God, and money were the one thing to be sought. A man who had just been reading of the exceeding tenderness and loving kindness of the Lord, shown in that while he was yet a sinner Christ died for him, would hardly then and there run into sin which crucifies that Lord afresh.

No, it is because we forget these facts, and are so unfamiliar with these truths, that they have little or no influence upon us. They are not islanded as rocks in our hearts, and so the stream of life flows on and carries them away as but leaves upon its surface.

What I suggest, then, is this, that you labour not only to become more familiar with Holy Scripture, but that you aim at bringing it as a real restraining power into your daily life.

Read it with reference to daily life. Fix in your mind, for each day, some great promise, some great threatening, some great principle. Write it in your memory as you walk down to business. Think of it again and again as the work of the day goes on. Apply it in your work. Place it side by side with your practice. Urge it upon your fears. Press it on your hopes.

God says this and this. How shall I dare to disobey Him? God writes thus; and how shall I have the folly to act otherwise? God promises this. What in this world can be so joyful, what so worthy of effort? Let me please God my Saviour, though all the world be set against me. Ask, 'Lord, what would thou have me to do?' And be ready, when He speaks, to say 'Here I am, Lord, send me.'



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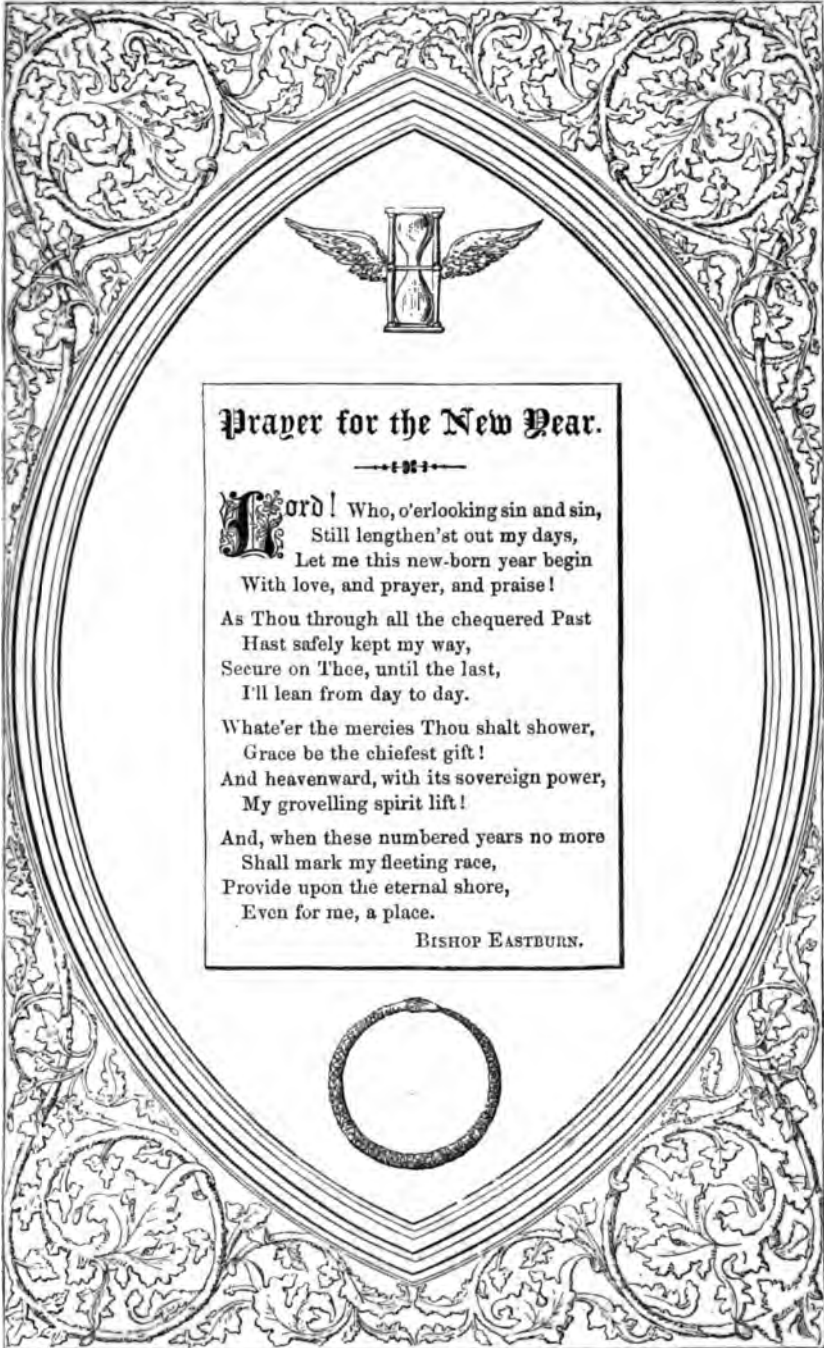
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Prayer for the New Year.



Lord! Who, o'erlooking sin and sin,
Still lengthen'st out my days,
Let me this new-born year begin
With love, and prayer, and praise!

As Thou through all the chequered Past
Hast safely kept my way,
Secure on Thee, until the last,
I'll lean from day to day.

Whate'er the mercies Thou shalt shower,
Grace be the chiefest gift!
And heavenward, with its sovereign power,
My grovelling spirit lift!

And, when these numbered years no more
Shall mark my fleeting race,
Provide upon the eternal shore,
Even for me, a place.

BISHOP EASTBURN.

The Village Curé and the Great Doctor.



THE following story is told of Dr. Dupuytren, one of the greatest medical men of France, to whom science owes many precious discoveries.

This great surgeon, who in his long career had neglected or perhaps despised religion, nevertheless died expressing sincere faith in Christ. How was this? The following is the account given of his conversion to God:—

Dupuytren was almost constantly at work, and few men have lived so thoroughly occupied a life as his was. Summer and winter he rose at five o'clock. At seven he was at the Hôtel Dieu, which he left at eleven. He then made his professional calls, and returned home to receive patients who came to consult him. Although he despatched them with an almost cruel rapidity, they were every day so numerous that the consultations often lasted till nightfall.

One day, in which these consultations were prolonged till later than usual, Dupuytren, exhausted with fatigue, was about to take some repose, when a last visitor, rather behind his appointed time, presented himself at the door of the doctor's chamber.

He was an elderly man of very small figure, whose exact age it would have been difficult to guess. There was a pleasing expression in his fresh-coloured but wrinkled face. He wore the black dress of a priest and leant on a staff.

Dupuytren's gaze fell coldly upon him.

'What is the matter with you?' he said, rather roughly.

'Sir,' replied the priest gently, 'may I ask your permission to sit down,—my poor legs are old and weary? Two years ago a swelling came in my neck. The parish doctor of my village—I am Curé at Blanc, near Nemours—at first told me that it was of no consequence; but the evil increased, and at the end of five months an abscess formed. I have kept my bed for a long time without getting any better. And at last I have been forced to leave it, for I have to serve four villages quite alone——'

'Show me your neck,' said the doctor impatiently.

'It is not,' continued the old man, obeying,—'it is not that these good people have not offered me to meet together every Sunday at Blanc; but they have so much hard work during the week, and they have only that day for rest, I said to myself, "It is not right that everybody should put themselves out for you." And then, you know, sir, there are First Communions and catechising. The Archbishop wants to wait a little before he sends me a colleague to help me. My parishioners have urged me to come to Paris to consult you. I have been some time making up my mind, because travelling costs a good deal, and I have many poor in my village; but I was obliged to do what they wished, and so I took the coach. Here is my trouble,' said he, showing his neck.

Dupuytren examined it carefully. It was a terrible abscess in the gland, of a most dangerous character. The case was so serious that Dupuytren was astonished that the patient was able to stand up on his feet before him.

He probed the wound, and pressed all round it in a manner which gave pain enough to cause any one to faint. The patient scarcely winced. When his examination was finished, Dupuytren turned round

The Village Curé and the Great Doctor.

the head which he had been holding between his hands, and said plainly in his face, 'Well, Monsieur l'Abbé, with that you must die!'

The Abbé took up his bandages, and wrapped up his neck without saying a word. Dupuytren still kept his eyes fixed upon him. When he had finished bandaging, the priest took a five-franc piece, wrapped in paper, out of his pocket, and laid it down on the table.

'I am not rich, and my poor are very poor, sir,' he said, with a gentle smile. 'Pardon me if I cannot pay more handsomely for a consultation with Dr. Dupuytren. I am glad that I have come to see you—at least, I shall be prepared for what awaits me. Perhaps,' he added, with extreme gentleness, 'you might have announced this serious information to me with a little more precaution. I am sixty-five years old, and at my age we sometimes cling to life. But you have not surprised me. I have been long expecting this moment. Farewell, sir, I will return home and die among my villagers.'

And he left the room.

Dupuytren remained in a pensive attitude. That heart of iron, that strong mind, was shattered like a piece of glass by these few simple words of a poor old man whom he had held weak, sick, and suffering, between his large, strong hands. In this feeble and afflicted body he had met a heart firmer and stronger than his own.

He hastened towards the staircase. The little priest was slowly descending the steps leaning against the balustrade.

'Monsieur l'Abbé,' he cried, 'will you come up again?'

The Abbé returned.

'There is perhaps a means of saving you, if you are willing that I should operate upon you?'

'Why, Sir,' said the Abbé, putting down his staff and hat with some vivacity, 'that is what I came to Paris for. Operate, operate upon me by all means, just as you like.'

'But, perhaps, we shall make a fruitless attempt; it will be long, and very painful too.'

'Operate, operate, Monsieur le Docteur; I will endure everything that is necessary. My poor parishioners will be so pleased.'

'Well, then, you must go to the Hôtel Dieu, Salle St. Agnes. You will be well cared for there, and the Sisters will not let you want for anything. You will get a good rest there this evening, and to-morrow, or the day after——'

'I quite understand, Monsieur le Docteur; I thank you much.'

Dupuytren wrote a few words upon a piece of paper, which he gave to the priest, who went at once to the hospital; here the good Sisters soon installed him in a little couch with very white sheets. One gave him pillows, another syrups, and all were anxious to nurse him tenderly. The little priest did not know how to thank them enough.

On the second day after this, the five or six pupils who always followed the great master had just assembled when Dupuytren arrived. He went straight up to the priest's bed, followed by the students and dressers, and the operation began. The operation lasted twenty-five minutes. The Abbé was very pale, but he neither winced nor murmured. At length Dupuytren said to him, 'It is finished,' and he dressed the wound himself.

The Village Curé and the Great Doctor.

'I believe that all will go on well,' he said, kindly; 'have you suffered much?'

'I have been trying to think of something else,' replied the priest, and he fell asleep.

Dupuytren, standing in profound silence, examined him for a moment; then he pulled the white curtains of the bed over their iron rods, and continued his rounds.

The priest was saved!

When the Abbé was in a state to bear a journey, he took leave of the Sisters and of the doctor, and returned to his parishioners.

Some months after, Dupuytren, on arriving at the Hôtel Dieu, perceived the Abbé, who had been waiting in the Salle St. Agnes, advance towards him. The priest's clothes and shoes were covered with dust, and one could see that he had just been making a long journey on foot. He held a wicker basket on his arm. Dupuytren gave him a hearty welcome, and after being assured that the operation had left no bad effects, he asked him what had brought him to Paris.

'Monsieur le Docteur,' replied the priest, 'this is the anniversary of the day upon which you operated upon me. I could not let the 6th of May pass without coming to see you, and the thought came into my head to bring you a little present. I have put two fine chickens from my poultry-yard into my basket, and some pears from my garden, which are such as you could scarcely get at Paris. You must promise me—and mind very faithfully—that you will taste a little of both.'

Dupuytren affectionately pressed his hand. He wished to engage the good old man to dine with him, but he refused, saying that he was obliged to return at once to his village.

Two years after this Dupuytren felt the first symptoms of disease, which he knew to be well-nigh incurable. He started for Italy, but without hope of being saved by this journey, which the united faculty of Paris had persuaded him to undertake. When he returned to France in March 1834, his condition appeared to be improved, but this improvement was not real, and Dupuytren himself knew it. He felt that he must die; he had reckoned how long he had to live.

His character became still more reserved and more gloomy in proportion as he approached the close of his earthly life.

One day he called M——, his adopted son, who was watching in a neighbouring room. 'M——,' he said, 'sit down and write.'

'To Monsieur the Curé of the Parish of Blanc, near Nemours.'

'MY DEAR ABBÉ,—The doctor has need of you in his turn. Come quickly; perhaps you will arrive too late.

'Your friend,

'DUPUYTREN.'

The Curé hastened to Paris. He remained closeted with Dupuytren for a long time. No one knows what they said to each other; but when the Abbé left the dying man's chamber, his eyes were very moist, while an expression of calm satisfaction beamed on his face.

The next day Dupuytren sent for the Archbishop of Paris, who hastened to his bedside, and administered to him the last consolations of religion.

It was the 18th of February, 1835. Dupuytren had just died.

On the day of the funeral the sky from early in the morning was

On putting out a Fire by too much Coal.

covered with grey clouds. Rain, mingled with snow, chilled the immense and silent crowd of mourners which filled the Place of St. Germain and the vast courtyard of the deceased's house. The Church of St. Eustache could scarcely contain those who attended the funeral.

After the service, his pupils carried Dupuytren's coffin to the Cemetery. The little priest followed the procession weeping.— J. F. C



On putting out a Fire by too much Coal.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



HE day being mild, I had suffered the fire in my study to get very low; but on leaving my room for a walk I told the servant to repair it. On presently returning, I found that my directions had been obeyed indeed to the letter, but not to the spirit; for the silly boy had thrown on the grate such a weight of small coals, that the few remaining sparks of fire which I had left were buried under the mass; and after vainly struggling with much smoke, and an occasional faint blaze, it at last went out altogether.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

May we not aptly compare this foolish act of my ill-trained servant to the conduct of those instructors of youth, who having it given them in charge to supply the tender minds of children with knowledge, so injudiciously heap upon them more than they are able to bear, that they defeat their own ends, by at best making a fool instead of a wise man? Sometimes, if the disposition of the scholar be more generous, and the frame of body, as in such a case is not unlikely, more delicate and fragile, they will even put out the life-spark of the poor victim, who by another and wiser course might have risen to eminence, and possibly have achieved an immortality of fame.

For some time the little patient struggles hard with his unnatural training, and emits every now and then some smoky efforts of his overloaded intellect, and gives promise of a happy if not a splendid future. But the superincumbent weight proves too much for his tender brain to bear, and this momentary show of early genius (resembling the transient blaze of the over-loaded fire) settles down into confirmed dulness, or sinks into the darkness of an early grave.

The wise and experienced instructor will impart first and last just as much as the individual mind can bear, and no more; increasing the supply, almost imperceptibly, with the increasing power he observes in his scholar; just as the skilful fire-maker begins indeed 'by weak straws,' having still a stock of more substantial fuel close at hand, which he applies by little and little till he has raised a flame that would heat a furnace.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



It is often astonishing what a very vague notion we have of the life and character of persons associated with the greatest events in our history. Beyond being familiar with their names, people in general know little about those who have been, in God's providence the builders of our national greatness and the reformers of our national institutions. What is true of history generally is specially true of our ecclesiastical history. The Prayer Book may be said to belong not to England only, but to the Anglo-Saxon race; and though most people have a sort of vague idea that the Prayer Book in its present form was not gained for us without many a struggle, they know scarcely anything about those 'good men and true' who, under God, broke for us the chain of Roman error. It may not, therefore, be out of place to present from time to time to our readers a sketch of those who took a prominent part in the compilation and revision of the Prayer Book. These would roughly be divided into the 'Compilers' of the period of the Reformation and the 'Revisers' of the time of the Savoy Conference. While we try to get a vigorous sketch of the more prominent figures upon the canvas, we shall also incidentally get an enlarged view of the historical events which group themselves around each.

Long before the Reformation small books of devotion in English, called 'Prymers,' had been in use. In this respect the Church of England very early showed a divergence of practice from the Continental Churches, the reason no doubt being that Latin was almost the

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

universal language of most of the nations of the European Continent, whereas it never gained any permanent or extensive hold in England. The translation, therefore, of the services into 'the vulgar tongue' at the Reformation, was a change quite in accordance with the feeling of the country. It was, however, very gradually, and, by the Providence of God, very carefully wrought out. As early as 1516 a reformed edition of the Breviary 'according to the use' of the venerable 'Church of Sarum' was issued, as some think, at Cardinal Wolsey's suggestion, certainly at least with his concurrence. Prymers containing the Litany and a portion of the Psalms in English were also issued from time to time. At length, in 1542, a Committee of Convocation was appointed, with the sanction of Henry VIII., to consider the existing Service Books, and see what modifications were rendered needful in them. The action of this Committee was however practically futile on account of the existence of a penal law called 'the Statute of Six Articles,' or, as it was nick-named, 'the Whip with Six Cords.' In 1547 a Committee of Convocation was formed, consisting of seven members of the Upper, and six members of the Lower House. Among the names of those selected from the Upper House stand out pre-eminently Thomas Cranmer and Nicholas Ridley. Perhaps it will give our readers a more definite notion of the way in which the changes and modifications of the Service Books were carried out, if we present them with sketches of those most prominent in the movement, and show at the same time in what particular direction their influence might be said to tend. There were then, as now, two great schools of thought in the Church, the one representing distinctly the *Protestant* element as opposed to Roman error, the other grounding its objection to those errors not only on an appeal to Holy Scripture, but to the teaching and practice of the Early Church, as historically interpreting the sense of Holy Scripture. From the fair combination of these two principles sprung the Book of Common Prayer, and we shall find those principles represented in the bent of mind which characterised its various compilers and revisers.

THOMAS CRANMER, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, July 2, 1489, and was the son of a country gentleman of old family. He was sent to Cambridge to study at the early age of fourteen, and was remarkable for his early proficiency in casuistry. At a little later period, the writings of Erasmus exercised considerable influence upon him. For three years without cessation he gave himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'a slow reader, but a diligent marker of whatsoever he read, seldom reading without pen in hand.'* He might probably have remained unknown, save as a student, if the question of the disputed validity of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Katharine of Arragon had not arisen. This first brought him under the king's notice; and his reputation for casuistry enabled him to work a change in the opinion hitherto expressed by the two Universities. He was employed much by the king in confidential service, and after this his rise was rapid. In 1542 he was appointed to the See of Canterbury, vacant by the death of the Primate Warham, himself a great patron of Erasmus. The new archbishop encountered great opposition at the hands of those clergy who, though outwardly complying with the

* 'Strype's Memorials of Cranmer.'

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

new order, retained a strong attachment to Roman superstitions. Little progress was made in the reign of Henry VIII. towards the recasting of the Liturgy, but in 1547 a form for receiving the Holy Communion in both kinds was drawn up by Cranmer, and received the sanction of Convocation. The blessing of palms and candles was also forbidden at the same time. The same year the archbishop put out a Catechism,* containing a short exposition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. 'The Order of the Communion,' which was essentially Cranmer's work, is a curious and interesting document. It begins with a long exhortation, after which, 'without varying of any other rite or ceremony of the Mass until other order shall be provided,' the priest is directed to consecrate as usual, 'save that he shall bless and consecrate the biggest chalice and some fair and convenient cup or cups full of wine with water put into it,' so that he may administer to the people in 'both kinds.' Persons unfit for communion are then directed to withdraw, and the service proceeds with a general Confession—the same as we now use in the Communion Office—an Absolution, slightly differing in form from that in present use, 'the Comfortable Words,' and the Prayer, 'We do not presume,' &c. Then follows the administration, the first clause of our present form only being used, and the service concludes with the blessing. There is to be no 'levation or lifting up.' In this Office is the germ of our Book of Common Prayer, and when we come to consider the more developed form known as 'the First Prayer Book of Edward VI.,' we shall be able more accurately to judge into which scale Cranmer's influence was cast.

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARY BARTON,' 'RUTH,' ETC.

ERA I.—VALENTINE'S DAY.



LAST November but one, there was a 'fitting' in our neighbourhood; hardly a flitting, after all, for it was only a single person changing her place of abode from one lodging to another; and instead of a cartload of drawers and baskets, dressers and beds, with old King Clock at the top of all, it was only one large wooden chest to be carried after the girl, who moved slowly and heavily along the streets, listless and depressed, more from the state of her mind than of her body. It was Libbie Marsh, who had been obliged to quit her room in Dean Street, because the acquaintances with whom she had been living were leaving Manchester. She tried to think herself fortunate in having met with lodgings rather more out of the town and with those who were known to be respectable; she did indeed try to be contented, but, in spite of her reason, the old feeling of desolation came over her, as she was now about to be thrown again entirely among strangers.

No. 2 Bull Court, Albemarle Street, was reached at last; and the pace, slow as it was, slackened as she drew near the spot where she was to be left by the man who carried her box, for, trivial as her

* This Catechism, however, although it bore Cranmer's name, was in reality compiled in Germany. Even in the very darkest times the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Angelic Salutation to the Virgin Mary, had been inscribed on horn-books, so that the poor might become familiar with them.

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

acquaintance with him was, he was not quite a stranger, as every one else was, peering out of their open doors, and satisfying themselves that it was only 'Dixon's new lodger.'

Dixon's house was the last on the left-hand side of the court. A high dead brick wall connected it with its opposite neighbour. All the dwellings were of the same monotonous pattern, and one side of the court looked at its exact likeness opposite, as if it were seeing itself in a looking-glass.

Dixon's house was shut up, and the key left next door; but the woman in whose charge it was left knew that Libbie was expected, and came forward to say a few explanatory words, to unlock the door, and stir the dull grey ashes that were lazily burning in the grate: and then she returned to her own house, leaving poor Libbie standing alone with the big chest in the middle of the house-place floor, with no one to say a word to (even a commonplace remark would have been better than this dull silence), that could help her to repel the fast-coming tears.

Dixon and his wife, and their eldest girl, worked in factories, and were absent all day from the house: the youngest child, also a little girl, was boarded out on the week-days at the neighbour's where the door-key was deposited; but although busy making dirt-pies, at the entrance to the court, when Libbie came in, she was too young to care much about her parents' new lodger. Libbie knew that she was to sleep with the elder girl in the front bedroom, but, as you may fancy, it seemed a liberty even to go upstairs to take off her things, when no one was at home to marshal the way up the ladder-like steps. So she could only take off her bonnet, and sit down, and gaze at the now blazing fire, and think sadly on the Past, and on the lonely creature she was in this wide world,—father and mother gone, her little brother long since dead—he would have been more than nineteen had he been alive, but she only thought of him as the darling baby; her only friends (to call friends) living far away at their new house: her employers, kind enough people in their way, but too rapidly twirling round on this bustling earth to have leisure to think of the little work-woman, excepting when they wanted gowns turned, carpets mended, or household linen darned; and hardly even the natural though hidden hope of a young girl's heart, to cheer her on with the bright visions of a home of her own at some future day, where, loving and beloved, she might fulfil a woman's dearest duties.

For Libbie was very plain, as she had known so long that the consciousness of it had ceased to mortify her. You can hardly live in Manchester without having some idea of your personal appearance: the factory lads and lasses take good care of that.

While Libbie was musing, and quietly crying, under the pictures her fancy had conjured up, the Dixons came dropping in, and surprised her with her wet cheeks and quivering lips.

She almost wished to have the stillness again that had so oppressed her an hour ago, they talked and laughed so loudly and so much, and bustled about so noisily over everything they did. Dixon took hold of one iron handle of her box, and helped her to bump it upstairs, while his daughter Anne followed to see the unpacking, and what sort of clothes 'little sewing body had gotten.' Mrs. Dixon rattled out

Libbie Marsh's Three Evas.

for her previously agreed payment in case of working at home; and they would fain have taught her to drink rum in her tea, assuring her that she should have it for nothing and welcome. But they were too touchy, too prosperous, too much absorbed in themselves, to take off Libbie's feeling of solitariness; not half as much as did the little face by day, and the shadow by night, of him with whom she had never yet exchanged a word.

Her idea was this; her mother came from the east of England, where, as perhaps you know, they have the pretty custom of sending presents on St. Valentine's day, with the donor's name unknown, and of course the mystery constitutes half the enjoyment. The fourteenth of February was Libbie's birthday too, and many a year, in the happy days of old, had her mother delighted to surprise her with some little gift, of which she more than half guessed the giver, although each Valentine's day the manner of its arrival was varied. Since then the fourteenth of February had been the dreariest day of all the year, because the most haunted by memories of departed happiness. But now, this year, if she could not have the old gladness of heart herself, she would try and brighten the life of another. She would save, and she would screw, but she would buy a canary and a cage for that poor little laddie opposite, who wore out his monotonous life with so few pleasures, and so much pain.

I doubt I may not tell you here of the anxieties and the fears, of the hopes and the self-sacrifices,—all, perhaps, small in the tangible effect as the widow's mite, yet not the less marked by the viewless angels who go about continually among us,—which varied Libbie's life before she accomplished her purpose. It is enough to say it was accomplished. The very day before the fourteenth she found time to go with her half-guinea to a barber's who lived near Albemarle-street, and who was famous for his stock of singing-birds. There are enthusiasts about all sorts of things, both good and bad, and many of the weavers in Manchester know and care more about birds than any one would easily credit. Stubborn, silent, reserved men on many things, you have only to touch on the subject of birds to light up their faces with brightness. They will tell you who won the prizes at the last canary show, where the prize birds may be seen, and give you all the details of those funny, but pretty and interesting mimicries of great people's cattle-shows. Among these amateurs, Emanuel Morris the barber was an oracle.

He took Libbie into his little back room, used for private shaving of modest men, who did not care to be exhibited in the front shop decked out in the full glories of lather; and which was hung round with birds in rude wicker cages, with the exception of those who had won prizes, and were consequently honoured with gilt-wire prisons. The longer and thinner the body of the bird was, the more admiration it received, as far as external beauty went; and when in addition to this the colour was deep and clear, and its notes strong and varied, the more did Emanuel dwell upon its perfections. But these were all prize birds; and on inquiry, Libbie heard, with some little sinking at heart, that their price ran from one to two guineas.

'I am not over-particular as to shape and colour,' said she, 'I should like a good singer, that's all!'



[' THE SHADOW OF HIM WITH WHOM SHE HAD NEVER YET EXCHANGED A WORD.']

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

She dropped a little in Emanuel's estimation. However, he showed her his good singers, but all were above Libbie's means.

'After all, I don't care so much about the singing very loud, it's but a noise after all; and sometimes noise fidgets folks.'

'They must be nesh folks as is put out with the singing o' birds,' replied Emanuel, rather affronted.

'It's for one who is poorly,' said Libbie, deprecatingly.

'Well,' said he, as if considering the matter, 'folk that are cranky, often take more to them as shows 'em love, than to them as is clever and gifted. Happen yo'd rather have this'n,' opening a cage-door, and calling to a dull-coloured bird, sitting moped up in a corner, 'Here,—Jupiter, Jupiter!'

The bird smoothed its feathers in an instant, and uttering a little note of delight, flew to Emanuel, putting his beak to his lips, as if kissing him, and then, perching on his head, it began a gurgling warble of pleasure, not by any means so varied or so clear as the song of the others, but which pleased Libbie more; for she was always one to find out she liked the gooseberries that were accessible, better than the grapes that were beyond her reach. The price too was just right, so she gladly took possession of the cage, and hid it under her cloak, preparatory to carrying it home. Emanuel meanwhile was giving her directions as to its food, with all the minuteness of one loving his subject.

'Will it soon get to know any one?' asked she.

'Give him two days only, and you and he'll be as thick as him and me are now. You've only to open his door, and call him, and he'll follow you round the room; but he'll first kiss you, and then perch on your head. He only wants larning, which I've no time to give him, to do many another accomplishment.'

'What's his name? I did not rightly catch it.'

'Jupiter,—it's not common; but the town's o'errun with Bobbies and Dickies, and as my birds are thought a bit out o' the way, I like to have better names for 'em; so I just picked a few out o' my lad's school-books. It's just as ready, when you're used to it, to say Jupiter as Dicky.'

'I could bring my tongue round to Peter better; would he answer to Peter?' asked Libbie, now on the point of departing.

'Happen he might; but I think he'd come readier to the three syllables.'

On Valentine's day, Jupiter's cage was decked round with ivy leaves, making quite a pretty wreath on the wicker work; and to one of them was pinned a slip of paper, with these words written in Libbie's best round hand:—

'From your faithful Valentine. Please take notice his name is Peter, and he'll come if you call him, after a bit.'

But little work did Libbie do that afternoon, she was so engaged in watching for the messenger who was to bear her present to her little valentine, and run away as soon as he had delivered up the canary, and explained to whom it was sent.

At last he came; then there was a pause before the woman of the house was at liberty to take it upstairs. Then Libbie saw the little face flush up into a bright colour, the feeble hands tremble with

The Chimes of England.

delighted eagerness, the head bent down to try and make out the writing (beyond his power, poor lad, to read), the rapturous turning round of the cage in order to see the canary in every point of view, head, tail, wings, and feet; an intention in which Jupiter, in his uneasiness at being again among strangers, did not second, for he hopped round so as continually to present a full front to the boy. It was a source of never-wearying delight to the little fellow, till daylight closed in; he evidently forgot to wonder who had sent it him in his gladness at his possession of such a treasure; and when the shadow of his mother darkened on the blind, and the bird had been exhibited, Libbie saw her do, what, with all her tenderness, seemed rarely to have entered into her thoughts—she bent down and kissed her boy, in a mother's sympathy with the joy of her child.

The canary was placed for the night between the little bed and window, and when Libbie rose once, to take her accustomed peep, she saw the little arm put fondly round the cage, as if embracing his new treasure even in his sleep. How Jupiter slept this first night is quite another thing.

So ended the first day in Libbie's three eras in last year.

The Chimes of England.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE,
BISHOP OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE chimes, the chimes of mother-land,
Of England green and old,
That out from fane and ivied tower
A thousand years have tolled;
How glorious must their music be,
As breaks the hallowed day,
And calleth with a seraph's voice
A nation up to pray!

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,
Sweet tales of olden time,
And ring a thousand memories
At vesper and at prime!

At bridal and at burial,
For cottager and king,
Those chimes, those glorious Christian
chimes,
How blessedly they sing!

Those chimes, those chimes of mother-
land,
Upon a Christmas morn,
Outbreaking as the angels did
For a Redeemer born!
How merrily they call afar,
To cot and Baron's hall,
With holly decked and mistletoe,
To keep the festival!

The chimes of England, how they peal
From tower and gothic pile,
Where hymn and swelling anthem fill
The dim cathedral aisle;

Where windows tint the holy light
On priestly head that falls,
And stain the florid tracery,
And banner-dighted walls!

And then those Easter bells in spring,
Those glorious Easter chimes!
How loyally they hail thee round,
Old queen of holy times!
From hill to hill, like sentinels,
Responsively they cry,
And sing the rising of the Lord,
From vale to mountain high!

I love you, chimes of mother-land,
With all this soul of mine,
And bless the Lord that I am sprung
Of good old English line;
And like a son I sing the lay
That England's glory tells,—
For she is lovely to the Lord,
For you, ye Christian bells!

And heir of her ancestral fame,
Though far away my birth,
Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,
The joy of all the earth;
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,
And here, where God is King,
With English chimes, from Christian
spires,
The wilderness shall ring.

The Country Clergyman.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
 Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
 At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The Service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

GOLDSMITH.

Laurentius.



LAURENTIUS, or St. Lawrence, is one of the martyrs of the early Church, whose fame for holiness and courage was so great, that, although he suffered martyrdom in Rome, yet even in the far-off British Isles there are about two hundred and fifty churches that bear his name.

Laurentius was Archdeacon of Rome at the time of the eighth general persecution, under Valerian. Sixtus, Bishop of Rome, was seized and led forth to death. Laurentius followed him weeping, not



[LAURENTIUS INVITING THE EMPEROR TO SEE HIS TREASURES.]

because he lamented his martyrdom, but because he was not allowed to share it.

After the Bishop's death, tradition says that Laurentius turned into money the sacred vessels of the Church, sold its possessions, assembled the poor Christians of the city, and distributed all among them. The Emperor, hearing of this largess, thought that the Christians had some hidden wealth, and summoned Laurentius to his presence, and commanded him to give up the riches of the Church.

Laurentius promised to bring forth all that he had on an appointed day, and he was told that death would be the penalty if he failed to fulfil his promise.

Then Laurentius gathered together many poor Christian widows and orphans, and having assembled them in his church, he invited the Emperor to come and see his treasures.

The tyrant was furious at the disappointment, but Laurentius calmly replied:—'These are the riches of the Church, for what treasures has Christ more precious than those in whom He says that He Himself is? It is written, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." The earthly gold that you covet is the root of all evil and misery, but these are the children of light, which is the true wealth. The saintly maidens and holy widows are the gems and jewels of the Church, arrayed in these she is lovely in the eyes of Christ, her spouse; take them, and adorn your city.'

Then Laurentius was seized and condemned to torture, unless he would renounce Christ, but all the efforts of his tormentors were unavailing, and he was sentenced to die. Tradition says, that an iron frame, shaped like a gridiron, was prepared, and heated red-hot by live coals underneath, and on this the martyr was bound with chains, and died in agony, which he bore with such patience that he won several of the beholders to the true faith. His martyrdom is said to have taken place on August 10th, A.D. 258.

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

HAVE not many students of the Bible often desired to know what happened between the day when Malachi, the last of 'the goodly fellowship of the Prophets,' closed the sacred canon of the Old Testament, with his brief but solemn warnings, and that period recorded by St. Matthew, when angels sang the Christmas Carol of peace on earth and glory in the highest, and proclaimed the great fact for which ages had yearned, the Incarnation of the Son of God? Many persons, we believe, are often saying:—We wish to know something of the story of Israel during that interval—we know that ten tribes were taken captive when Shalmanezar, the King of Assyria, besieged Samaria for three years, and took it, and carried Israel captive beyond the Euphrates, because we read that in the Book of the Kings,* and we have understood that these ten tribes have been either lost or else have become mingled with the two other tribes—we know also that the Captivity

* 2 Kings, xvii. xviii.

The History of the Jews.

dates from about 721 years before the birth of Christ—we know that the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin continued under the rightful king over Israel, after the ten tribes were removed, and also that these two tribes themselves were, in the year B.C. 606, taken into captivity to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, the Jews continuing their course of wickedness till then, in spite of the most faithful warnings of Jeremiah and other of God's prophets who entreated them to turn back to God, but in vain—and we also know that at the end of seventy years Cyrus the Great, who became king over the Medes and Persians, conquered the Babylonian power altogether, and allowed the Jews, if they liked, to return to their own land again*—but we wish to gain a little clearer insight into the history of the Jews between that time and the birth of our Saviour.

And it is for such as these that we purpose (God helping us) to sketch the history of the two tribes of Benjamin and Judah (often called 'the Jews') between the time of the permission of Cyrus for their return and the birth of Christ. This will, therefore, take us back a little further than Malachi, who preached B.C. 397.

In 536 B.C. then, Cyrus allowed any Jews, who thought well to do so, to return to Jerusalem and the country around. Some fifty thousand returned that same year under Zerubbabel and Joshua,† others followed, and, amidst many cruel and bitter oppositions from their enemies the Samaritans, the Temple was rebuilt, and dedicated in the year 515 B.C. It is believed by some, that a few of all the twelve tribes returned at this time, but, although this is quite possible, it is rather uncertain. Ezra acted as governor for some years. He died B.C. 445, and was succeeded by Nehemiah.‡

Although the Jews were thus allowed to return home, and to enjoy much freedom in their own land, they were subject to the control of Persia. Amongst the kings who ruled over Persia after Cyrus was Artaxerxes Longimanus, who is thought by many to be the king who married the Jewess Esther,—that Esther who, in God's providence, delivered the Jews from a complete massacre.§ He died about 425 B.C. The Persian power declined rapidly under him.

In 408 B.C. Sanballat, a Samaritan, who was very envious of the Jews, obtained permission from Darius Nothus, then king over Persia, to erect a temple on Mount Gerizim. Sanballat then placed Manasseh there as a high-priest. He was son-in-law to Sanballat, and son of the high-priest of the Jews, Joiada. Thus a kind of religious worship, very like that ordained of God for the Jews, but intended to be in rivalry of it, was set up at Samaria.||

The high-priests, however, of the true religion at Jerusalem were

* Foretold by Isaiah, xlv. 26 to end; xlv. 1 to 4; xlv. Jeremiah, xxv. 9 to 14; and recorded by Ezra, i. and in some other parts of Holy Scripture.

† Notice how God encouraged them afterwards at Jerusalem by Zechariah, chapters iii. and iv. also by Haggai the prophet.

‡ Ezra is believed to have arranged many of the books of the Old Testament, and to have added a few portions which were needful to the completion of books, which portions their own authors could not have written: as, e.g., the last chapter of Deuteronomy; Genesis, xxxvi. 31; Exodus, xvi. 35.

§ See the Book of Esther.

|| Note Nehemiah's remark hereon—Nehemiah, xiii. 28. These facts will explain the inquiry made of our Lord by the woman of Samaria—St. John, iv. 20.

Short Sermon.

from heaven ; and the commonest thing may become precious by being given in some particular way. A soldier receives a medal or a clasp, which in intrinsic value may be worth a few shillings, but because it is the mark of approbation of valour given by the Queen, the soldier would not part with it for fifty times its value. A piece of ribbon may, under certain circumstances, be the highest human decoration. . And so, to take a higher example, water becomes the vehicle of grace when used in baptism by the command of Christ ; and bread and wine, when used by the same command, become full of mystery, as the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood. When, therefore, we speak of the Infant Lord receiving a common Jewish name, we must remember that that name was consecrated by coming direct from heaven ; it was the angel of the Lord, appearing to Joseph in a dream, that named that Child ; and so, though it had an earthly form and an earthly meaning, it had a heavenly atmosphere about it ; and when the angel gave as the reason for the choice of the name, that the Child was born to save His people from their sins, all doubt as to the force of the name was taken away, and the infant Jesus was marked from the cradle by the name that He bore as the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind.

4. Still further, the force of the name is brought out by St. Matthew in a very striking manner, through the contrast in which he puts it with another name which had been given to Christ. St. Matthew recalls the prophecy of Isaiah concerning the Virgin which should bring forth a son. There can be little doubt but that many Jews, besides St. Matthew, regarded that prophecy as belonging to Messiah. The Jews, as you know, had long been looking out for Him of whom the prophet spake ; there were many who were said, like Simeon, to be waiting for the consolation of Israel ; they saw evident though mysterious assurance in the types and prophecies of the old covenant, that in some way the kingdom of God was to be revealed, and a Messiah to appear ; and, being thus persuaded, they would be sure to apply to Messiah the prophetic language of the seventh chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah. What St. Matthew did, therefore, was, not to apply that language for the first time to Messiah, but to apply it to the babe which Mary bore in Bethlehem ; and he saw no difficulty in doing this, arising from the fact that the prophet declared that the child of which *he* spake should be called 'Emmanuel, God with us.' He saw no difficulty in the tremendous contrast of *Jesus* and *Emmanuel* ; he first tells us that the babe born in Bethlehem was called by the common human name of *Jesus*, and then he tells us that this was the child of whom Isaiah prophesied, and who was called *Emmanuel*.

Neither, perhaps, do many of us see the difficulty to which I refer : Jesus and Emmanuel are so mixed up in our minds, they are so identified by hymns which we have learned since we were children, and in a hundred other ways, that they strike us in the same manner, they mean to us the same thing ; the name of Jesus has been so consecrated by Him who bore it, that we cannot bring ourselves to see the meanness of its material, and the infinite leap that separates it from Emmanuel, or 'God with us ;' and yet there is an infinite leap, and I do not know anything which tends more to make us understand our Lord's nature and to realise the infinite mystery of godliness, than the

manner in which St. Matthew, on the first page of his Gospel, carries us, as it were, without an effort across the chasm. 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus,' so said the angel from heaven. 'All this was done,' says St. Matthew, because ancient prophecy had declared that a child should be born, whose name should be called 'Emmanuel, God with us.' Is it possible to conceive of any clearer declaration of our Lord's divine character, any more complete union of the human and divine in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ?

5. And perhaps this will help us to understand why the name of Jesus should be such a name of power. Our Lord promised, as you will remember, that great works should be done *in His Name*; and when we look for the interpretation of this promise in the practice of the Apostles, as recorded especially in the book of Acts, we find that the name which they used was 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Thus, for example, when that lame man begged of Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, Peter said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk!' You might have fancied that, in performing a miracle, all that spoke of manhood might well have been cast aside, and some name used which would more entirely speak of Godhead: but the Apostles did not think thus; not merely Jesus, but Jesus of Nazareth,—the name thus identified in the plainest, simplest manner with our Lord's human life,—and the miracle, therefore, attributed, without hesitation or doubt, to the power of the Lord's human name. The explanation is to be found in what I have just now been saying; in the name of Jesus the human and divine became one, and to appeal to the power of the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth was to rehearse the Divine condescension which brought the Son of God from heaven, and in virtue of which He became a man like ourselves, and took the manhood into God.

6. But the name of Jesus is something still more than a name of power. It is wonderful that miracles should have been wrought by it, wonderful that the lame should have been made to walk, and other mighty deeds done through the potency of this name,—but there is something more wonderful still; it is the glory which has been put upon the name by the eternal decree of God. 'God hath highly exalted Him,' says the Apostle, speaking of our blessed Lord, 'and given Him a name which is above every name, that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.' Now this glorification of the name of Jesus seems to me, as I have said, more wonderful than its power. For observe how wide-spread the glory is: it is not only this world to which it extends, though that is sufficiently amazing; it is amazing simply as a matter of fact, amazing to an infidel as much as to a believer—perhaps more so—that the name of Jesus of Nazareth should be mentioned after eighteen hundred years with so much reverence by so many persons: it is a fact which you cannot get over; in the most thoughtful and refined nations of the earth, there is no name mentioned in the same manner and tone as the name of Jesus; the wisest men, and the proudest men, and the strongest men, are not ashamed to bow their heads as the name passes their lips; and any one who should speak against the name, or mention it rudely, we simply regard as very

Short Sermon.

foolish or very bad ; and therefore the illustration which we are able to witness with our own eyes and ears of the Apostle's words just quoted is sufficiently striking. But what shall we say, if we go in imagination to those regions which eyes and ears cannot reach ? what, shall we say, if we think of the population of heaven, the vast company of angels and spirits, and it may be also the vast company of hell, all bowing to this same name, all acknowledging its majesty, all confessing its power ? I believe that the words of St. Paul, which I have just now quoted, are the true and grandest commentary upon the Feast of the Circumcision. In the human imposition of a name, borne by many before and by many since, a significant but common name, we see the mark of the condescension and humiliation of the Son of God ; in the glory put upon that name, a glory stretching far beyond the limits of time and space, stretching out into eternity and comprehending the inhabitants of the world unseen,—in that glory we see what honour God has put upon Him who cast all honour away, how infinitely He has exalted Him Who was content to humble Himself for our sakes.

Now, what is the practical conclusion to be drawn from all this ? I have endeavoured to put before you some plain thoughts concerning the name which was given to Him who was born on Christmas day ; and of course I have done so for a practical purpose, and it is this—I would wish to impress upon you that you cannot sufficiently love, honour, and glory in that holy name of JESUS. Even that practice, which has come down to us from primitive times, of bowing the head when we hear the name, is most useful, most admirable ; do not think that it is foolish or superstitious ; it is no more foolish or superstitious than to take off your hat when you bow, or to stand uncovered when you hear ' God save the Queen : ' these outward signs have all an inward meaning, and I am quite certain that any one will find advantage to his soul from the mere custom of reverently bowing his head when he hears the name of JESUS mentioned. But of course our reverence for the name must go beyond this ; and the sound of it ought to be to us simply the sweetest sound that our ears ever hear, the sound most full of joy, most suggestive of grateful thoughts, most eloquent of God's love, most prophetic of the joys of heaven. It may not in these days cause lame men to walk, as it did from the mouths of Apostles ; but it will do greater works still ; it will soften hearts which no other power can soften, and bring sinners to repentance, and wandering souls back to God : it will do this, not by any magic process, but by bringing to mind all that Jesus did, and all that He suffered for us. It is, in fact, an epitome of His life : he who believes in Jesus, believes in Him Who being God became man ; he who loves Jesus, loves Him Who so loved the world that he was content to die for it ; he who preaches Jesus, preaches the power of God unto salvation ; and he who forgets Jesus, or despises Him, or rejects Him, forgets or despises or rejects that ' only name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.'





SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY W. F. KEYL.

The Stray Dog.

On Stray Dogs.



HERE is nothing more miserable than a dog in a crowd. Whether that crowd be of its own kind, or whether it be a crowd of human beings.

It is hard lines for a young hound to get used to kennel-life and diet. They do get used to it and even fond of it; just as a soldier does to barracks and his regiment, a schoolboy to his fellows, a sailor to his ship and crew. Any one of these will generally gladly exchange this public sort of life to an individual one; and although an old, pensioned-off hound, if he could talk, might sentimentalise over his kennel days and companions, and perhaps wag his tail with becoming affection when accident brought him back to the old flags, yet he would be as loth to give up his liberty again for the rough-life on the benches and the bullying of the whip, as the emancipated schoolboy would like to go back again to fagging and tasks.

Go into an exhibition of dogs, or into a dealer's place, and you will find either weary resignation or misery on every face. But more wretched even than these, is the dog hunting for his master in the dense traffic of a thoroughfare, or crowd, or in a fair. More wretched than all is the poor dog who has no master to seek; who has been turned adrift, or lost on purpose, or left 'to take his chance' by the tender mercies of the thoughtless or wicked, which are truly cruelty.

It is greatly to the credit of the English, that there were kind hearts found, who, in spite of ridicule, founded the Hospital for Lost and Stray Dogs in London. I only hope it has been, or will be, imitated in all large centres of population. Many a poor little forsaken dog, who sadly and shyly trots after the owner of a face, which, to his weary eyes, looked as if it *might* give help, is reluctantly, and sometimes cruelly, sent back, because the said individual does not know what to do with the dog.

Now, in London, he has only to send it to the nearest police-station, or direct to the hospital, where I have satisfied myself the animals are as well cared for as circumstances permit, and where they really have a chance of a master, or, in default, of being put out of misery with as little pain as possible.

One day last year, I saw in Oxford Street, between the Circus and Berners Street, the dog whose picture is on the preceding page, standing near a lamp-post, weak and dull. He never looked up. He was a strong-limbed, sharp-nosed colley puppy, at the ungainly age of from five to seven months. I patted him gently, but he bent under that. I took him up, and carried him to a friend's house, where he had some water—he was too tired to eat—and soon fell asleep. An hour or two restored him enough to eat some food, and I then put him into a stable close by, where I was known. After a few hours I went back for him; he was still asleep. The moment he woke, he knew me, which he showed in a very quiet way. He behaved like a gentleman. I put him in a Hansom cab, and took him to a livery stable near my own home.

I was prevented from seeing him again for several days; he was rested, and full of joy, when we again met. I at once took him for a walk, and, to my great pleasure, got him a good home that same evening at my butcher's. The dog never forgot me. I went out of

The History of the Jews.

town for some weeks, after settling him in his new abode, and was certainly not thinking of him, when one evening, after my return, I heard something scampering behind me, and presently felt a cold nose in my hand. It was Wolf, for so I had named him. I let him come with me, and took him a walk towards Westburnia. I found he was shy of being handled, and I had some difficulty in getting him over a canal bridge. No doubt he recollected some misadventure. I brought him back to his master, where he was gladly welcomed and willingly remained. He would often follow me in that way, and one day, as I was in a cab, he galloped after that. I had not time to take him home, and I was sorry to miss him in the thick of a Saturday evening crowd in the Edgeware Road. However, he was home long before I returned. I found that he made it his duty, every day, to see his master's children to school, and to fetch them again at the proper time, without being told.

I do not think he liked the shop, or cared for sheep; but he was a good watch-dog, and only too fond of fighting. He would stand up to a mastiff and Newfoundland; but also, unfortunately, he would turn against lesser foes. This failing drove him again into the wide world. He attacked a pet dog, belonging to a new and much-coveted customer of his master, on her first visit to the shop. He was, therefore, given to a large cattle jobber, who fancied him, and I lost sight of him. I felt what a clever animal had been rescued from misery in this instance. He gave much pleasure while he lived with his first master, and may be a valuable help to the present one. So by all means let us encourage the Hospital for Stray Dogs.

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



IT was revealed unto Daniel, and recorded by him in his wonderful book, that four nations or kingdoms would arise in succession to rule over the world. The first of these was the kingdom of Babylon, or the Chaldean power; the next was the Persian kingdom (Medo-Persic). We have already seen how the Jews were subjected to these kingdoms or dynasties, and how the Chaldean kingdom fell before Cyrus the Persian; who allowed the Jews to return from their seventy years' captivity at Babylon, and to enjoy most of their privileges, both in church and state, at Jerusalem, though still under the dominion of the Persian dynasty.*

This Persian power was destroyed by Alexander the Great. His

* It may be useful here to read Daniel, ii., especially from v. 19 to 45. The 'head of gold' is Babylonia; the 'silver' part, the kingdom of Persia, inferior to Babylonia; the 'brass' portion is the power of Grecia, which destroyed the Persian; and the 'iron legs, with feet part of iron and part of clay,' signified the most powerful Roman dynasty, which, however, was ultimately to break up—as it has—and we now look for the full accomplishment of verse 44. Read also chapter iv, where the ram images the Persian power, the he-goat the Grecian power, which destroyed it; and verse 8 points to the quadruple partition of the Grecian power upon the sudden death of its mighty chief.

The History of the Jews.

father, Philip of Macedon, an ambitious man, had obtained great influence in Macedonia. He had overthrown some of the Grecian states at the battle of Chæronea; then he assembled the leaders of all the Greek cities and states, and got himself chosen Captain-general of all Greece; so that Philip of Macedonia became also Philip of Greece, and proceeded to carry on a strong war against the Persians.

Philip, however, was murdered, and was succeeded by his son Alexander (B.C. 336); who crossed the Hellespont with an army of less than 40,000, encountered five times that number of Persians, and overthrew them at the river Granicus; pushed on to Gordium, where he cut 'the Gordian knot,' which it had been said could be loosened by the conqueror of Asia only; and soon after this he encountered Darius, the last king of the Persian dynasty, at Issus. Darius was defeated, and his army of 600,000 suffered a slaughter of 100,000 men. This, in effect, was fatal to the Persian kingdom, although other battles were fought afterwards, especially the battle of Arbela, B.C. 331, which brought about the murder of Darius, B.C. 339, by some of his own people. Alexander wept over his corpse.

The Persian dynasty being thus destroyed, the Jews fell under the power of the conquering Alexander. Circumstances caused him to lay siege to Tyre.* While so doing he demanded provisions of the Jews, who, being under oath of allegiance to Darius, feared to obey the demand, the high-priest Jaddua feeling that it could not be right to assist the conqueror of the Persian king. Tyre was taken, and Alexander set out in great wrath to punish Jerusalem. The high-priest and the Jews were in a state of great alarm, but—there seems no fair reason for doubting the history—Jaddua attired himself in full pontificals, caused the priests also to array themselves in their sacerdotal vestments, and the people in white garments, and thus arrayed, and being arranged in due order, they solemnly marched forth to meet Alexander. As soon as he saw them he was overcome by the spectacle, and adored the name of God, and treated the high-priest with much veneration. He gave as his reason for this unlooked-for kindness that some time before, when he was in much doubt as to how he should proceed against the Persians, he had a dream or vision, in which this very high-priest appeared to him and encouraged him. Accordingly he embraced the high-priest, and with him entered Jerusalem, and offered sacrifices to Jehovah in the Temple; not, indeed, as becoming a true worshipper of the only God, but as recognising Jehovah to be the God of Israel. It is said also that Jaddua pointed out to Alexander the sacred writings of Daniel, which foretold his successes (Daniel, viii. 21; xi. 3), and which encouraged him in further exploits.

All these things rendered Alexander very favourable to the Jews. He not only continued to them all existing privileges, but on their petition he allowed them full freedom to use their own laws and religion, almost as though they had not been conquered, and especially he excused them from paying tribute every seventh year, because, according to their (*Sabbatical*) law, their land was then to lie at rest.

This, then, brings us another step onwards in the history of the Jews after their Captivity at Babylon. They continued, as we have seen, until about 332 B.C., governed by their high-priest, but subject

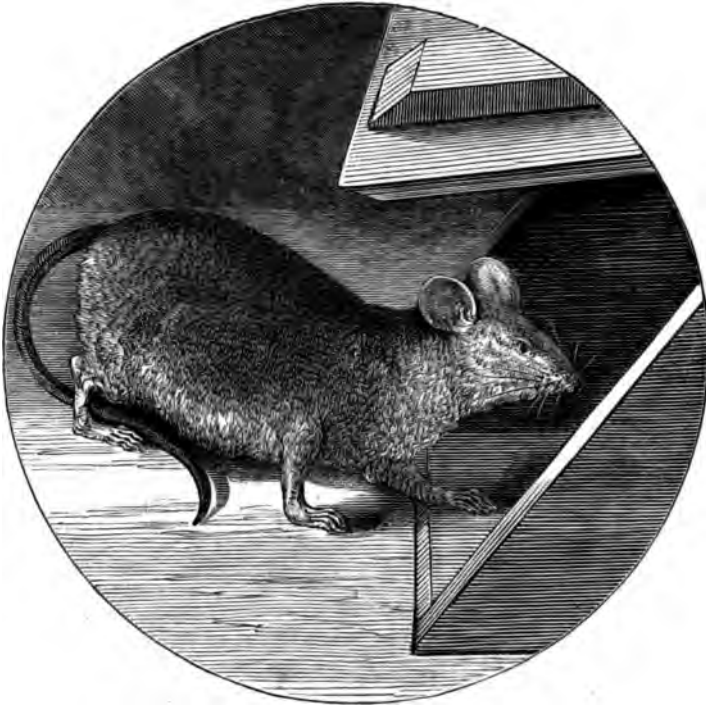
* Isaiah, xxiii., and Ezekiel, xxvi., xxvii., and xxviii.

On the New Mouse-Trap.

to Persia, and paying tribute thereto. Then they passed under the sway of Alexander the Great, who treated them with even greater kindness than the Persians had done.

But the reign of Alexander was brief. He was in many respects a great man, but, alas! he yielded to habits of intemperance, and having suffered severely from a fever, he came to Babylon, where, at a banquet given by him to his officers, he drank excessively, and died B.C. 323, being only about thirty-two years of age.

We must try to ascertain in our next chapter what befell the Jews under the successors of Alexander.



On the New Mouse-Trap.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D. RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



IAST night I caught an old mouse in a trap I had newly bought; the principle of which is, to put oatmeal or other bait beyond a little wooden bridge in the centre of the trap, by walking over which the weight of the mouse sets at liberty the wire which keeps the door suspended behind it, and that, instantly falling, cuts off its escape. Many thoughts are suggested by this incident, but I will confine myself to two only.

On the New Mouse-Trap.

First, this mouse, being an old one, had no doubt had considerable experience of the ordinary kind of traps, and would not easily have been taken by them; it was deluded by the novelty of the present one, where the usual artifice of a hook and bait is avoided, and all appearance of deceit kept carefully out of view.

So many a grown youth, who flatters himself that he has learned wisdom by previous miscarriages, nevertheless, walking in his own fancied security, finds himself some day miserably taken in by the delusive appearance of a new temptation, of which he thinks 'there can be *no harm* in just trying it.'

Again, this mouse was entrapped in the simple act of walking over a little plank—but then he was on the road to steal, and only hoped to escape detection. So many a grown female will walk into the public dancing-room or gin-palace and thinks within herself, 'Thus far will I go, but no farther;' 'There can be *no harm* in just seeing what they are all about.'

The mouse, no doubt, walked timidly and daintily enough up its gently inclined plane, and, with palpitating heart, more than once thought of turning back. But while in the act of hesitating, his own weight turned the pivot on which hung his fate; the lid fell, and his life now pays the forfeit of his curiosity. So the young woman would perhaps gladly turn back when it is too late;—but one more short step—one minute's hesitation, and she is undone for ever.

Before consigning this poor little creature to its now inevitable fate, another thought or two may be usefully drawn from it, insignificant though it be, as even Solomon moralises upon the spider, the ant, and the coney.

I picture to myself the bitter remorse of the wretched animal as soon as it discovers the nature of its position. There it is, all alone in its solitary confinement, with nothing else to do than to ruminate on its impending death. What anguish it feels, what heartache, what sad thoughts of its humble home, and snug little nest! How it loathes the tempting bait around it, though it has no better employment than to eat its fill, and no one to cry halves. The horrid thought of its approaching end makes it nauseate the dainty morsel, and it will even starve sooner than touch it. It gnaws, instead, the rusty wires of its prison-house in a vain effort to find a way of escape. It would compound freely with the loss of a limb, as a rat will bite off its own leg to escape from a tooth-trap, so as, at any price, it might regain its liberty; but it may not be.

So the sinner, having been tempted unwittingly from the path of right, and having made at last some desperate slip—how does he whip himself with unavailing regrets, and late repentance—he cannot recall the Past: it may be blotted out and forgiven by the mercy of his Redeemer,—but it stands fixed for ever in his own secret thoughts—'the remembrance of it is grievous unto him, the burden of it is intolerable.'

Perhaps, while confined in his narrow cage, this poor prisoner of mine was visited by some of its companions, possibly its mate or offspring, gathering round at the scent of the bait, and unconscious for a while of the hopeless condition of their comrade. How this does but aggravate his misery (who knows but too well how it is with himself?),

A Dirge.—*Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.*

and add a sting to his lonely estate ! Soon as they discover the real position of affairs, they flee in consternation, and hide themselves, fearful of sharing the same fate as their unhappy friend, and hopeless to aid in his rescue.

So the condemned criminal, visited in his lonely cell by wife, or child, or brother, how heart-breaking the meeting, how tenfold bitter the separation ! Ah, my readers, think of these things in time ; especially ye that are young, and wild, and untaught in this world's snares, and gins, and baits, and lies ! Think of Him Who has put you on the watch before ; Who has given you prayer as a safeguard in the hour of danger ; and you will not have to utter late and unavailing regrets on the gallows, or to drag out a wretched existence of labour and ignominy in some foreign land, away from all you love and all you prize.

A Dirge.

‘**EARTH** to earth, and dust to dust !’
Here the evil and the just—
Here the youthful and the old—
Here the fearful and the bold—
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid ;
Here the vassal and the king,
Side by side lie withering ;
Here the sword and sceptre rust.
‘Earth to earth and dust to dust !’

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;
Those that wept them, those that weep—
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;
Earth shall keep his sullen trust—
‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust !’

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last ;
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder ;
It shall come in strife and toil ;
It shall come in blood and spoil ;

It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones ;
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust—
‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust !’

Then shall come the judgment-sign,
In the East the King shall shine ;
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
Thousands, thousands round His state,
Spirits with the crown and plume.
Tremble, then, thou sullen Tomb ;
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light ;
Spirits of the ransomed just—
‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust !’

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ;
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise ;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God,
Till are dried the martyrs' tears,
Through a glorious thousand years :
Now in hope of Him we trust—
‘Earth to earth, and dust to dust !’

CROLY.

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MARY BARTON,’ ‘RUTH,’ ETC.

ERA II.—WHITSUNTIDE.



HE brightest, fullest daylight poured down into No. 2 Bull Court, Albemarle Street, and the heat was almost as great, even at the early hour of five, as at the noontide on the June days of many years past.

The court seemed alive, and merry with voices and laughter. The bedroom windows were open wide, and had been so all night, on account of the heat ; and every now and then you might see a head and a pair of shoulders, and arms in shirt-sleeves, popped out,

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

and you might hear the inquiry passed from one to the other,—
'Well, Jack, and where art thee bound for?'

'Dunham!'

'Why, what an old-fashioned chap thou be'st! Thy grandad afore thee went to Dunham; but thou wert always a slow coach. I'm off to Alderley,—me and my missis.'

'Aye, that's because there's only thee and thy missis. Wait till thou hast gotten four childer, like me, and thou'lt be glad enough to take 'em to Dunham, oud-fashioned way, for fourpence a-piece.'

'I'd still go to Alderley; I'd not be bothered with my children; they should keep house at home.'

A pair of hands, the person to whom they belonged invisible, boxed his ears on this last speech, in a very spirited, though playful manner, and the neighbours all laughed at the surprised look of the speaker at this assault from an unseen foe. The man who had been holding conversation with him cried out,—

'Sarved him right, Mrs. Slater; he knows nought about it yet, but when he gets them he'll be as loth to leave the babbies at home on a Whitsuntide as any on us. We shall live to see him in Dunham Park yet, wi' twins in his arms, and another pair on 'em clutching at daddy's coat-tails; let alone your share of youngsters, missis.'

At this moment our friend Libbie appeared at her window, and Mrs. Slater, who had taken her discomfited husband's place, called out,—

'Elizabeth Marsh, where are Dixons and you bound to?'

'Dixons are not up yet; he said last night he'd take his holiday out in lying in bed. I'm going to the old-fashioned place, Dunham.'

'Thou art never going by thyself, moping!'

'No. I'm going with Margaret Hall and her lad,' replied Libbie, hastily withdrawing from the window, in order to avoid hearing any remarks on the associates she had chosen for her day of pleasure,—the scold of the neighbourhood and her sickly, ailing child.

But Jupiter might have been a dove, and his ivy-leaves an olive-branch, for the peace he had brought, the happiness he had caused, to three individuals at least. For of course it could not long be a mystery who had sent little Frank Hall his valentine; nor could his mother long entertain her hard manner towards one who had given her child a new pleasure. She was shy, and she was proud, and for some time she struggled against the natural desire of manifesting her gratitude; but one evening, when Libbie was returning home, with a bundle of work half as large as herself, as she dragged herself along through the heated streets she was overtaken by Margaret Hall, her burden gently pulled from her, and her way home shortened, and her weary spirits soothed and cheered, by the outpourings of Margaret's heart; for the barrier of reserve once broken down, she had much to say, to thank her for days of amusement and happy employment for her lad, to speak of his gratitude, to tell of her hopes and fears,—the hopes and fears that made up the dates of her life. From that time Libbie lost her awe of the termagant in interest for the mother, whose all was ventured in so frail a bark. From this time Libbie was a fast friend with both mother and son, planning mitigations for the sorrow-

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

ful days of the latter as eagerly as poor Margaret Hall, and with far more success. His life had flickered up under the charm and excitement of the last few months. He even seemed strong enough to undertake the journey to Dunham, which Libbie had arranged as a Whitsuntide treat, and for which she and his mother had been hoarding up for several weeks. The canal-boat left Knott-mill at six, and it was now past five; so Libbie let herself out very gently, and went across to her friends. She knocked at the door of their lodging-room, and, without waiting for an answer, entered.

Franky's face was flushed, and he was trembling with excitement,—partly with pleasure, but partly with some eager wish not yet granted.

'He wants sore to take Peter with him,' said his mother to Libbie, as if referring the matter to her. The boy looked imploringly at her.

'He would like it, I know; for one thing, he'd miss me sadly, and chirrup for me all day long, he'd be so lonely. I could not be half so happy a-thinking on him, left alone here by himself. Then, Libbie, he's just like a Christian, so fond of flowers and green leaves, and them sort of things. He chirrups to me so when mother brings me a pennyworth of wall-flowers to put round his cage. He would talk if he could, you know; but I can tell what he means quite as one as if he spoke. Do let Peter go, Libbie; I'll carry him in my own arms.'

So Jupiter was allowed to be of the party. Now Libbie had overcome the great difficulty of conveying Franky to the boat, by offering to 'pay' for a coach, and the shouts and exclamations of the neighbours told them that their conveyance awaited them at the bottom of the court. His mother carried Franky, light in weight, though heavy in helplessness, and he would hold the cage, believing that he was thus redeeming his pledge, that Peter should be a trouble to no one. Libbie proceeded to arrange the bundle containing their dinner, as a support in the corner of the coach. The neighbours came out with many blunt speeches and more kindly wishes, and one or two of them would have relieved Margaret of her burden if she would have allowed it. The presence of that little crippled fellow seemed to obliterate all the angry feelings which had existed between his mother and her neighbours, and which had formed the politics of that little court for many a day.

And now they were fairly off! Frank bit his lips in trying to conceal the pain which the motion caused him; he winced and shrank, until they were fairly on a macadamized thoroughfare, when he closed his eyes, and seemed desirous of a few minutes' rest. Libbie felt very shy, and very much afraid of being seen by her employers, 'set up in a coach!' and so she hid herself in a corner, and made herself as small as possible; while Mrs. Hall had exactly the opposite feeling, and was delighted to stand up, stretching out of the window, and nodding to pretty nearly every one they met or passed on the foot-paths; and they were not a few, for the streets were quite gay, even at that early hour, with parties going to this or that railway station, or to the boats which crowded the canals on this bright holiday-week; and almost every one they met seemed to enter into Mrs. Hall's exhilaration of feeling, and had a smile or nod in return. At last she plumped down

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

by Libbie, and exclaimed, 'I never was in a coach but once afore, and that was when I was a-going to be married. It's like heaven; and all done over with such beautiful gimp too!' continued she, admiring the lining of the vehicle. Jupiter did not enjoy it so much.

As if the holiday time, the lovely weather, and the 'sweet hour of prime,' had a genial influence, as no doubt they have, everybody's heart seemed softened towards poor Franky. The driver lifted him out with the tenderness of strength, and bore him carefully down to the boat; the people then made way, and gave him the best seat in their power,—or rather I should call it a couch, for they saw he was weary, and insisted on his lying down,—an attitude he would have been ashamed to assume without the protection of his mother and Libbie, who now appeared, bearing their baskets and carrying Peter.

Away the boat went, to make room for others, for every conveyance, both by land and water, is in requisition in Whitsun-week, to give the hard-worked crowds the opportunity of enjoying the charms of the country. Even every standing-place in the canal-packets was occupied, and as they glided along, the banks were lined with people, who seemed to find it object enough to watch the boats go by, packed close and full with happy beings brimming with anticipations of a day's pleasure. The country through which they passed is as uninteresting as can well be imagined; but still it is the country: and the screams of delight from the children, and the low laughs of pleasure from the parents, at every blossoming tree that trailed its wreath against some cottage wall, or at the tufts of late primroses which lingered in the cool depths of grass along the canal banks, the thorough relish of everything, as if dreading to let the least circumstance of this happy day pass over without its due appreciation, made the time seem all too short, although it took two hours to arrive at a place only eight miles from Manchester. Even Franky, with all his impatience to see Dunham Woods (which I think he confused with London, believing both to be paved with gold), enjoyed the easy motion of the boat so much, floating along, while pictures moved before him, that he regretted when the time came for landing among the soft, green meadows, that came sloping down to the dancing water's brim. His fellow-passengers carried him to the park, and refused all payment, although his mother had laid by sixpence on purpose, as a recompense for this service.

'Oh, Libbie, how beautiful! Oh, mother, mother! is the whole world out of Manchester as beautiful as this? I did not know trees were like this! Such green homes for birds! Look, Peter! would not you like to be there, up among those boughs? But I can't let you go, you know, because you're my little bird brother, and I should be quite lost without you.'

They spread a shawl upon the fine mossy turf, at the root of a beech-tree, which made a sort of natural couch, and there they laid him, and bade him rest, in spite of the delight which made him believe himself capable of any exertion. Where he lay,—always holding Jupiter's cage, and often talking to him as to a playfellow,—he was on the verge of a green area, shut in by magnificent trees in all the glory of their early foliage, before the summer heats had deepened their verdure into one rich, monotonous tint. And hither came party after

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras:

party; old men and maidens, young men and children,—whole families trooped along after the guiding fathers, who bore the youngest in their arms, or astride upon their backs, while they turned round occasionally to the wives, with whom they shared some fond local remembrance.

For years Dunham Park has been the favourite resort of the Manchester work-people—for more years than I can tell; probably ever since 'the Duke,' by his canals, opened out the system of cheap travelling. Its scenery, too, which presents such a complete contrast to the whirl and turmoil of Manchester; so thoroughly woodland, with its ancestral trees (here and there lightning-blanced); its 'verdurous walls;' its grassy walks leading far away into some glade, where you start at the rabbit rustling among the last year's fern, and where the wood-pigeon's call seems the only fitting and accordant sound. Depend upon it, this complete sylvan repose, this accessible quiet, this lapping the soul in green images of the country, forms the most complete contrast to a town's-person, and consequently has over such the greatest power to charm.

Presently Libbie found out she was very hungry. Now they were provided with dinner, which was of course to be eaten as near twelve o'clock as might be; and Margaret Hall, in her prudence, asked a working-man near to tell her what o'clock it was.

'Nay,' said he, 'I'll ne'er look at clock or watch to-day. I'll not spoil my pleasure by finding out how fast it's going away. If thou'rt hungry, eat. I make my own dinner-hour, and I have eaten mine an hour ago.'

So they had their veal-pies, and then found out it was only about half-past ten o'clock; by so many pleasurable events had that morning been marked. But such was their buoyancy of spirits, that they only enjoyed their mistake, and joined in the general laugh against the man who had eaten his dinner somewhere about nine. He laughed most heartily of all, till, suddenly stopping, he said—

'I must not go on at this rate; laughing gives one such an appetite.'

'Oh! if that's all,' said a merry-looking man, lying at full length, and brushing the fresh scent out of the grass, while two or three little children tumbled over him, and crept about him, as kittens or puppies frolic with their parents; 'if that's all, we'll have a subscription of eatables for them improvident folk as have eaten their dinner for their breakfast. Here's a sausage-pasty and a handful of nuts for my share. Bring round a hat, Bob, and see what the company will give.'

Bob carried out the joke, much to little Franky's amusement; and no one was so churlish as to refuse, although the contributions varied from a peppermint drop up to a veal-pie and a sausage-pasty.

'It's a thriving trade,' said Bob, as he emptied his hatful of provisions on the grass by Libbie's side. 'Besides, it's tiptop too to live on the public. . . . Hark! what is that?'

The laughter and the chat were suddenly hushed, and mothers told their little ones to listen,—as, far away in the distance, now sinking and falling, now swelling and clear, came a ringing peal of children's voices, blended together in one of those psalm tunes which we are all of us familiar with, and which bring-to mind the old, old days, when

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we, as wondering children, were first led to worship 'Our Father' by those beloved ones who have since gone to the more perfect worship. Holy was that distant choral praise, even to the most thoughtless; and when it, in fact, was ended, in the instant's pause, during which the ear awaits the repetition of the air, they caught the noontide hum and buzz of the myriads of insects who danced away their lives in the glorious day; they heard the swaying of the mighty woods in the soft but resistless breeze, and then again once more burst forth the merry jests and the shouts of childhood; and again the elder ones resumed their happy talk, as they lay or sat 'under the greenwood tree.' Fresh parties came dropping in; some laden with wild flowers, almost with branches of hawthorn, indeed; while one or two had made prizes of the earliest dog-roses.

One after another drew near to Franky, and looked on with interest as he lay sorting the flowers given to him. Happy parents stood by, with their household bands around them, in health and comeliness, and felt the sad prophecy of those shrivelled limbs, those wasted fingers, those lamp-like eyes, with their bright, dark lustre. His mother was too eagerly watching his happiness to read the meaning of those grave looks, but Libbie saw them and understood them; and a chill shudder went through her, even on that day, as she thought on the future.

'Ay! I thought we should give you a start!'

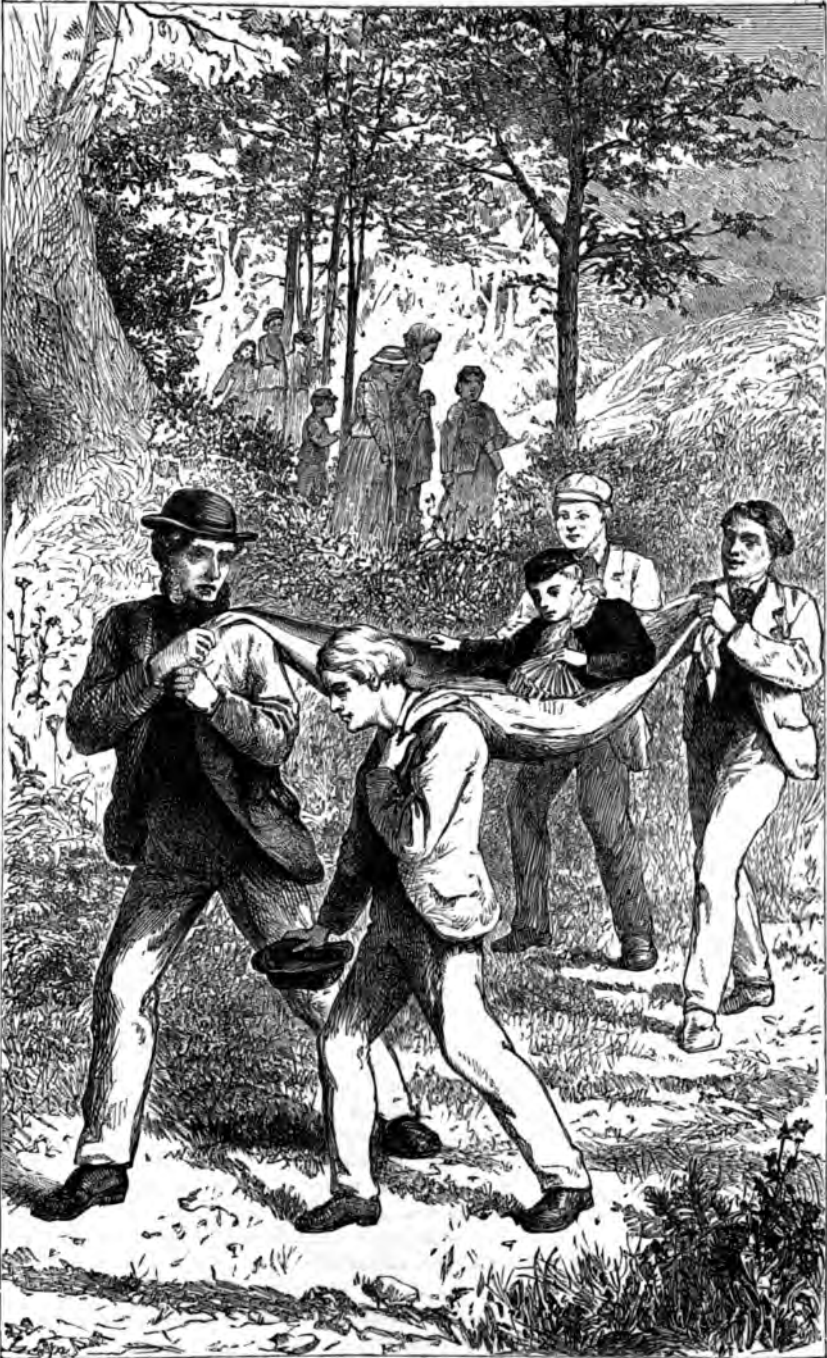
A start they did give, with their terrible slap on Libbie's back, as she sat idly grouping flowers, and following out her sorrowful thoughts. It was the Dixons. Instead of keeping their holiday by lying in bed, they and their children had roused themselves, and had come by the omnibus to the nearest point. For an instant the meeting was an awkward one, on account of the feud between Margaret Hall and Mrs. Dixon; but there was no long resisting of kindly Mother Nature's soothing, at that holiday time, and in that lonely, tranquil spot; or if they could have been unheeded, the sight of Franky would have awed every angry feeling into rest, so changed was he since the Dixons had last seen him; and since he had been the Puck or Robin Goodfellow of the neighbourhood, whose marbles were always rolling under other people's feet, and whose top-strings were always hanging in nooses to catch the unwary. Yes, he, the feeble, mild, almost girlish-looking lad, had once been a merry, happy rogue, and as such often cuffed by Mrs. Dixon,—the very Mrs. Dixon who now stood gazing with the tears in her eyes. Could she, in sight of him, the changed, the fading, keep up a quarrel with his mother?

'How long hast thou been here?' asked Dixon.

'Welly on for all day,' answered Libbie.

'Hast never been to see the deer, or the king and queen oaks?'

His wife pinched his arm, to remind him of Franky's helpless condition, which of course tethered the otherwise willing feet. But Dixon had a remedy. He called Bob, and one or two others, and each taking a corner of the strong plaid shawl, they slung Franky as in a hammock, and thus carried him merrily along, down the wood paths, over the smooth, grassy turf, while the glimmering shine and shadow fell on his upturned face. The women walked behind, talking, loitering along, always in sight of the hammock; now picking up some green



'THEY CARRIED FRANKY MERRILY ALONG, DOWN THE WOOD PATHS.'

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

treasure from the ground, now catching at the low-hanging branches of the horse-chestnut. The soul grew much on this day, and in these woods, and all unconsciously, as souls do grow. They followed Franky's hammock-bearers up a grassy knoll, on the top of which stood a group of pine-trees, whose stems looked like dark red gold in the sunbeams. They had taken Franky there to show him Manchester, far away in the blue plain, against which the woodland foreground cut with a soft clear line. Far, far away in the distance on that flat plain, you might see the motionless cloud of smoke hanging over a great town, and that was Manchester,—ugly, smoky Manchester, dear, busy, earnest, noble-working Manchester; where their children had been born, and where, perhaps, some lay buried; where their homes were, and where God had cast their lives, and told them to work out their destiny.

'Hurrah! for oud smoke-jack!' cried Bob, putting Franky softly down on the grass, before he whirled his hat round, preparatory to a shout. 'Hurrah! hurrah!' from all the men. 'There's the rim of my hat lying like a quoit yonder,' observed Bob quietly, as he replaced his brimless hat on his head with the gravity of a judge.

'Here's the Sunday-school childre a-coming to sit on this shady side, and have their buns and milk. Hark! they're singing the Infant-school grace.'

They sat close at hand, so that Franky could hear the words they sang, in rings of children, making, in their gay summer prints, newly donned for that week, garlands of little faces, all happy and bright upon that green hill-side. One little 'Dot' of a girl came shyly behind Franky, whom she had long been watching, and threw her half-bun at his side, and then ran away and hid herself, in very shame at the boldness of her own sweet impulse. She kept peeping from her screen at Franky all the time; and he meanwhile was almost too much pleased and happy to eat; the world was so beautiful, and men, women, and children all so tender and kind: so softened, in fact, by the beauty of this earth, so unconsciously touched by the Spirit of Love, which was the Creator of this lovely earth.

But the day drew to an end; the birds once more began their warblings; the fresh scents again hung about plant, and tree, and grass, betokening the presence of the reviving dew, and—the boat time was near. As they trod the meadow-path once more, they were joined by many a party they had encountered during the day, all abounding in happiness, all full of the day's adventures. Long-cherished quarrels had been forgotten, new friendships formed. Fresh tastes and higher delights had been imparted that day. We have all of us our look, now and then, called up by some noble or loving thought (our highest on earth), which will be our likeness in heaven. I can catch the glance on many a face, the glancing light of the cloud of glory from heaven, 'which is our home.' That look was present on many a hard-worked, wrinkled countenance, as they turned backwards to catch a longing, lingering look at Dunham Woods, fast deepening into blackness of night, but whose memory was to haunt, in greenness and freshness, many a loom, and workshop, and factory, with images of peace and beauty.

That night, as Libbie lay awake, revolving the incidents of the day, she caught Franky's voice through the open windows. Instead of

Love Lightens Labour.

the frequent moan of pain, he was trying to recall the burden of one of the children's hymns,—

'Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

Oh! that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more.'

She recalled his question, the whispered question, to her, in the happiest part of the day. He asked Libbie, 'Is Dunham like heaven? The people here are as kind as angels, and I don't want heaven to be more beautiful than this place. If you and mother would but die with me, I should like to die, and live always there!' She had checked him, for she feared he was speaking what was wicked; but now the young child's craving for some definite idea of the land to which his inner wisdom told him he was hastening, had nothing in it wrong, or even sorrowful, for

'In heaven we part no more.'

Love Lightens Labour.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There are meals to be got for the men in the field,
And the children to send away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.
It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
And there were puddings and pies to bake,
And a loaf of cake for tea.
The day was hot, and the aching head
Throbb'd wearily as she said:
'If maidens but knew what good wives know
They would be in no hurry to wed.'
'Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?'
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell.
'It was this,' he said, and coming near,
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek; 'twas this—that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!'
The farmer went back to the field; and the wife,
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And golden as it could be.
'Just think,' the children all called in a breath,
'Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we.'
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
'Tis sweet to labour for those we love,
'Tis not strange that maids will wed!'

The Anglican Church.



I MUST say that I look on that communion as being now, under God, the best hope and the strongest bulwark of Christianity itself in this its hour of peril and of trial. Wherever else I turn my eyes there seems to be the greatest cause for anxiety and discouragement to all who value the faith of Christ as the treasure which is beyond all price.

In one direction we see human additions, which are necessarily human corruptions, super-imposed with increasing frequency and increasing audacity on 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' In another we see that faith more and more questioned, carped at, mutilated. Both of these evils, no doubt, exist also in the Anglican communion. There, too, we see Superstition on the one hand and Rationalism on the other; but we see them with veiled faces and bated breath asking to be tolerated and denying their own nature. And there we see, what we look for in vain elsewhere, the ancient creeds of Christendom neither mutilated nor swollen by unwholesome accretions; the ancient liturgies of Christendom substantially reproduced, and giving utterance to the deepest feelings of myriads of devout worshippers.

We see, in that communion, a body of wonderful expansiveness, of wonderful power of adaptation to varying political institutions, to varying intellectual conditions; yet acting beneficently on all, teaching the savage, elevating the Negro, and giving additional refinement and a higher grace to the most advanced civilisation. We do not see it brutalising, demoralising, and degrading any population; but wherever it goes liberty, order, and prosperity follow.

But yet the Anglican Church has not all the power it might have and might exercise for good; and among other causes of this lessened vigour, one is, the prevalence of defective and erroneous views of the nature of the Church itself.—*Bishop of North Carolina.*

The Bridal and the Burial.

BLESSED is the bride, whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.

I saw thee young and beautiful;
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day.
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang—
'Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweets to the sweet!

The winter is past, the rains are gone;
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on.'

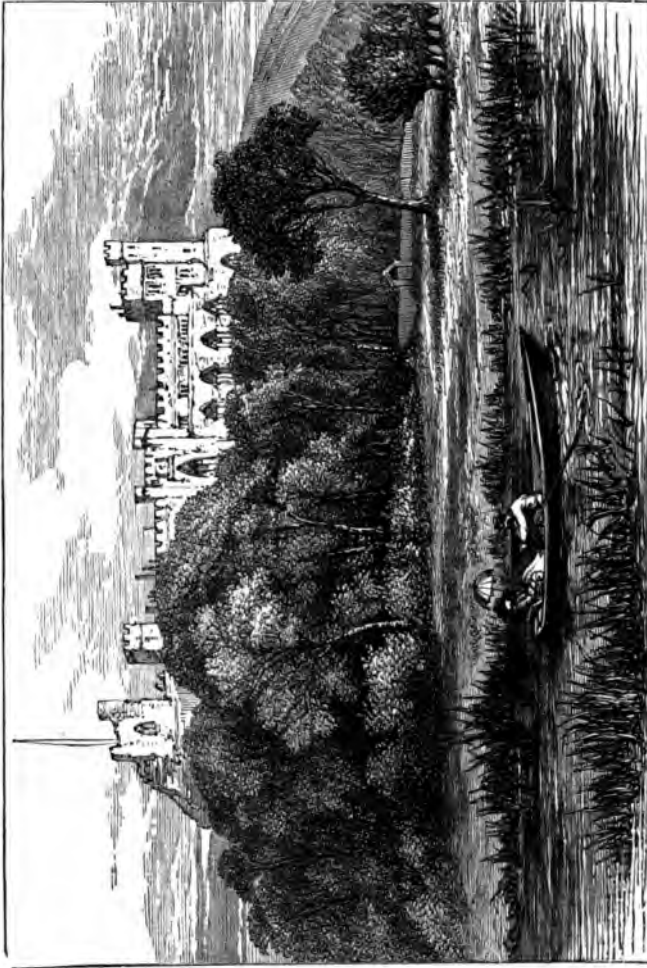
I saw thee poor and desolate;
I saw thee fade away,
In broken hearted widowhood,
Before thy locks were grey.
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang—
'Lilies, dress her winding-sheet;
Sweets to the sweet!

The summer's past, the sunshine's gone;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.'

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Arundel Castle.

ARUNDEL CASTLE stands on an eminence on the north-east side of the town of the same name. The first mention of Arundel and its Castle occurs in the will of King Alfred, who bequeathed it to his nephew Adhelm. After passing through the hands of several members of royal families, and of some powerful barons, it came into the possession of



ARUNDEL CASTLE, SUSSEX.

the Fitz-Alans, Earls of Arundel, from whom it was conveyed by marriage to that of the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk.

In earlier times the Castle was deemed almost impregnable, and the possession of it was regarded as a point of great importance so late as the Parliamentary Wars.

It afterwards was long neglected, and was almost ruinous, when

Old Church Bells.—Framers of our Common Prayer.

the late Duke of Norfolk resolved to make it his principal residence. At great cost it was repaired, and nearly rebuilt; and it is now one of the finest mansions in England.

The possession of this Castle was declared by Act of Parliament, 2 Henry VI., to confer the title of Earl of Arundel without creation. This feudal privilege belongs to only one other Castle in England, namely, that of Abergavenny in Monmouthshire.

Old Church Bells.

RING out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Bliethe old bells, from the steeple tower.
Hopefully, fearfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden
bower.
Cloud there is none in the bright sum-
mer sky,
Sunshine flings benison down from on
high;
Children, sing loud, as the train moves
along,—
'Happy the bride that the sun shineth
on.'

Knell out drearily,
Measured out wearily,
Sad old bells, from the steeple grey.
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-
day.
Drops from the laden clouds heavily
fall,
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur, old folk, as the train moves
along—
'Happy the dead that the rain raineth
on.'

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loved old bells, from the steeple high;
Rolling like holy waves
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.
Solemn the lesson your lightest notes
teach;
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues
preach;
Ringing in life, from the bud to the
bloom,
Ringing the dead to their rest in the
tomb.

Peal out evermore,
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath-day.
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through
sadness,
Bridal and burial have both passed
away.
Tell us life's pleasures with death are
still rife;
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labour, and death is our rest;
If happy the living, the dead are the
blest.

Dublin University Magazine.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



IT was a happy thing for the Reformation in England that its progress was slow. The Reformed Service-book was saved from becoming the sudden creation of one mind, or the composition of a body of impetuous divines, smarting under a sense of the corruptions which had sprung from Roman misrule. If the Prayer-book had been, like Richard Baxter's 'Directory,' the work of one man, it would have represented at once the defects and the virtues of that master-mind which originated it. As it is, so many hands have woven together the different threads which make up the whole Prayer-book, that there is no one person who can be called in any sense its 'framer,' much less its 'author.' The Prayer-book comes to us as the expression of the whole mind of the Church of England, as represented by those leading men, who in

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each age have taken part in the work of moulding it. This is the reason why, with all our difficulties, heart-burnings, and perplexities, the Prayer-book has really been the band which has held together differing schools of theology in our National Church.

There can be little doubt that Archbishop Cranmer was a man eminently fitted for the work of adapting the old Service-books to the needs of the Reformation. Archbishop Hermann, of Cologne, had, in A.D. 1575, put forth his 'Consultation' on the revision of the existing offices, and Cranmer would seem to have been in constant communication with Melancthon and Bucer. Still, connected though Cranmer was with Germany by matrimonial ties, the German Reformers did not exercise much influence on the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., which was little more than an adaptation in English of the existing offices. It was submitted to Parliament in 1548, and in the beginning of 1549 it was 'set forth' by authority.

The framers of this first Prayer-book, besides Cranmer, were—

Ridley, Bishop of Rochester	Dr. Taylor, Dean (afterwards Bp.) of Lincoln
Goodrich, Bishop of Ely	Dr. Haynes, Dean of Exeter
Skyp, Bishop of Hereford	Dr. Cox, Dean of Christchurch
Thirlby, Bishop of Westminster	Dr. Robertson, Archd. of Leicester
Day, Bishop of Chichester	Dr. Redmayne, Dean of Westminster
Holbeach, Bishop of Lincoln	
Dr. Ray, Dean of St. Paul's	

This may appear at first a dry catalogue of names, but surely the very names of the godly and learned men who framed for us our Book of Common Prayer should be as 'household words' in the mouth of every Churchman who intelligently uses that book.

Next to Cranmer, the man who exerted most influence on the revision of the old offices was Nicholas Ridley, Bishop of Rochester, who was afterwards translated to London. Ridley was born at Willemonstwick, in Northumberland, and was educated at Newcastle-on-Tyne. After going to Cambridge, he studied at the Universities of Paris and Louvain. When he was Vicar of Herne in Kent, it is said that the country-folk, for miles round, used to crowd in to hear his sermons. He was consecrated to the See of Rochester in 1547. Strype, in his 'Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer,' (i. 7.) has the following quaint notice of this consecration:—

'September 5th, being Sunday, Nicholas Ridley, D.D., Prebend of Canterbury, was consecrated Bishop of Rochester by Henry (Holbeach), Bishop of Lincoln, assisted by John, Suffragan of Bedford, and Thomas, Suffragan of Sidon, in the Chapel belonging to the house of use of the Ray, dean of St. Paul's. He was consecrated according to the ancient Church by the unction of holy Chrism,* as well as imposition of hands.'

Ridley is well known as a staunch opponent of Roman error, and yet, so far as there is any light upon the work of the Committee first appointed to revise the ancient offices, it would seem that his influence there was on the side of moderation, and in opposition to those of the foreign Reformers, who wished for the construction of a new book in preference to a revision and adaptation of the existing offices. Ridley

* That is, by anointing him with oil which had been previously blessed.

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will frequently appear upon our canvas again, but it may be well here to remind our readers of the calmness with which he met martyrdom in 1557, encouraging Latimer, his brother in suffering, with the well-known words, 'Be of good heart, brother; for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.' It is remarkable that, in a farewell letter written before his death, Ridley uses the very words contained in the Exhortation in 'The Office for the Visitation of the Sick.' Some have thought from this, that he may have been himself the author of that most touching and gentle appeal. If it were so, the words which he had written to comfort others did not fail to give consolation to him in the 'fiery trial' which awaited him.

It may now be well to mark briefly the main points in which the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., which was introduced on Whitsunday, A.D. 1549, differed from the unreformed offices.

Of course, the first change was in the translation of the prayers into a tongue understood by the people. This carried in its wake many other changes. While the prayers were said in an unknown tongue, it was only by the employment of an elaborate symbolism that those who 'occupied the room of the unlearned' could possibly be made to understand what was going on. Thus there was a considerable change in the ceremonial.

The next point was *condensation*. The offices of the Breviary were not only diffuse, but their number was very great. The object of the Reformers, then, was to condense the essence of these unreformed offices, and make them available for public use. Thus our Morning and Evening Prayer is, in reality, a condensation of eight separate offices of devotion. A Calendar of Lessons, now read in English, was drawn up, and an arrangement was provided, by which the Psalter should be said through publicly once every month.

The Communion Service, although the name of 'the Mass' is still retained, was considerably modified. The invocation of the Saints was done away with, but a very beautiful commemoration of them was retained in the Prayer of Consecration. The position of some of the prayers was different from that occupied by them in our existing service; but as regards the spirit and structure of the whole, the Communion Service of 'the First Prayer-book of Edward VI.' is distinctly and undeniably the parent of our present beautiful office. We shall soon see the quarter from which exceptions were taken so as to render certain alterations necessary; and yet again how, later on in the history of the Reformation, there was a tendency on the part of those engaged in the work to retrace their steps in the direction of the earlier service.



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THE SHEEP OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY M. F. SADLER, M.A., PREBENDARY OF WELLS, RECTOR OF HONITON.

St. John, x. 27.—*My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.*



HERE are three marks of Christ's true sheep here set before us by the Good Shepherd Himself—(1) They hear His voice. (2) He knows them. (3) They follow Him.

(1.) They hear His voice. There are those amongst us who, in a way that others do not, 'hear Christ.' They have recognised in the words of the preacher, or in the words of the Church, or in the words of the Bible, a message from Christ to them.

What has this message been? We cannot tell. It may have been a different one in each case. I mean that *first* message of Christ, which came home to the heart as the voice of Christ. Perhaps it was such a word as, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You were restless, weary of the world, weary of yourselves; overwhelmed with care or distress, and you heard words such as these, which came home to you, and drew you to Christ, and now you have rest. Perhaps you were perplexed about the way to God and heaven, and you heard, as it were, such words as, 'I am the way.' Perhaps you were perplexed with the strife of tongues, so that you were fain to ask, 'What is truth?' and you heard Him say, 'I am the truth.' Perhaps your soul could find no nourishment; no earthly bread could feed it, and you heard One saying, 'I am the bread of life.'

Or, it may be, you simply heard Him say, 'Follow me,' and you felt that a spell was laid upon you, and follow Him you must.

Or, it may be, you heard His warning voice asking of you the question, 'What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'

Or it may have been a threat of judgment, such as, 'Then will I say unto them, Depart from me, I never knew you, all ye that work iniquity;' and you felt that if Christ were to come now, He must, if He be true, say these words to you, for you work iniquity; and so, as it were, you were driven to take refuge in Him.

In ways like these the true sheep hear the voice of the Good Shepherd. Blessed are they who have thus heard His voice calling to them as they were losing themselves in the wilderness of the world and of sin. Thrice blessed are they who from their childhood have heard His voice before they went astray, and have continued in the fold of His goodness and grace.

But the true sheep *hear* Christ's voice. They have not merely once heard it: they continue to hear it. We read of Christ saying to certain who believed in Him, 'If ye continue in my word, then ye are my disciples indeed.' Yes, to be His true sheep you must not once only hear the voice of Christ. You must 'continue in His word.' You must not only hear Him say, 'Come unto me,' 'believe in me;' you must hear Him say 'Follow me,' 'Abide in me,' 'Be ready for me when I come.'

If you are His true sheep you will hear His voice, not only when He promises and invites, but when He preaches—when He preaches, as He does, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

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You will hear His voice when He solemnly pronounces that character blessed which the world despises, for in His very first sermon the Saviour actually pronounces a blessing on the poor-spirited, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers. Now, if you hear His voice you will believe, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, that this style of character shall be blessed.

Again, the voice of the great Shepherd says, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;' 'Sell that ye have, and give alms;' 'Let thine alms be in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly;' 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth;' 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;' 'Give alms of such things as ye possess.' The voice of the great Shepherd says all this, and much more, about the poor and about alms-giving. Can they be the sheep who put these words from them? Can they be the sheep of Christ who always give as little as they can, and give that because they fear the reproach of their neighbours rather than the displeasure of their Saviour? Can they be the true sheep who spend upon themselves so much that they have nothing to spare, as they call it, to give in alms for the relief of Christ Himself?

No, such are not the sheep; they are not even lost or straying sheep: they are a different race; they are the goats, those whom our Lord says that He will separate eternally from the sheep and drive them from Him into everlasting punishment, because He was an hungered and they gave Him no meat—because they were selfish, covetous, hard-hearted, and unmerciful.

Again, let me solemnly put it to you—If you are the true sheep must you not hear the voice of the Saviour saying, 'I am the Bread of life? The Bread that I will give is my Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world. Take, eat, this is my Body; do this in remembrance of me. Drink ye all of this.'

(2.) The next mark of the true sheep is, that Christ knows them.

This expression may have several meanings. First of all, it may mean that Christ knows His sheep in the way of seeing what is in their hearts. His glance searches them through and through. He sees their weakness, and yet He sees their sincerity. He knows that they are sincere when they appeal to Him in such words as, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.' He knows them far better than they know themselves, and so He can order for them far better than they can choose for themselves.

Or it may mean, 'I recognise them amongst the multitudes who profess to be My sheep, or who are outwardly in My fold.' He knows who are His; and He has His eye upon them, and distinguishes them from all others.

Or it may mean, I have converse with them. One man is said to know another when there is mutual converse or intercourse between them as between friend and friend. Christ also said, respecting His apostles, 'I have not called you servants, but I have called you friends, for whatsoever I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.' And so Christ knows His sheep in the sense of making known to them Himself and His purposes.

(3.) The next mark of the true sheep is they follow Christ.

On this head we shall not enlarge. It is quite plain that it means

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that they follow His example. They strive to be like Him in goodness, in righteousness, in truth. They strive to be like Him in meekness, lowliness, and humbleness of mind. They strive to be like Him in forbearance, forgiveness, gentleness. They strive to be like Him in godliness, in purity, in courageous assertion of the truth of God. They strive to be like Him in benevolence. They feel and confess their best efforts in copying such an example to be very feeble attempts. They follow Him at a distance, but they really do follow in His steps. Ofttimes they walk feebly and lag behind; but still they follow none else but Him: if they are the true sheep, they follow not Satan, they follow Christ.

We now come to consider the privileges of the true sheep—'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.'

From this we gather that the true sheep of Jesus Christ have already, even now in this world, eternal life vouchsafed to them, and they shall never be cast away.

That Christ has true sheep who have these unspeakable blessings vouchsafed to them is certain. If it were not so there would be no certainty that at the last day Christ would have any Church at all—any number of saved souls to be with Him where He is. God cannot leave the future reward of His own Son—the Church of saved souls that are to be His crown through eternity—to the changes and chances of such a world as this.

But who are these souls?

The text, if we will listen to it, tells us plainly: Christ gives eternal life to those who follow Him. You see the text runs: 'They,'—i. e., My sheep—'follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.' If, then, you would know in your own case whether Christ be giving to you eternal life, you must look to your own life and walk. If you are following Him, then He is giving to you eternal life. If, on the contrary, you are not following Him, not following His example, then you have no certainty whatsoever that Christ is giving to you eternal life.

For what is eternal life? It is not only the life of the body in the day of the resurrection. It is not only being delivered from hell. It is the life of God in the soul now. You hope that you are one of Christ's sheep. You trust that you will not perish everlastingly. Well, but have you life? Has God given you life? Are you living as if Christ's life was in you? If so, depend upon it you are following Christ? You are following, that is, the example of His forbearance and forgiveness, His benevolence and devotion. If you are living without prayer, without thanksgiving, without forbearing, forgiving—if you are living a covetous life—then be assured that you are not following Christ, and you can have no assurance whatsoever that at the last day you will be welcomed into the joy of the Lord.

Now, let me say something about the use that has been made of this text. This text is often quoted as proving that Christ has a certain number of elect souls, who will be certainly saved at the last. Well, it may prove this; but what is this secret truth to us unless we have some means of knowing whether we are of this number or not?

Now, the text gives us a means of knowing. The sheep of Christ,

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to whom He vouchsafes eternal life, are those who follow Him. This is the one mark given in the text of those who are the true sheep. If you are, feebly it may be, but still sincerely and faithfully, following Christ, then God is giving to you eternal life, and you shall never perish. If you are in any way declining from Christ's steps and wilfully going counter to His example, to that extent, and, so far as that goes, you lose all evidence that you are of the number of His sheep.

Let me take an illustration of this from a too common case.

You find a man who has evidently once heard the voice of Christ calling him, and he has begun, it may be, to follow Christ in some things; but the same man bears malice and envy, and hates his brother, and speaks of those who cross him in a churlish and un-Christian way. In what state is such a man? Can he be one of the true sheep? Can he take comfort from the words of the text? 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish.' St. John, the inspired apostle, gives a most decided 'No' in answer to this question. 'Whoso,' he says, 'hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.' You see that the apostle says that such an one has not eternal life *abiding in him*—he may have had eternal life granted to him, but he retains it not. So that, in fact, no soul which is not following Christ's example can derive on Scripture grounds any comfort from my text.

But some may say—This is poor consolation. I feel that my Christian life is very feeble: sometimes I do not know whether I am following Christ's example or no. I want some assurance independent of my life, that I shall not be lost at last. Ah, I daresay you do; but, as far as I know, there is none such for you in the whole Bible. Indeed, there is not likely to be. For what was the very end for which God sent His Son into the world? Was it not that 'we, being delivered from the hand of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our lives.' Now, if you are not walking before Him in holiness and righteousness—if, that is, you are not following Christ, you are, as far as lies in you, frustrating the very end for which Christ came into the world.

But if you are, feebly it may be, but still perseveringly and sincerely following Christ, then Christ gives to you eternal life: you shall never perish. The very world on which you tread may pass away, shrivel up as a parched scroll; but you shall abide for ever. Your eyes shall see the King in His beauty. In your flesh, in your risen and glorified flesh, you shall see God. He will welcome you to share His joy, and that joy must be very deep, very satisfying, and of very long continuance if it is His joy. You shall know God and His way, and the hidden mysteries of His nature and His will, with a knowledge to which your present knowledge is mere ignorance. You shall no more feel pain, or hunger, or thirst, or weakness, or decaying strength; for your body will be raised in the likeness of the risen Body of your Saviour. You shall no more be parted from your friends. You shall love them and be glad with them for ever. All this, and infinitely more than tongue can tell or heart imagine, shall you be, if now, in this your day of grace, you hear the voice of Christ, and follow Him, the Good Shepherd.



'MARGARET HALL FELL UNCONSCIOUS ON THE PILED UP GRAVEL.'

Libbie Marsh's Three Bras.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MARY BARTON,' 'RUTH,' ETC.

ERA III.—MICHAELMAS.



HE church clocks had struck three; the crowds of gentlemen returning to business, after their early dinners, had disappeared within offices and warehouses; the streets were clear and quiet, and ladies were venturing to sally forth for their afternoon shoppings and their afternoon calls.

Slowly, slowly, along the streets, elbowed by life at every turn, a little funeral wound its quiet way. Four men bore along a child's coffin; two women with bowed heads followed meekly.

I need not tell you whose coffin it was, or who were those two mourners. All was now over with little Frank Hall: his romps, his games, his sickening, his suffering, his death. All was now over, but the Resurrection and the Life.

His mother walked as in a stupor. Could it be that he was dead? If he had been less of an object of her thoughts, less of a motive for her labours, she could sooner have realised it. As it was, she followed his poor, cast-off, worn-out body as if she were borne along by some oppressive dream. If he were really dead, how could she be still alive?

Libbie's mind was less stunned, and so more active, than Margaret Hall's. Visions passed before her—recollections of the time (which seemed now so long ago) when the shadow of the feebly-waving arm first caught her attention; of the bright day at Dunham Park, where the world had seemed so full of enjoyment, and beauty, and life; of the long-continued heat, through which poor Franky had panted away his strength in the little close room, where there was no escaping the hot rays of the afternoon sun; of the long nights when his mother and she had watched by his side, as he moaned continually, whether awake or asleep; of the fevered moaning slumber of exhaustion; of the pitiful little self-upbraidings for his own impatience of suffering, only impatience in his own eyes—most true, and holy patience in the sight of others; and then the fading away of life, the loss of power, the increased unconsciousness, the lovely look of angelic peace, which followed the dark shadow on the countenance, where was he—what was he now?

And so they laid him in his grave, and heard the solemn funeral words; but far off in the distance, as if not addressed to them.

Margaret Hall bent over the grave to catch one last glance—she had not spoken, nor sobbed, nor done aught but shiver now and then, since the morning; but now her weight bore more heavily on Libbie's arm, and without sigh or sound she fell an unconscious heap on the piled-up gravel. They helped Libbie to bring her round; but long after her half-opened eyes and altered breathings showed that her senses were restored, she lay, speechless and motionless, without attempting to rise from her strange bed, as if the earth contained nothing worth even that trifling exertion.

At last Libbie and she left that holy, consecrated spot, and bent their steps back to the only place more consecrated still; where he had rendered up his spirit; and where memories of him haunted each piece of rude furniture that their eyes fell upon. As the woman

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of the house opened the door, she pulled Libbie on one side, and said—

‘Anne Dixon has been across to see you; she wants to have a word with you.’

‘I cannot go now,’ replied Libbie, as she pushed hastily along, in order to enter the room—*his* room—at the same time with the childless mother: for, as she had anticipated, the sight of that empty spot, the glance at the uncurtained open window, letting in the fresh air, and the broad rejoicing light of day, where all had so long been darkened and subdued, unlocked the waters of the fountain, and long and shrill were the cries for her boy that the poor woman uttered.

‘Oh! dear Mrs. Hall,’ said Libbie, herself in tears, ‘do not take on so badly; I’m sure it would grieve *him* sore if he were alive, and you know he is—Bible tells us so; and maybe he’s here watching how we go on without him, and hoping we don’t fret overmuch.’

Mrs. Hall’s sobs grew worse and more hysterical.

‘Oh! listen,’ said Libbie, once more struggling against her own increasing agitation; ‘listen! there’s Peter chirping as he always does when he’s put about, frightened like; and you know he that’s gone could never abide to hear the canary chirp in that shrill way.’

Margaret Hall did check herself, and curb her expressions of agony, in order not to frighten the little creature he had loved; and as her outward grief subsided, Libbie took up the large old Bible, which fell open at the never-failing comfort of the fourteenth chapter of St. John’s Gospel.

How often these large family Bibles do open at that chapter! as if, unused in more joyous and prosperous times, the soul went home to its words of loving sympathy when weary and sorrowful, just as the little child seeks the tender comfort of its mother in all its griefs and cares.

And Margaret put back her wet, ruffled, grey hair from her heated, tear-stained, woeful face, and listened with such earnest eyes, trying to form some idea of the ‘Father’s house,’ where her boy had gone to dwell.

They were interrupted by a low tap at the door. Libbie went. ‘Anne Dixon has watched you home, and wants to have a word with you,’ said the woman of the house, in a whisper. Libbie went back, closed the book with a word of explanation to Margaret Hall, and then ran downstairs, to learn the reason of Anne’s anxiety to see her.

‘O Libbie!’ she burst out with, and then, checking herself with the remembrance of Libbie’s last solemn duty, ‘how’s Margaret Hall? But, of course, poor thing, she’ll fret a bit at first; she’ll be some time coming round, mother says, seeing it’s as well that poor lad is taken; for he’d always ha’ been a cripple, and a trouble to her—he was a fine lad once, too.’

She had come full of another and a different subject; but the sight of Libbie’s sad, weeping face, and the quiet, subdued tone of her manner, made her feel it awkward to begin on any other theme than the one which filled up her companion’s mind. To her last speech Libbie answered sorrowfully—

‘No doubt, Anne, it’s ordered for the best; but oh! don’t call him,—don’t think he could ever ha’ been, a trouble to his mother,

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though he were a cripple. She loved him all the more for each thing she had to do for him,—I am sure I did.' Libbie cried a little behind her apron. Anne Dixon felt still more awkward in introducing the discordant subject.

'Well! "Flesh is grass," Bible says,' and having fulfilled the etiquette of quoting a text if possible, if not of making a moral observation on the fleeting nature of earthly things, she thought she was at liberty to pass on to her real errand.

'You must not go on moping yourself, Libbie Marsh. What I wanted special for to see you this afternoon, was to tell you you must come to my wedding to-morrow. Nanny Dawson has fallen sick, and there's none as I should like to have bridesmaid in her place as well as you.'

'To-morrow! Oh, I cannot,—indeed I cannot.'

'Why not?'

Libbie did not answer, and Anne Dixon grew impatient.

'Surely, you're never going to baulk yourself of a day's pleasure for the sake of yon little cripple that's dead and gone!'

'No,—it's not baulking myself of—don't be angry, Anne Dixon, with him, please; but I don't think it would be pleasure to me,—I don't feel as if I could enjoy it; thank you all the same. But I did love that little lad very dearly—I did,' sobbing a little, 'and I can't forget him and make merry so soon.'

'Well—I never!' exclaimed Anne, almost angrily.

'Indeed, Anne, I feel your kindness, and you and Bob have my best wishes,—that's what you have; but even if I went, I should be thinking all day of him, and of his poor, poor mother, and they say it's bad to think very much on them that's dead at a wedding.'

'Nonsense!' said Anne, 'I'll take the risk of the ill-luck. After all, what is marrying? Just a spree, Bob says. He often says he does not think I shall make him a good wife, for I know nought about house matters, wi' working in a factory; but he says he'd rather be uneasy wi' me than easy wi' anybody else. There's love for you! And I tell him I'd rather have him tipsy than any one else sober.'

'Oh! Anne Dixon, hush! you don't know yet what it is to have a drunken husband. I have seen something of it; father used to get fuddled, and in the long run it killed mother, let alone—Oh! Anne, God above only knows what the wife of a drunken man has to bear. Don't tell,' said she, lowering her voice, 'but father killed our little baby in one of his bouts; mother never looked up again, nor father either for that matter, only his was in a different way. Mother will have gotten to little Jemmie now, and they'll be so happy together,—and perhaps Franky too. Oh!' said she, recovering herself from her train of thought, 'never say aught lightly of the wife's lot whose husband is given to drink.'

'Dear, what a preachment! I tell you what, Libbie, you're as born an old maid as ever I saw. You'll never be married to either drunken or sober.'

Libbie's face went rather red, but without losing its meek expression.

'I know that as well as you can tell me; and more reason, therefore, as God has seen fit to keep me out of woman's natural work, I

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should try and find work for myself. I mean,' seeing Anne Dixon's puzzled look, 'that as I know I'm never likely to have a home of my own, or a husband that would look to me to make all straight, or children to watch over or care for, all which I take to be woman's natural work, I must not lose time in fretting and fidgeting after getting wed, but just look about me for somewhat else to do. I can see many an one misses it in this. They will hanker after what is ne'er likely to be theirs, instead of facing it out and settling down to be old maids; and as old maids just looking round for the odd jobs God leaves in the world for such as old maids to do. There's plenty of such work, and there's the blessing of God on them as does it:' Libbie was almost out of breath at this outpouring of what had long been her inner thoughts.

'That's all very true, I make no doubt, for them as is to be old maids; but as I'm not, you might have spared your breath to cool your porridge. What I want to know is, whether you'll be bridesmaid to-morrow or not. Come, now do; it will do you good, after all your working, and watching, and slaving yourself for that poor Franky Hall.'

'It was one of my odd jobs,' said Libbie, smiling, though her eyes were brimming over with tears; 'but, dear Annie,' said she, recovering herself, 'I could not do it to-morrow, indeed I could not.'

'And I can't wait,' said Annie Dixon, almost sulkily; 'Bob and I put it off from to-day, because of the funeral, and Bob had set his heart on its being on Michaelmas day; and mother says the goose won't keep beyond to-morrow. Do come: father finds eatables, and Bob finds drink, and we shall be so jolly! and after we've been to church, we're to walk round the town in pairs, white satin ribbon in our bonnets, and refreshments at any public-house we like, Bob says. And after dinner there's to be a dance. Don't be a fool; you can do no good by staying. Margaret Hall will have to go out washing, I'll be bound.'

'Yes, she must go to Mrs. Wilkinson's, and, for that matter, I must go working too. Mrs. Williams has been after me to make her girl's winter things ready; only I could not leave Franky, he clung so to me.'

'Then you won't be bridesmaid! Is that your last word?'

'It is; you must not be angry with me, Anne Dixon,' said Libbie, in a deprecating voice.

But Anne was gone without a reply.

With a heavy heart Libbie mounted the little staircase, for she felt how ungracious her refusal of Anne's kindness must appear to one who so little understood her feelings.

On opening the door, she saw Margaret Hall with the Bible open on the table before her. For she had puzzled out the place where Libbie was reading, and with her finger under the line was spelling out the words of consolation, piecing the syllables together aloud, with the earnest anxiety of comprehension with which a child first learns to read. So Libbie took the stool by her side before she was aware that any one had entered the room.

'What did she want you for?' asked Margaret. 'But I can guess; she wanted you to be at the wedding that is to come off this week, they

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say. Aye, they'll marry, and laugh, and dance, all as one as if my boy was alive,' said she, bitterly. 'Well, he was neither kith nor kin of yours, so I must try and be thankful for what you've done for him, and not wonder at your forgetting him afore he's well settled in his grave.'

'I never can forget him, and I'm not going to the wedding,' said Libbie, quietly, for she understood the mother's jealousy of her dead child's claims.

'I must go work at Mrs. Williams' to-morrow,' she said, in explanation, for she was unwilling to boast of her tender, fond regret, which had been her main motive for declining Anne's invitation.

'And I mun go washing, just as if nothing had happened,' sighed forth Mrs. Hall, 'and I mun come home at night, and find his place empty, and all still where I used to be sure of hearing his voice ere ever I got up the stair: no one will ever call me mother again.' She fell crying pitifully, and Libbie could not speak for her own emotion for some time. But during this silence she put the keystone in the arch of thoughts she had been building up for many days; and when Margaret was again calm in her sorrow, Libbie said, 'Mrs. Hall, I should like—would you like me to come and live here altogether?'

Margaret Hall looked up with a sudden light in her countenance, which encouraged Libbie to go on.

'I could sleep with you, and pay half, you know; and we should be together in the evenings; and her as was home first would watch for the other, and' (dropping her voice) 'we could talk of him at nights, you know.'

She was going on, but Mrs. Hall interrupted her.

'Oh, Libbie Marsh; and can you really think of coming to live wi' me? I should like it above—but no! it must not be; you've no notion what a creature I am, at times; more like a mad one when I'm in a rage, and I cannot keep it down. I seem to get out of bed wrong side in the morning, and I must have my passion out with the first person I meet. Why, Libbie,' said she, with a doleful of agony on her face, 'I even used to fly out on him, poor sick lad as he was, and you may judge from that how little you can keep it down. No, you must not come. I must live alone now,' sinking her voice into the low tones of despair. But Libbie's resolution was brave and strong. 'I'm not afraid,' said she, smiling. 'I know you better than you know yourself, Mrs. Hall. I've seen you try of late to keep it down, when you've been boiling over, and I think you'll go on a-doing so. And at any rate, when you've had your fit out, you're very kind, and I can forget if you've been a bit put out. But I'll try not to put you out. Do let me come: I think *he* would like us to keep together. I'll do my very best to make you comfortable.'

'It's me! it's me as will be making your life miserable with my temper; or else, God knows, how my heart clings to you. You and me is folk alone in the world, for we both loved one who is dead, and who had none else to love him. If you will live with me, Libbie, I'll try as I never did afore to be gentle and quiet-tempered. Oh! will you try me, Libbie Marsh?' So out of the little grave there sprang a hope and a resolution, which made life an object to each of the two.

When Elizabeth Marsh returned home the next evening from her

Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

day's labours, Anne (Dixon no longer) crossed over, all in her bridal finery, to persuade her to join the dance going on in her father's house.

'Dear Annie, this is good of you, a-thinking of me to-night,' said Libbie, kissing her, 'and though I cannot come,—I've promised Mrs. Hall to be with her,—I shall think on you, and I trust you'll be happy. I have got a little needle-case I looked out for you, stay, here it is,—I wish it were more—only—'

'Only, I know what. You've been a-spending all your money in nice things for poor Franky. Thou'rt a real good un, Libbie, and I'll keep your needle-book to my dying day, that I will.' Seeing Anne in such a friendly mood emboldened Libbie to tell her of her change of place; of her intention of lodging henceforward with Margaret Hall.

'Thou never wilt! Why father and mother are as fond of thee as can be; they'll lower thy rent if that's what it is—and thou knowst they never grudge thee bit or drop. And Margaret Hall, of all folk, to lodge wi'! She's such a tartar! Sooner than not have a quarrel, she'd fight right hand against left. Thou'lt have no peace of thy life. What can make you think of such a thing, Libbie Marsh?'

'She'll be so lonely without me,' pleaded Libbie. 'I'm sure I could make her happier, even if she did scold me a bit now and then, than she'd be a living alone, and I'm not afraid of her; and I mean to do my best not to vex her: and it will ease her heart, maybe, to talk to me at times about Franky. I shall often see your father and mother, and I shall always thank them for their kindness to me. But they have you and little Mary, and poor Mrs. Hall has no one.'

Anne could only repeat, 'Well, I never!' and hurry off to tell the news at home.

But Libbie was right. Margaret Hall is a different woman to the scold of the neighbourhood she once was; touched and softened by the two purifying angels, Sorrow and Love. And it is beautiful to see her affection, her reverence, for Libbie Marsh. Her dead mother could hardly have cared for her more tenderly than does the hard-hearted washerwoman, not long ago so fierce and unwomanly. Libbie, herself, has such peace shining on her countenance, as almost makes it beautiful, as she tenders the services of a daughter to Franky's mother, no longer the desolate, lonely orphan, a stranger on the earth.

Do you ever read the moral, concluding sentence of a story? I never do, but I once (in the year 1811, I think,) heard of a deaf old lady, living by herself, who did; and as she may have left some descendants with the same amiable peculiarity, I will put in, for their benefit, what I believe to be the secret of Libbie's peace of mind, the real reason why she no longer feels oppressed at her own loneliness in the world,—

She has a purpose in life; and that purpose is a holy one.



On Wireworms in Newly-Ploughed Land.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D. RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



I WAS amazed to-day in witnessing the destruction wrought in a newly broken-up piece of land which I had sown with wheat last autumn. Three parts out of four of the crop were utterly gone, and it is now too late to repair the damage this year. The enemy that has done me this ill turn is the wireworm, a tiny creature not above half an inch long and the thickness of a stout needle, but so tough that it is with difficulty pulled in two by the hand.



Speaking to a farmer on the subject, he said I should have either burnt the turf or allowed the field to fallow a whole season, so that want of food might have starved the animal out; though even these remedies, he added, do not always succeed in wholly eradicating the plague.

Even so is it with certain vices to which youth is prone. When the ground is rank, the blood full, and the appetites strong, the fatal plague insinuates itself with most pernicious effects, and consumes frequently above half of the good seed sown in such soil. Nor is it till time has, as it were, impoverished the land that the enemy shows signs of retreating, or abating his violence.

Week-Day Hymns.

The vice, however, may be burnt out, 'so as by fire;' or it may be reduced within bounds for want of opportunity. I have known a young collegian reclaimed by a temporary rustication away from the haunts and companions of his folly, of whom there would have been, humanly speaking, no hope had he been allowed to remain longer within reach of every gratification.

Yet the enemy is there, and will constantly show itself. Prayer only, and continual watchfulness, will effectually clear the ground and make way for that seed which shall bring forth fruit to be gathered hereafter into everlasting barns.

Week-day Hymns.

BY W. WALSHAM HOW, M.A.

THURSDAY.

ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,
As with adoring eye
From this dim earth we lift our gaze
To Thy bright home on high.

We may not stay our lingering feet
Upon the sacred hill,
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet
Stand gazing upward still.

For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear,
And we would seek Thy grace

To tread our lowly pathway here,
Until we see Thy face.

Yet, week by week, we seek this day
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,
To cheer us on our toilsome way,
And brighten all our night.

Then praise to Thee, ascended Lord,
O Father, praise to Thee,
And Thou, O Spirit, be adored,
One God in Trinity. Amen.

FRIDAY.

JESU, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy
throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
And bear our cross, whate'er it be;
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or
strife,

Oh, let us bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.

Lord, week by week, this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon
there,

And through the cross attain the crown
Amen.

SATURDAY.

LORD, who for our sake
Didst mortal flesh assume,
Thy labour ended, Thou didst make
Thy rest the silent tomb.

'Tis God's own Sabbath blest:
Creation's marvels done,
The Father entered on His rest;—
So rests the eternal Son.

No more the grave we dread,
Death can no more affright;

Thou, Lord, hast been among the dead,
And filled the tomb with light.

And, week by week, this day
Calm hope shall cheer the breast,
And soothe the labours of the way
With thoughts of promised rest—

The rest that doth remain
For those who labour well;
Oh, grant that we that rest may gain,
And with Thee ever dwell. Amen.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



THE First Prayer-book of Edward VI. was naturally regarded as a kind of sample of what might be accomplished in the revision of the old service-books; and, in all probability, if a longer trial had been accorded to it, it would have been at this time, with some slight modifications, the Prayer-book of the Church of England. Influences, however, of a very decided character, were at work; and the revision, which had at first satisfied Cranmer and Ridley, failed to meet the approval of some of the foreign Reformers—especially Calvin, who anxiously desired to ‘push on’ the English Reformation to a further point. This led, as will be seen, to a further reconsideration of the new Prayer-book; and though, in their ultimate issue, these successive sittings of the new book were no doubt calculated to give solidity and permanence to it, yet the immediate result was the loss of some things, which were afterwards restored, and the omission of a beautiful and totally unobjectionable clause of Commemoration of the Saints, which was afterwards substantially incorporated,* by good Bishop Andrews, into his ‘Private Devotions.’ The opposition emanated from the foreign Reformers and those in England who had imbibed their opinions. The most remarkable and influential of their representatives here was John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester. A sketch of his life and opinions may, therefore, not be out of place.

John Hooper, who was born in 1495, was a native of Somersetshire. Some think that at one time he was a Cistercian monk; but there is no absolute proof of this. In 1539 he took refuge on the Continent, and there came much in contact with Bullinger and the Zurich Reformers. When the accession of Edward VI. removed all danger of persecution, Hooper returned to England. In 1550 he was nominated to the see of Gloucester; and here we get the first indication of his somewhat impracticable temper. He refused to wear the customary episcopal habit, and took objection to some of the ceremonies used in consecration of bishops. The vestments in use consisted of a rochet of white linen, as worn now, and a chimere of scarlet silk,† to which the lawn sleeves were attached. In vain did Cranmer and Ridley try to

* See Bishop Andrews’ ‘Devotions’ (Oxford edition, p. 93). It is, perhaps, well to transcribe it as it stands in the careful edition of Mr. Walton and Mr. Medd (Rivingtons, 1869). ‘And here we give unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all Thy saints from the beginning of the world; and chiefly in the glorious and most blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Thy Son, Jesu Christ, our Lord and God; and in the holy Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, whose examples (O Lord) and steadfastness in Thy faith, and keeping Thy holy commandments, grant us to follow.’ With the exception of the title ‘glorious,’ as applied to the Blessed Virgin, there is nothing in the spirit of this prayer which is not perfectly consonant with the tone of our Collect for All Saints’ Day, and with the latter clauses of the Prayer for the Church Militant.

† Similar to that which our bishops still wear in Convocation. It is stated that an Eastern Archimandrite, who had been told much of the plainness of our habits used in the Church of England, was introduced into the Jerusalem Chamber, where Archbishop Longley was surrounded by his suffragans, clothed in the scarlet Convocation habit. When the Archbishop and Bishops rose to greet him, the stranger confessed that he was wonderfully impressed with the dignity of the Anglican episcopate.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

overcome Hooper's scruples. He was strongly backed up by the foreign Reformers, John à Lasco, Bucer, and Peter Martyr, as well as by John Knox, and his consecration was deferred until the following year. Hooper was the father of English Puritanism. It is desired to speak with every respect of this school, which has given to us men of eloquence and power, like Charnock and Baxter, and one of whose sons is the author of the grandest of allegories—'The Pilgrim's Progress.' still there can be little doubt that its tendency has been to fret and worry about details. When we remember that a man of such marked moderation as 'judicious' Richard Hooker incurred the bitter enmity of this school, it is impossible not to feel thankful that it did not become dominant in the National Church. At this time there seemed some likelihood of its influence becoming paramount.

Though Cranmer and Ridley were both on the side of moderation, there can be no doubt that Edward VI. had a strong bias in the direction of the foreign reformers. This bias was probably intensified by the adhesion of the Princess Mary to the unreformed religion. The king, misled by unscrupulous advisers, continued that system of spoliation of church lands, which his father Henry, who has not been without his imitators in modern times, so unhappily inaugurated. Thus the opposition of Hooper occurred at a very critical period. Cranmer, though himself a moderate man, seems from his humble and self-distrustful disposition, often to have allowed himself to be led away by others, against his own convictions. The representations of the foreign reformers, and their English adherents, were in certain points listened to, and although a fresh change was against the wishes of the Lower House of Convocation, a new committee of revision was appointed, and on All Saints' Day, 1652, 'the second Prayer-book of Edward VI.' came into use, by virtue of a new Act of Uniformity. The title of this book is thus preserved by Bishop Cosin; 'The Book of Common Prayer, &c. and other Rites and Ceremonies in the Church of England. Imprinted at London in *Fleetstreet* at the *sygne* of the Sunne, over against the Conduite of Edwarde Whitchurche, M.D.L.II.; *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solem.*'* It is remarkable that the Act of Uniformity, which makes its use imperative, expresses unqualified approval of 'the first Prayer-book' as 'a very goodly order . . . agreeable to the Word of God, and the Primitive Church, very comfortable to all good people, desirous to live in Christian conversation, and most profitable to the estate of the Realm.'† It further admits that the revision of the Book had arisen 'rather by the curiosity of the ministers and mistakers, than of any other worthy cause.' If Cranmer's hand can be discerned in this act, we get an indication of his great unwillingness to 'push on' the Reformation as hastily as some of his foreign allies would have desired.

* That is, 'With the sole privilege to print.'

† See Medd's 'Introduction to the first Book of Common Prayer of Edward VI.'



Teacher's Wedding.



WHAT makes Jessie so quiet this afternoon, mother? She is full enough of fun generally.'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Hayward; 'she has scarcely spoken a word since she came from school. Most Sundays she has so much to tell us, I can't quite make it out. Something seems to have upset her.'

'Jessie cried when she was upstairs,' said little Willie; 'I thought she was cross, but she is not.'

'I know what is the matter,' exclaimed Annie. 'Miss Johnstone said good-bye to her class this afternoon; she is to be married on Wednesday, you know, and the girls can't bear the thought of losing her.'

Jessie's parents were not surprised at this, and wondered they had not thought of it before. However, they determined not to mention it to Jessie at present; and as they were walking home from the evening service, she said, 'Miss Johnstone is to be married on Wednesday, father; may I go to the church and see the wedding?'

'I don't know,' replied John Hayward. 'When people go to church to see weddings, they mostly seem to forget they are in God's house, and I can't a-bear to see laughing and talking there.'

'Nancy Joyce told Miss Johnstone she meant to go and see her married, and she said she should be very glad to see us all there, if we went with proper feelings about it. I will try and tell you just what she told us, for I've been thinking about it ever since.'

'She said "You must try and remember, first of all, where we are, and that our Saviour hates to see His Father's house profaned. Don't you remember how He turned the buyers and sellers out of the Temple, saying, My house is the house of prayer? I have often talked to you about praying for yourselves, and on Wednesday I want you to pray for me. Of course there will be the prayers in the Marriage Service, and I hope you will join in them with all your heart; and besides this, when you first go in church kneel down, and ask that God will help you to feel what a solemn service it is, and that He will help you to pray sincerely. Then, before you leave, earnestly beg God's blessing for us, and ask that all who have just met in His house may meet again before His throne in heaven."'

'If you go like that I shall not mind it at all,' said John Hayward. 'You ought to pray every day for your teacher, and of course now she is going away to a new home, there is more reason than ever for you to ask God to bless her. I wish we felt a good deal more how much we can help one another in that way,' he continued, as if speaking to himself.

'Won't it seem funny though, father, to kneel down when we go into church, and when we come out, just as if it was Sunday? Nancy Joyce says people never do, and that we are sure to get laughed at.'

'Who do you think will laugh, my child—good people?'

'I suppose not, father;' and Jessie hung down her head, and felt half ashamed of having thought about that, still in her heart she knew many people would be very likely to laugh at her for doing as her teacher had said.

'Really good people will never ridicule things that are done for the

Teacher's Wedding.

honour of God,' her father went on; 'and if other people are like you, shy at doing what they know is right, because nobody else does it, your example may be a help to them.'



'But, father, when I think about setting a good example in that way, it seems like pretending to be better than everybody else, and if I do anything bad afterwards, people will call me a hypocrite.'

that sort of way. I mustn't stop any longer though now, for it's nearly twelve o'clock, and the children will soon be home.'

'Well, good morning, Ann,' said the shopkeeper. 'I'm very glad we had this talk, for when our parson says so much about behaving reverently in God's house, I always seem to think it's only on Sundays and such-like he means. I see now I have been making a mistake, and perhaps I'll go to church to-night, though I'll own I've said a good many sharp things about these new-fangled ways of having preaching on week-days. I know I'm not so good but what I might be a deal better, and perhaps that'll be a sort of help to me.'

'I say, Ann,' she called out, as she ran after Mrs. Hayward, who had just left the shop; 'I wanted to say, I hope you won't take it unkind if folks do laugh at you now—they'll soon leave it off if they see you don't care. Perhaps,' added she, smiling, 'by the time Jessie's married we may all have learned to follow your example, and then, I must say, a wedding will seem more like what it ought to be, when you come to think of the prayers.'

M. B.

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



WE have seen already that the Jews had been treated with much consideration not only by Cyrus the Great, when he allowed them to return to Jerusalem and Judea from their captivity at Babylon, but by his successors, until the last of them, Darius, was obliged to yield to the vigorous onslaught of Alexander the Great; who destroyed the Medo-Persian dynasty, and, for a time, made himself master of the world. He died about B.C. 323. The Jews, it will be remembered, were almost as free as though a successor of King David, instead of Alexander, had been their ruler. The Jews always appear remarkable in the little interest which they seemed to take in other nations around them; but we may be sure they must have been anxious, when Alexander died, to know who would be their ruler. This mighty warrior left only an infant son, and Alexander's enormous empire required a mind of no common order to direct its affairs.

First, an attempt was made to establish a Regency for the son of Alexander, but this did not prosper long. The leading generals quarrelled amongst themselves, and manifested much ambition. This led to many struggles, until these chief commanders were reduced to but four in number, and these four divided the great empire amongst them. Cassander took Macedon and Greece; Lysimachus took Thrace and some parts of Asia; Ptolemy took Egypt, Libya, Arabia, Palestine, and Cælo-Syria; Seleucus took the rest.* We, therefore, are most concerned with Ptolemy, since he became master of Palestine. He had been Governor of Egypt and had made himself powerful, but, unfortu-

* It is well to remark here how Daniel's prophecies were accomplished. Alexander, 'the great horn,' was broken, but 'four other horns,' i.e. four smaller kingdoms, should arise up out of it, who should divide the kingdom. Dan. vii. 6; viii. 8-21; xi. 4. And so it came to pass.

The History of the Jews.

nately for the Jews and for Ptolemy, the ambition of a neighbour caused them great trouble; for, before it was finally settled that Ptolemy should hold Palestine, there were several severe contests between him and Antigonus. This Antigonus was one of the most powerful of Alexander's generals, and for a time defied the power of two or three combinations against him. In B.C. 314 he made a vigorous onslaught on the provinces held by Ptolemy, but Ptolemy had taken away all the shipping from the Phœnician ports before Antigonus could reach them. He then laid siege to Joppa, Gaza, and Tyre. Joppa and Gaza, cities of Judea, speedily fell; but Tyre held out against him during fifteen months, and after this Palestine remained for a few years under his control. But Ptolemy, Seleucus, Cassander, and Lysimachus, confederated against Antigonus, and (B.C. 301) he was defeated in a great battle at Ipsus, and fell in the fight, being more than eighty years old. Palestine again passed into the hands of Ptolemy. It is as well to notice here that this Ptolemy is often called Ptolemy Lagus, and also Ptolemy Soter. He was probably the illegitimate son of a Macedonian general named Lagus, and the Egyptian rulers for several generations continued the name of Ptolemies from this, the first of them. He carried with him many thousand Jews to Alexandria, but with a wise and liberal policy he gave them all the privileges of the freedom of that city. According to Josephus he entered Jerusalem by deceit and treachery, for he came thither as though he would do sacrifice upon a Sabbath-day; and so without trouble gained possession of the city, the Jews having no suspicion of his intentions. However, his liberal behaviour to those whom he led captive to Alexandria induced many others to emigrate voluntarily into Egypt; 'invited' (says Josephus) 'by the goodness of the soil, or by the liberality of Ptolemy.' Considerable difficulties arose amongst them there, owing, apparently, to some being Samaritans and others thorough Jews; for at that time, even as in later years, 'the Jews would have no dealings with the Samaritans.' Thus, then, in the year B.C. 300, we leave the Jews under the rule of Ptolemy Lagus (or Soter), the first king of Egypt of that name; a wise, learned, and in many respects a great man, who treated the Jews indeed as a conquered people, but not with cruelty. In our next chapter we must consider how the Jews fared under his successors, the kings of Egypt.

A Song of Labour.

BY THOMAS DECKER, ABOUT A.D. 1609.

A RT thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?	Canst drink the waters of the crystal spring?
Oh! sweet content!	Oh! sweet content?
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?	Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
Oh! punishment!	Oh! punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed	Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?	No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
Oh! sweet content!	Oh! sweet content!
CHORUS:	CHORUS:
Work apace, apace, apace;	Work apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face.	Honest labour bears a lovely face.

A Lamb Safely Folded.-

BY HENRY JONES, M.A., CONFRATER OF WYGGESTON'S HOSPITAL, LEICESTER.



ALTHOUGH it is several years since I came to be Confrater of this quiet Hospital, where every face is known to me, and every chronicle, whether of joy or sorrow, finds its way to my ear, I was at one time the Minister of a Church in our crowded and wealthy Metropolis, the modern Babylon—LONDON. Mine was a district cut off from an aristocratic parish, and, though covering only a small space of ground, yet numbered over nine thousand souls.

Dear old district! What a field it was for the study of human nature, under an endless variety of aspects! And how much there was to surprise and to humble one, when one got a little below the surface. If real heroism consists in enduring trial and denying self for the good of others, how many of God's heroes and heroines were there!

Very happy I was in my work in this district, supported by a band of such fellow-labourers as were never surpassed, for the very difficulties of the situation drew us all together in close concord, and its very needs brought round us those only who *meant work*, to whom the words of Christ had come with power—*'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'*

In this densely-peopled district there had been even in my time what might be called a slight outbreak of cholera: but in the autumn of 1854, very soon after I quitted it, there was a visitation of this fearful pestilence in its most terrible form; unexampled in the sudden and swift mortality which, during the passing of one short fortnight, carried off upwards of three hundred and seventy persons.

Some idea may be formed of its ravages when I state that on an average distance of fifteen yards from the church, stand four houses which collectively lost thirty-four inhabitants. In one house alone there were eleven deaths; in another, besides both parents, three out of four children died; and in no fewer than twenty-one instances, husband and wife fell before the destroyer within a few hours of each other.

The cholera broke out amongst them at midnight on the first of September; and the deaths followed each other with frightful rapidity; for within the first four days one hundred and eighty-nine were cut off, while the duration of the attack averaged only from thirteen to thirty-seven hours, in no case exceeding the longer period.

Then, in that poor and closely-crowded district, were witnessed many strange and tragic scenes. The streets all a ghastly white with chloride of lime; the dead cart going its dismal rounds; the pale, agitated groups that met together, interchanging woeful tidings; the closed shutters of the plague-stricken houses; the long succession of hearses; the different aspect of those who went hurrying along, some deserting their homes and decamping, but a far greater number with unflinching courage walking the infected streets, bravely discharging their duty to the last.

Among them were devoted medical men, though the disease baffled all their skill, and delicate women quietly and calmly going to pay the last sad offices to the dead. Last, and not least of all, there were the working clergy—for in that appalling time of peril and perplexity it was seen who stood out the true friends and leaders of the people; and the

A Lamb Safely Folded.

church became, as it ever should be, the place of refuge where they gathered with their over-burdened hearts and shattered hopes.

I have lying before me the long terrible list of the dead that one of the noble-hearted workers there wrote out for me. Many whose names are in that list were well known to me as humble worshippers within the walls of the church in which I had ministered with him; and among them were ten communicants, who had often joined with us to keep the Saviour's last command, 'in remembrance of Him.'

Twenty of our dear school-children by this speedy and sudden death escaped all the snares and sorrows with which a long life is charged; and as lambs of the flock found safe shelter above.

Some of them belonged to the Sunday School. What a blessing to the district was that Sunday School! The one aim and effort of its teachers was really to bring 'young children to Christ that He should touch them.' And no doubt in a Sunday School rightly used and rightly conducted, where Sunday-School labours are labours of love, where the children of each class are prayed for daily by name, by each teacher,—no doubt *such* teachers under any school-roof may bring young children to Christ. For it is a great mistake to suppose that very little, if anything, can be done towards sowing the incorruptible seed in the hearts of children, even of very young children.

Yea, the results of a good Sunday School frequently extend to the spiritual welfare of the parents, who, even after they have resisted all other efforts, are touched by the simple pleadings of their own little ones. A story is told of a shepherd who had among his flock a very wayward sheep—always wandering—always difficult to drive within shelter before nightfall. One day he bethought him of a gentle plan by which to win her to obedience. He took up one of her lambs in his arms, whose bleating attracted the attention of the mother ewe;—she at once followed the shepherd, and so was every evening afterwards led within the safe shelter of the fold.

'Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

'Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
'The harmony unwind.'

I pen down, as well as I can from memory, the following touching anecdote of one of those Sunday-school children. I cannot reckon it among my 'personal reminiscences,' for, although my informant told me that I must certainly remember her, I was nevertheless unable to recall the child to mind. She was one of those who were seized with cholera on its first outbreak, and she died in six hours. The sufferer from this dire disease is frequently so utterly prostrate as to be unable to move or to utter a word. All the energies of life seem paralysed: and the poor child lay in this condition, totally unable to give expression to her wishes except by looks which those around her were at a loss to understand. Rapidly sinking, and conscious, no doubt, of her approaching end, she kept pointing with her dying hand to a little shelf that hung in a corner of the room in which she lay. For

A Lamb Safely Folded.

some moments, her father, and the friends who had gathered round, could not comprehend this signal: at last one of them caught her meaning, and brought one of the Sunday-School books from the shelf. She took it eagerly in her hand, and again kept pointing till they had brought her all; Prayer-book, and Hymn-book, and Bible, and one or two of those small volumes which we distribute as rewards among our little ones. When each of her treasures had been given to her, clasping them to her bosom with all her strength, she so died, as if she felt that she had held to her heart what during life she had found most



pleasure in, and in the recollection of the Truths they taught found sweetest comfort now.

This little child, as I cannot doubt, had been brought to Jesus in her Sunday School, and had been touched and blessed by Him.

‘ Oh, change! Oh, wondrous change!
Burst are thy prison-bars!
One moment here—so low—so agonised—
And now—beyond the stars!’

Surely there might well have been inscribed on her tombstone what I once saw carved over a child's grave in the beautiful village of Wykeham, in Hampshire:—

‘ Jesus called a little child unto Him.’

Short Sermon.

THE OFFICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT IN EDUCATION.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

John, xiv. 26.—*The Comforter, Which is the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things.*

WHEN Christ founded His Apostolic School for instructing the World, He said to them, Go ye; teach all Nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* This was His Royal Charter of Incorporation. The Baptismal Covenant is the germ of the world's education; and baptismal grace is the early rain which makes the tender shoot put forth its first leaves, which are afterwards to be watered with the fresh dews and latter rain of the Spirit, given in prayer, and in the reading of God's Word, and in Confirmation, and in the Holy Eucharist, and in the other regular ordinances of religion.

It has pleased God of His goodness to us, to offer to convey grace to our souls by certain channels, which are especially, prayer, public and private, the Word of God, and the two Sacraments. By them He gives strength, and refreshment, and illumination, to our souls, in the same manner as He communicates nourishment by food to our bodies. And although He could, if He so willed it, give us grace by any other means than these, or without any means at all, yet since He has instituted these means for the purpose of conveying grace to us, we have no warrant whatever to expect grace, unless we use diligently, thankfully, and devoutly, those means which He has appointed for that purpose, with the express command to us to employ the same.

Hence the Apostolic School of Christianity is described by the Holy Ghost in Scripture thus: They that were baptized continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread (that is, in participation in the Holy Eucharist), and in prayers.†

I. Let us now apply these principles to our own practice.

1. In reviewing the history of mankind, and the provision made for its education by Christ Himself, we arrive at this conclusion, that no system of education (that is, of training for eternity) can do its proper work except it lay its foundation in a recognition of man's fall, and consequent weakness, blindness, and corruption, with regard to his best and highest interests.

2. Next, since the preparations of the heart are from the Lord,‡ every sound system of education will acknowledge the necessity of Divine influence to lighten the darkness, assist the weakness, and purify the corruption of human nature.

3. Next, it will confess, and act habitually on the conviction, that this work of illumination, assistance, and sanctification, can only be performed by the Holy Ghost.

* Matt. xxviii. 18, 19. † Acts, ii. 41-43. ‡ Prov. xvi. 1.

Short Sermon.

Let us, therefore, never imagine that even instruction in Scripture itself will be profitable, without the aid of Him by Whose inspiration Scripture was written.

4. Next, since the grace of the Holy Spirit is given through regular channels,—especially in prayer and the Sacraments—every right system of education will look to receive grace by those means; and will not expect grace unless it avail itself of them.

Let us, therefore, never concur with any who would divorce instruction from the public offices of religion. Schools without prayer are without the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the Author of peace and love. It is vain to erect schools, unless we provide that they who are brought up in them have habitual access to the means of grace in the regular ministrations of religion.

5. Next, since Christ has instituted His Church for the purpose of teaching His Word and administering His Sacraments, and for uniting His members together in prayer and praise to God, and has made their happiness here and hereafter to depend on their being thus joined together in unity, every sound system of education will look for grace where Christ gives it, and where it is sure of finding it. It will act on the persuasion that it cannot hope to educate aright except in communion with the Church of Christ.

II. Here, then, we have a reply to certain important questions now debated among us.

With regard to secular instruction. We hear it confidently asserted by some, that great moral and religious improvements can be attained by mental culture alone. Accordingly, systems of education are promulgated, in which the main endeavour is to stimulate the intellectual faculties, and to adorn them with literary and scientific knowledge. And in some of these plans, it is proposed to inculcate morality, without any reference to the doctrines of the Gospel, or to the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

Let no one here imagine that we are disparaging the exercise of the intellectual powers, or questioning the value of mental endowments. Far from it; they are God's gifts; they are among His most precious boons, when used aright; that is, when chastened by His fear, regulated by His law, sanctified by His Spirit, elevated by His faith, and subservient to His glory. Religion has use of reason, but reason has need of grace.

We are not speaking of secular instruction when allied with religion, or rather when animated and hallowed by it; but of systems of secular education independent of Christianity. And of every such system we are compelled to say, in God's name, and on His authority, that it is a house built on the sand. It does not take into account the great fact of man's fall, and of his consequent need of Divine grace. Every such system incurs the guilt of quenching the Spirit,* of grieving† the Holy Ghost, and of resisting Him.

And what will be the consequence? Let the prophet declare. They rebelled and vexed His Holy Spirit; therefore He was turned to be their enemy.‡

* 1 Thess. v. 19. † Eph. iv. 30. ‡ Isa. lxiii. 10.

Short Sermon.

This secular system is no novelty; it was prevalent in the Old World, when left to itself. It was the system of the great heathen nations of antiquity; and then how monstrous and miserable were its results! In many respects, the golden age of man's intellect was the iron age of his heart. When the arts flourished, when commerce prospered, when the light of intelligence shone in meridian splendour, then, also, grossest vices were rife, and the most enormous crimes, and the most abject superstitions. Reptile deities were adored in Egypt; human sacrifices were immolated at Tyre and Carthage; slavery, degradation of women, polygamy, adulteries,—the sins of Sodom and Gomorrha,—prevailed at Athens and at Rome. And not only were these sins committed by men, but they were ascribed by them to their gods. Man gloried in his shame, and made a Deity of his vices.

III. Strange to say, but not less true than strange, this secular system of education, which denies the doctrine of original sin, and the need of Divine grace, has been revived in modern times, even in countries calling themselves Christian, and by some of the most powerful nations of Europe. And we must not shrink from saying, there is too much reason to fear that it is now making rapid progress amongst ourselves. We are in peril of falling into the most dangerous and debasing of all idolatries,—the idolatry of unregenerate reason, of unsanctified knowledge, and of uncontrollable will.

A few years ago it was affirmed by many that two great Continental nations were far in advance of England in the work of education. Those nations, it was then said, ought to be made our models. Their methods of instruction, their schools and colleges were extolled; and our own more modest schools were scorned.

But, however imperfect, in some respects, the machinery of some of these schools of ours may be, yet we have reason to rejoice that children are taught in them to believe in God, and to fear Him, to love and honour their parents, to obey those who are put in authority over them, and to do their duty in that state of life to which it may please God to call them, and are led to look up to the Holy Spirit as the Author of all light and grace, enabling them to perceive God's will, and to do it: in a word, are educated for eternity. Yet these schools were treated by some of our own countrymen with arrogant disdain. They were not enlightened enough (it was said) for the present intellectual age: they must be remodelled to suit the times. And how were they to be reconstructed? How was our English system of education to be modified? After the fashion of those Continental nations to which I have referred, who have organised a vast, complex, and costly machinery of secular instruction, extending to every corner of their country, and concentrated in one focus in the capital?

But, alas! in that elaborate system of secular education, the main thing was wanting. And what was that? it was the Teacher; it was the Divine Educator; it was the Holy Ghost. His existence was not recognised; His absence was not deplored.

And what was the consequence?

What results were produced by that vast apparatus of secular instruction? Did the diffusion of knowledge exercise a purifying influence on the heart? It imparted power—did it inspire love? It

sharpened the intellect—did it discipline the affections? It stimulated the faculties—did it calm the passions? It increased greatly the ability to do evil—did it augment the disposition to do good? It made men resent, with feverish irritability, any imputations of ignorance—but did it make them shudder at the thought of committing crime? Did it teach them to fear the Lord and the King? to be subject to principalities and powers? Did it deter them from despising Government? * Did it make them recoil from shedding the blood of their fellow-citizens? Alas! no.

Those schools not having the presence and benediction of the Holy Ghost, could not produce the fruits of the Spirit, which are peace, and love, and joy. They had not the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated; full of mercy and of good fruits.† Their tendency was to make men self-confident, presumptuous, and impatient of control; to render them restless and ambitious, eager for their own aggrandisement, and unscrupulous and fierce in its attainment. In a word, this system of instruction was like the gathering together of combustible elements in a vast volcano, which would soon burst forth from its dark crater, and deluge the surrounding region with a flood of fire.

And the eruption has broken forth: it has poured out its lava far and wide; governments have been overthrown by it; flourishing cities have been blasted by it; commerce has been blighted by it; confidence between man and man has been impaired by it; peace and happiness have faded beneath it; and God alone can arrest its course, and repair the ravages it has made.

Such are its temporal consequences: and they are not the whole of the evil. They are but a small part of it. The mind recoils from considering the spiritual and eternal miseries resulting from these systems of secular education. Those woeful consequences will only be known at the Great Day.

IV. But, my brethren, to revert to ourselves. Let us be assured that no system of education can stand in the hour of peril, unless it be based on Christianity. No system of education deserves the name, unless it place itself under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, He shall teach you all things. Let then the Holy Ghost be our teacher; let the obligations and privileges of the baptismal covenant be made the groundwork of education; let the protection and aid of the Holy Spirit be sought continually by prayer; let the Holy Scriptures, dictated by the Holy Ghost, be made the main object of study, and the rule of practice.

Such a system as this, however disparaged it may be by presumptuous men, is of inestimable value even in temporal respects. It alone will rear virtuous and affectionate members of families, loyal subjects, and good citizens. It is the strongest bulwark of a nation. It will have its reward when tongues shall cease, and knowledge shall vanish away; and above all, it will produce fruits in heaven which will never fade.

* Prov. xxiv. 21; Titus, iii. 1, 2; Rom. xiii. 1; 2 Pet. ii. 10.

† James, iii. 17.



The Colley-Dog.

SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY F. W. KEVL.

The Colley-Dog on the Look-out.



WE have known a sheep-dog to rear himself on his hind legs, in order to command a view of the whereabouts of the flock in his charge. The shepherds on the 'Landes,' as the heath districts of Brittany and other parts of France are called, are mounted on high stilts, which enable them to overlook the tracts of heath among which their flocks are groping after scanty pasture.

The stone walls of Scotland and the northern counties give a similar advantage to the agile, cat-footed colley-dog. The ease with which one of these animals runs at and jumps a wall, three or four times its own height, is surprising. I had one of that breed who had the faculty to a wonderful degree, and as he had no chance of practising on sheep he spent his life in watching cats from his vantage-ground. Woe to the unlucky Tom who thought he had secured a free passage across the end of our garden. Rover's stealthy gallop was sure to bring him within very uncomfortable nearness to Tommy's tail before the other wall was reached, and even then troubles were not at an end, for, instead of the ineffectual bark and spring up on two legs against the obstacle which commonly is the end of a dog's pursuit of a cat, Rover was over and after him in no time.

I regret to say, that on more than one occasion, he pushed the chase into a neighbour's drawing-room through the conservatory, to the dismay of the lady of the house. A polite letter, acquainting me with the fact, constrained me to apologize for Rover, and deprived him of the enjoyment of the breeze on the garden-walls, and me of the pleasure of seeing him there. He looked so lovely in the sun, his long hair fanned by the wind and floating in the air. I often wondered whether he thought then of his Northern home.

Poor old dog! I gave him away, but his last years were happy ones. He had no restriction as to walls, and strict orders to keep a country garden free from cats and other intruders. And did not he do it? that's all.

The History of the Jews.

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L. VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



DURING the last years of Ptolemy Soter he devoted himself to mental rather than warlike employments. He founded a magnificent library at Alexandria, and did much to render Egypt again celebrated among the nations. Just in the earliest part of his struggles, B.C. 322, Jaddua the high-priest, who had gone out to meet Alexander the Great when he was coming against Jerusalem, died, and was succeeded by Onias his son, who ruled as high-priest over the Jews until B.C. 300. The high-priests possessed immense authority. The nation naturally regarded them as their head, and the conquerors of the Jews generally found it good policy to retain the nation in loyalty by permitting their high-priests to exercise as much authority as possible, provided it did not interfere with the imperiousness of their own demands in political matters.

The History of the Jews.

When Onias died, he was succeeded by his son Simon, who was the first high-priest bearing that name, and he was a man whose name is far from forgotten now as 'Simon the Just.' This highly honourable title appears to have been fairly obtained by him on account of the holiness of his life, and the righteousness or justice which characterised his proceedings. A very interesting description of him may be read in the fiftieth chapter of the apocryphal book Ecclesiasticus. He is considered the last of the 'Great Synagogue,'* which consisted of one hundred and twenty men, and included at one time Ezra, Haggai, Zechariah, Nehemiah, and Malachi, amongst its members.

Simon the Just closed the sacred canon of the Old Testament Scriptures, having corrected and revised the sacred books. The voice of prophecy and inspiration was silent henceforth until it was heard, three centuries later, upon the lips of the pious and aged Simeon, at the presentation of Christ in the Temple; in the vision granted to Zacharias before the birth of his son, John the Baptist; and in the Annunciation made to the Virgin Mary. Upon the death of Simon the Just, B.C. 291, his brother Eleazer became high-priest. The office of President of the Sanhedrim (a Council of the Jews often mentioned in the New Testament) was separated from the high-priesthood on this occasion, and conferred on Antigonus Socho, 'an eminent scribe in the law of God, and a great teacher of righteousness among the people' (as Dean Prideaux tells us). The Jews record singular proofs of the blessings which Jehovah vouchsafed to them during the high-priesthood of Simon the Just. Amongst them may be mentioned one which refers to the great day of Atonement and the Scape-goat, of which the Jewish statement is, that 'all the time of Simon the Just the scape-goat had scarce come to the middle of the precipice of the mountain, from whence he was cast down, but he was broken into pieces; but when Simon the Just was dead, he fled away alive into the desert, and was eaten of the Saracens. While Simon the Just lived, the lot of God in the day of expiation went forth always to the right hand; but Simon the Just being dead, it went forth sometimes to the right hand, and sometimes to the left.' This is very interesting, not so much for its own value, as for the tradition which it conveys of the Jewish notion concerning the fate of the scape-goat on the day of Atonement.

In B.C. 285, and one year before his own death, Ptolemy Soter resigned his kingdom of Egypt to his son Ptolemy Philadelphus.

He did this chiefly because he had other sons older than Philadelphus by his former wife, Eurydice; but various influences leading him to prefer the son of his later marriage with Berenice, he was anxious to secure to him the possession of the throne; he accomplished this, and then Ptolemy Philadelphus reigned with much renown and dignity for eight-and-thirty years. Alexandria now became one of the chief centres of commerce and harmony. A celebrated lighthouse was erected

* The 'Great Synagogue' was formed, on the return from Babylon. It consisted of one hundred members (nominally at least), who were gathered from the most pious of the Jews. Their object was to re-organise the religious life of the people. They completed the canon of the Old Testament. Ezra was their president, and Simon the Just the last survivor of them. Hence, probably, the completion of the canon of the Old Testament is ascribed to Ezra, and sometimes to Simon. It is possible that the Sanhedrim formed something of a continuation of this original institution.

off the coast of Alexandria in the first year of his reign, and the Jews enjoyed great freedom under the mildness of his requirements. But already another power was rising, or reviving, by which, before *B.C.* 200, this devoted nation should pass under the sway, for six-and-thirty years, of the 'Seleucidæ' rulers of Syria. The Antigonus, whose defeat and death, *B.C.* 301, established Ptolemy Soter in his rule over Palestine as well as Egypt, was followed by Seleucus, who was killed *B.C.* 280. He was succeeded by Antiochus Soter, whose daughter Arsinoë married Magas. Magas and he together revolted against Ptolemy Philadelphus, but they were compelled to come to terms with him. This, however, led to subsequent struggles, which in their proper place we must consider, so far as they concern the Jews.

We thus leave them, then, under the mild and prosperous government of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of the most prosperous Egypt, and with Eleazer for their high-priest.

Our next chapter must be devoted to the interesting story of the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures (*THE SEPTUAGINT*), which took place at this time, at the command and cost of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

Easter.

'Rise, heart, thy Lord is risen.'—*GEO. HERBERT.*

O BE sure, the Lord is risen !
Cast your doubts and fears away ;
Come and see the empty prison,
Where the sacred Body lay.

Over Death and Hell victorious,
Making all our darkness light,
Rose our Easter Sun all glorious,
Clothed with resurrection might.

Through the world His beams are
spreading,
Never shall their lustre cease ;
Far and wide His wings are shedding
Joy and comfort, health and peace.

Rise, ye mourners, haste to meet Him ;
Cheer the heart and tune the voice ;
Nature, blithe and glad to greet Him,
Wakes her children to rejoice.

Flowers beneath His feet are springing,
Breath of incense fills the air ;

Birds in flashing woods are singing
Welcome to a spring-time fair.

Dappled meads around are smiling,
Balmy breezes softly blow,
Sorrow-laden hearts beguiling
Of their heavy weight of woe.

Lord of Life, who with such beauty
Clothest these material things,
Remind us of our love and duty
As the voice of nature sings :—

" Our God is still unchanging,
Though all should change beside ;
His love all things arranging,
That joy may those betide,

Who, after Autumn's sadness,
And Winter's gloom are past,
Awake to life and gladness,
When Spring-tide comes at last."
F. W. H.

Batschi-serai.

BAKHSHISARAI—or Bagtche-serai—which means 'the Palace of the Gardens,' is a picturesque town of European Russia, and the ancient capital of the Crimea. The houses, mostly of wood, rise in terraces along the sides of the hills, and are interspersed with gardens, vineyards, clumps of black poplar-trees, and many fountains. But though they

Batschi-serai.

look well at a distance, the streets are really irregular, crooked, and dirty. There are thirty-two mosques and one Greek church. The Khan's palace is the chief building in the town, and is carefully kept



up in Oriental style. Batschi-serai is the only town in the Crimea which preserves the characteristics of its Tartar origin. No Russians are allowed to settle in the place, but there are a few Armenian families. The manufactures are leather, saddlery, pottery, cutlery, silks, and a spirit distilled from millet.

My Odds-and-Ends Box.

'Despise not the day of small things.'



T gars me grew,' as they say in Scotland, to see what people do with their 'odds and ends,'—their bits and scraps of cloth, silk, muslin, calico, and I think I must go on to say, coloured papers, prints, old valentines, and Christmas cards! When people throw away odds and ends, how many much bigger things are thrown away too!

'Get rid of it!' seems the motto with so many, and 'Burn it!' is the easiest way of accomplishing this. I am sure I could keep a poor child in dress with the things thus 'got rid of' by one lady I know, and she is not considered by any means an extravagant lady either.

'Not worth giving away,' 'Too few to be of any use,' may be true of the one particular little lot of chippings from this morning's cutting out, or of the torn old dress that was finished up in the blackberry hedge, but again to quote thrifty Scotland, 'Many a little makes a mickle.'

But you say you do not know what to do with such things if you had ever so many, and you do not keep a rag-bag.

Rag-bags are only another form of 'burning' or 'getting rid of.' A sad waste it would be if the things I plead about were to go into it! We shall not want one often; and yet when one heard of the sum gained upon the hems and raffings of old linen collected for the Crimea, one could hardly despise a rag-bag: but I confess I never kept one, at least not one to be thought of in the 'per pound' point of view. A bag of odds and ends, the refuse of the great 'odds-and-ends box,' is useful where a tribe of boys from school want a 'bit of leather,' a 'bit of wire,' a 'lot of cotton wool to stuff birds,' a 'scrap of something very strong'—'very thin'—'very thick'—'very, they don't quite know what;' but hand them 'the rubbish-bag,' and they will find exactly what they wanted to finish their machine, or to begin something else, to clean their fire-arms, or to make sails for their boats, or whatever it may be.

But you say you would not know what to do with such scraps if you had ever so many. Very likely not; I did not grow so wise as I think myself now about such things all at once, only by little and little—an idea from one, and an idea from another, and many a worked-out bit of my own mind and experience. Also you say you have not time, nor skill, nor fondness enough for needle-work, to do any of the things you know I am going to urge upon you. In that case, I am only going to urge you to find some one who has the time and skill; some half-invalid, or some friend of an invalid, who has to sit all day in a sort of half-idleness, consuming German wool, or knitting-cotton, merely to employ her hands and keep herself awake. See if she (and her charge possibly) will not be delighted if you send her every month the great neat bag in which you have collected the month's waste. Not the old clothes, unless she has a particular passion for mending—and then, indeed, your gifts of old clothes will be greatly increased in worth, for the very poor have little time, and no remarkable cleverness in needlework, especially where contriving is required. Send her the bag of the month's cuttings; though you have so much to do, you can at least have popped them into the bag: you will then have done 'what you could,' and now she will do what she can. Those pieces of prints and white calico she puts in her turn into a bag—a

My Odds-and-Ends Box.

patchwork bag—which goes, at the end of the month, full of your scraps, and those from another or two, perhaps, to the old lady next door. The silk patches into this one for Miss Patience Tidy; she will be delighted, her silk patchwork *couvrette* just wanted some little pieces of crimson. Those trimmings into this basket for the dolls; troops of them are our pensioners.

It is just somebody having a little that will make others have much, if the littles are combined. One trifle by itself is worth nothing; but set it rolling, and there will be a good large snowball worth sending somewhere.

I am not now intending to mention all the nurseries, and schools, and Unions, and Hospitals, which would be glad of it. We have heard of them for years, and yet there lie our scraps, or our unfinished fancy-work, grown out of fashion before it was finished, but which would delight some poor girl or poor child at some such institution; there they lie, if they have not gone into the fire.

There are some people who would gladly 'work for the poor,' but they cannot afford the outlay upon print and calico, so soon worked up under their nimble fingers. There are others who would 'do needle-work for the poor,' but they suppose that means necessarily a quantity of coarse, stiff calico, all new, hard, ugly, and uninteresting, if it is only to be sewn, and felled, and hemmed into a garment; but let them only try how entertaining and improving it is to plan, and contrive, and make something out of what was nothing. Occasionally they may invent something quite pretty, and fancy-work-like, such as babies' hoods of quilted silk, or bibs and boots of bits of cloth.

And now let me give instances of what I mean. Here is this old *barége* dress, or this thin shawl, quite unsuited for giving away, and too tender to cut up for children; besides, it is too torn, too faded, too anything you like: but it is wool, or there is a good deal of wool in it, so it is warm, or it will be when folded together. So fold it together, two, or four, or eight thicknesses; lay on it that very old silk, or any bits of stuff of tolerable size. Take a large needle and *thread*, not cotton (using cotton takes the same amount of time, and is not half as strong), stitch it here and there with stitches a quarter of a yard off all over, just to hold it together; then find a breadth or two of something better, and lay it over and under, if what you have is not strong enough to do alone. Take a paper of pins (never spare pins and thread—the first do not wear out, and the last is cheap), and pin it all over. Run it round, and quilt it in a rough sort of way, and there is a light, warm, crib-blanket or coverlet, not quite eider-down, but having much of the same effect.

My little girl, of ten years old, took up the last I began, after I had pinned and tacked it; and I will leave any one to imagine whether she was not pleased when her wavering lines of thread quilting resulted in such a capital wrapper, and whether the charwoman's baby was not a great deal warmer in the last hard frost!

What do you think of that red mattress on the floor, that my baby rolls upon? It is two thin dresses, five silk skirts of the children's completely worn out and all washed—for spoiling colour and appearance did not matter—two Shetland shawls, and a few other things, large and small, besides the chints cover. It is made with tufts, like a

Three Important Things.

mattress, as it was too thick to quilt. If the contents of baby's 'roller,' as we call it, had been given away, they would have been despised, and perhaps yourself would have been laughed at for having worn them too long, or they would have made somebody too smart with worn-out finery, or they must have been burned, which is the most utterly wasteful way of disposing of anything.

I must give one more example, because it was so very unexpectedly successful, and then I must leave you to invent for yourself.

A friend, with whom one of my little girls was staying had been cutting out a winter's stock of flannel shirts for a large family. Lucy had filled the paper basket with the many small pieces and slips. 'Give them to the maid to throw away, my dear, please; I have saved all the pieces that will be of any use.'

Lucy hesitated. 'May I have them, please?'

'You, my dear! what for?'

'I think I could make a warm wrapper for little Mary's doll's feet!'

The lady laughed; but having made Lucy promise not to make litters with them, she consented, and, besides, gave her two pieces of dresses, much more than enough to cover up Dolly altogether, for each was about a yard long. Lucy was delighted at such bounty. She spread a newspaper, as they always do at home, when cuttings, or litters of any sort, are to go on; then she pinned the piece of linsey by its four corners to the newspaper, and then she amused herself for two or three days by fitting the pieces of flannel one against another, and running them on with moderately strong thread, just as if you took a dissected map, and laid one piece over the edge of the last, and tacked it, and so on, till the whole was covered. When Lucy had done this, she found there were still plenty of pieces left, so she began again, and covered what she had done with another layer of flannel. Next she laid the other large piece of stuff, which was *mousseline de laine*, or something of that sort, over it, and quilted it down. This done, Lucy's kind hostess thought it looked so pretty, that she said she must search for some fringe to put round it; and Lucy then thought it so warm and cosy-looking, that she begged to have it over her own bed to keep her feet warm, till she could hear of some especially good baby to give it to. J.E.C.F.

Three Important Things.



LET the following be kept in mind all the year:—Three things to love: courage, gentleness, affection. Three things to admire: intellectual power, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends, and a cheerful spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good-humour, and mirthfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends, and good humour. Three things to contend for: honour, country, and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to think about: life, death, and eternity.—*Best.*

Hilda, the Saxon Maiden.

CHAPTER I.



OPPPOSITE to the town of Schleswig, on the southern shore of the Schlei, rises a hill called the Aldenburg. Close to it, between it and the river, on the borders of a wood, stands a small ancient church, built of large, square blocks of stone. It is the church of Haddeby. The town to which it once belonged has long since vanished. It is only from the distant villages that the congregation assembles on Sundays, to hold their worship in the lonely church.

The church is celebrated throughout the whole country for its antiquity, and from the name of its founder, Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, who brought the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the heathen of the North, and who erected this, the first Christian church, that was built in that country.

King Harold of Denmark had been robbed by his enemies of his throne and his dominions. In A.D. 814, he turned to the German Emperor, Louis the Pious, imploring him for his help in seeking to win back his rightful kingdom. The emperor promised him his assistance, if Harold would introduce and endeavour to spread the Christian faith throughout his land. The king accepted the emperor's conditions. In the summer of A.D. 826, he, his wife, his son, his brother Eric, and many of his nobles, were all baptized in St. Alban's Church at Mayence with great pomp. The Emperor Louis now fulfilled the promise he had made him. At the head of an Imperial army the king returned to his dominions. His opponents had to give way to superior force. Harold's march through Holstein and Schleswig resembled more the triumphal procession of a conquering hero than the return of a banished and fugitive king. In his train was the monk Ansgar, who, full of faith and courage, was determined to declare the Gospel of peace throughout these lands.

The chiefs of the Saxon race, who dwelt in Haddeby, had assembled to welcome and do homage to the returning king. Clothed in skins, with their long hair falling down over their shoulders, the sword in their right hand, and the shield in their left, with heads uncovered, they went out of the city in a long procession to meet the king. Maidens in long garments carried the images of their gods. Then followed the grey-haired chief Ethelrick, whose stately form towered high above his comrades. By his side walked his daughter Hilda, aged fifteen. Her fair hair fell in golden tresses from her head down upon her shoulders. She carried her father's sword and shield. Her fiery eyes were cast upon the ground. Now and then she raised them with a timid glance to her father's gloomy countenance; but she quickly cast them down. By her manner and gesture she showed how her pride rebelled against the humiliation which her father and the Saxon chiefs had to yield the hated king.

King Harold, arrayed in shining armour, rode upon a war-horse. The chiefs did homage to him according to the custom of the land, begged his forgiveness for their previous rebellion, and swore obedience and fidelity to him. The king received their oaths, and promised, as a Christian prince, to pardon them, and to be a gracious ruler

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over his people. Then he beckoned to Ansgar, who stood forward in priestly robes, with a cross in his hand.

Addressing the assembled chiefs, the king said,—‘**Saxons, here you behold a priest of the God Whom I now serve, and Whom I wish you to worship. I have allowed this priest to settle in my country, in order to teach and spread abroad his faith. He has chosen Haddeby for his residence. I demand of you that you receive him as my friend in your town ; honour him and esteem him, and in no wise hinder his work. You, Ethelrick, the chief of the brave Saxon race, I make responsible for any harm or injury which may happen to the priest. Woe to you if even a hair of his head is hurt ! Ethelrick, stand forth, and salute the cross, the symbol of that crucified One, Whom he and I adore as our God.**’

At these words of the king, a suppressed murmur of anger and discontent passed through the Saxon ranks. Ethelrick took a step backwards, and looked round him. But one look upon the host of warriors who surrounded the king convinced him that any resistance would be foolish and in vain. With bent form, therefore, he went up to the priest, who received him with a mild and loving countenance. But suddenly a hand was laid on the shoulder of the old chief, which held him back. Hilda, his daughter, stood angrily and with flashing eyes before him. ‘**Father,**’ she cried, in a loud voice, ‘**will you bend your head before strange and false gods ? Will you faithlessly forsake the gods of our fathers ? If you do so, then I shall cast down your shield and your sword before your feet. You are not worthy to bear these weapons any longer, and I can no longer be your daughter.**’

The grey-haired chief was terrified, and remained standing. Loud applause burst from the ranks of his comrades. King Harold drew his sword from his side, and exclaimed, in fierce wrath, ‘**Kneel down, or I will pierce thee through on the spot !**’

Ethelrick remained standing, proud and erect. The king was already about to fulfil his threat, when Ansgar, the priest of Jesus Christ, stood before him, and with a sign of his hand that he should desist, exclaimed, ‘**Suffer it to be so, mighty prince ! Respect the pride and courage of your people ! I am not come to bring war and bloodshed, but to proclaim the Gospel of peace and love. Christ does not gain the victory by the sharpness of the sword, but by the power of His truth and love. Put your sword back into its sheath, I implore you, O my prince ! We will esteem and honour the Saxon nation for remaining true to the faith of their fathers, and refusing to bow down before a God Whom they do not know.**’

Then Ansgar turned to the chiefs, and said, ‘**Depart in peace ! Not the power of this world shall make you subjects of the Cross. Only receive me kindly, and permit me to win your hearts through the power of the Word of God.**’

The speech of the pious priest made a deep impression. King Harold put his sword into his sheath, sprang upon his horse, and galloped off, followed by his companions, through the gate into the town of Haddeby. Ansgar slowly followed him. The king received the promise of the chiefs in the town that they would not hinder the work of the foreign priests. Ethelrick swore in his own and in his companions’ name. Then the king marched on farther, in order to subdue

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the northern country to his sway. But Ansgar remained in Haddeby, and preached the Gospel, and a little congregation of Christians was soon formed there.

CHAPTER II.

It was Hilda, the daughter of the Saxon chief, who, by her bold words, had withheld her father from submitting to the strange God. It was she, too, who from that day maintained and strengthened her father in his hostility towards the new faith. And yet this very maiden was called by the merciful God to become a disciple of her Saviour, and to be a faithful servant of the Gospel. As a Saul became a St. Paul, so this heathen maiden, too, was overcome by the love of the Crucified! Ansgar had, at the risk of his own life, rescued from the hands of the executioner several youths who had been given up to the Saxons as hostages, and were now condemned to die because their fathers had broken their oath. He had paid a large sum for their ransom, and in this way had set them free, and made them his disciples. For this act Hilda could not refuse the priest her esteem. She had learned to admire the courage of his faith, and his gentle love. In this way, too, she had become less and less hostile to the religion which he preached.

On the side of a hill, which sloped down towards the Schlei, stood a ruined tower, surrounded by wild and thick bushes. This solitary spot was the favourite resort of the maiden. Here she often sat and gazed dreamily over the clear waters—over the town and her native plains, spreading out in the blue distance. One day she sat in this place in deep thought. Then she heard voices close by. She crept closer and closer to the spot whence they proceeded. Hidden behind the bushes, she listened to the words which were spoken. It was Ansgar, who was here preaching and explaining to his little congregation the story of the Cross. He had already built a wooden church in Haddeby. But in order not to excite the rage of the heathen, and to avoid the bustle of the town, he often resorted to this quiet and remote spot, in order to converse with his disciples. They were wonderful words which the chief's daughter heard from his mouth. They moved her heart—they filled her soul. From that day forward Hilda was never absent from these little assemblies. Seated in a corner of the tower, and hidden behind the bushes, she listened to the sermon, and to the priest's instruction. Ever clearer, ever sweeter and more lovely, these doctrines became to her. Gradually she became a Christian, without any one suspecting it; indeed, without her knowing it herself.

Ethelrick, the old Saxon chief, had persevered in his hostility to the new religion which the stranger preached. He kept the promise, indeed, which he had made to King Harold, and would not allow Ansgar to be injured. But through his dark countenance and his angry words against the little Christian congregation, as well as by the severity with which he treated them at every opportunity, he showed his hatred to the Gospel, which was only waiting for the fit time and hour to burst forth, and destroy all who confessed Jesus Christ.

Still the little flock stood firm, and kept a good courage. It was

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Ansgar, who, through his warnings and consolations, through his powerful words and his godly conduct, strengthened the young Christians, and by his courage and determination maintained the rights granted him by the king. The church daily grew and increased. Twelve youths had been educated by him, and prepared to preach the Gospel among their countrymen. He had already written to his friends, 'The conversion of the Saxons has succeeded and is certain.' Then suddenly there burst from a quarter whence it was never expected a terrible storm, which threatened to overthrow his whole work with one blow.

King Harold had only accepted Christianity, and suffered himself to be baptized, at the Emperor's wish, in order to obtain help to return to his country. The Gospel did not please his wild and proud disposition. When he felt himself secure in his dominions, he denied the new faith and returned to the idol-worship of his fathers and his people. By this treachery of the king, those of his subjects who, hoping for his protection, had embraced the Christian religion, were exposed to great danger. The work of conversion, which had been begun under his auspices, now began to waver, and the pious Ansgar saw, and felt to his grief, that the seed which he had sown in faith, and which he already hoped was ripening for the harvest, would be destroyed with one blow.

The king announced to the Saxon chief his return to the old faith of his ancestors. In his proclamation, he released Ethelrick from his oath, and enjoined him now to use all possible means to hinder the spread of Christianity in his country and among his people. He expressly ordered, indeed, that the few confessors of the Gospel, and especially the priest Ansgar, should be kindly treated. But the heathen chiefs, who were now no longer bound by their promise, did not respect the king's wish, which, as they thought, did not come from his heart.

Ethelrick assembled the chiefs of his district to a secret consultation. In the large hall of his house, adorned with the images of the heathen gods, under the dim light of burning pine-torches, the assembly was held. When the chief had read the king's message, the rage of the heathen burst forth. The assembled princes determined to destroy the young church with one blow, and not to spare a single one of its members—not even Ansgar.

Ethelrick and the chiefs little suspected that there was a listener at their consultation. Outside, leaning against the wall of the room, stood Hilda, and she heard, with trembling, the terrible decision which had just been taken. She could not, she dared not, suffer that the priest of the Gospel, from whom she had learned so much, should be slain, together with all his followers. She wrapped herself up in a dark garment, and noiselessly left her father's house. She hastened, concealed by the darkness of the night, along the road which led to the Schlei.

Here on the spot where the venerable old church now stands, a small wooden chapel, which Ansgar had built, then stood. Behind this was the priest's house. With rapid steps Hilda hastened past the church, in order to warn the man of God of the danger which threatened him. Then suddenly she heard a suppressed sound of singing, proceeding from the little church. She stood still and listened. The



MILDA CARRYING HER FATHER'S SWORD AND SHIELD.

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soft, solemn, earnest tones moved the maiden's heart. She was attracted by them, she approached nearer to the church door, which she found was ajar, and she looked in.

There, by the faint light of a few tapers, she saw the Christian congregation on their knees. At the altar stood Ansgar, the priest; at his feet knelt two young men, who were just about to be sent forth as missionaries to Sweden and Norway, to preach the Gospel to their heathen brethren. With the words 'Go ye into all the world,' Ansgar was raising the young men from the ground.

Then Hilda rushed into the little church, threw herself down before the man of God, embraced his knees, and exclaimed, 'Ansgar, flee—flee this very night! When the morning dawns it may be too late. Obey my words; hasten and follow me, and whoever among you loves his faith better than his home and country, let him come with us! I am Hilda, Ethelrick's daughter, and my power is great, but only for this night. No man in the town knows what has just been decided upon in my father's house. I will guide you to the banks of the Schlei. At my command, no boatman will refuse to take you over and bring you to a country where you can serve your Saviour safely and in peace, and continue to live in your faith. Ansgar, I beseech you, by the Almighty God of the Christians, whom I too confess, be persuaded by my words!'

While she was thus speaking, the maiden had risen and stood half turning to the congregation, with earnest countenance, with her right hand raised up, close to the altar. Her appearance and her words thrilled the astonished assembly. At first, some suspected treachery. But the terror and dislike which the appearance of the maiden, formerly so hostile to them, had excited, were soon changed into admiration and delight, when they heard her bold confession of the faith.

Ansgar begged the maiden to explain more clearly to him the cause of her coming and the approaching danger. Hilda ordered the doors of the church to be shut, and then told the priest and the people how she had secretly listened to his words, and how it had long been the wish of her heart to confess publicly her faith in Christ. She then related what she had heard that very night in her father's house, and once more she besought the priest to flee, without further delay, before the dawn of day.

The little band of Christians heard with joy and surprise the news of the conversion of the chief's daughter, till now so greatly feared by them. But still greater was their horror and grief at the faithlessness of the apostate king, and at the ruin with which he threatened them. All surrounded the beloved priest, begging him to save himself by a speedy flight. He decided, at last, to do so, as his death could be of no service to the Gospel, and he declared that he would go with the two young missionaries to Sweden, in order to preach there the words of the Cross. But he would not start on his journey for a few days—not until he had arranged several things. No entreaties could make the man of God swerve from this decision. He only smiled when Hilda told him that he could not be sure of a single hour of his life. As her prayers were of no avail, she begged the priest to give her his blessing, and to receive her into the Christian Church. Her heroic heart impelled her to unite herself to the oppressed and threat-

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ened flock, in this their hour of need. She thought, too, by her public confession and baptism, to influence her old father, whom she ardently loved, to spare the Christians, and treat them with kindness. Ansgar and all those assembled at once declared themselves ready to grant her request.

Hilda bent down before the priest to receive the rite of Holy Baptism. Then, suddenly, a loud knocking sounded at the church-doors, and a wild savage cry was heard. The Christians fled, terrified, to the altar, and assembled round their beloved teacher. The noise and shrieks outside became louder. Admission was demanded in the name of Ethelrick the chief. The assailants threatened to break open the doors, and to destroy the whole Christian brood with club and sword. But the doors were protected by strong bars and thick bolts, though the whole building was only constructed of wood. But resistance was not possible for any length of time. The little flock could not hope to drive away or overcome the fierce crowd. The women began to weep and lament, when they perceived the danger before them. Even the men turned pale, and began to lose courage. Ansgar alone, the faithful witness, remained composed, and reminded those present of their vow to sacrifice their property and their lives for their Saviour.

Suddenly the furious cries outside the church ceased, and the crowd of heathens appeared to be leaving it. Hilda once more besought the priest to fly without delay, and at least to save his life. All the congregation joined their entreaties with hers. Ansgar could no longer resist, and declared, after a long and severe struggle, that he would leave the town that very night. He addressed solemn and heart-stirring words of farewell to the Christians, and exhorted them, in persecution and in suffering for their Saviour, to remain faithful unto the end. Then he turned to the Font, and in the name of Holy Trinity he baptized the kneeling Hilda. Suddenly there was a crash behind the altar, so that the walls of the little church trembled. The congregation shrieked aloud. The whole wall behind the altar fell in, and the red flames of a raging fire burst into the church. Against a beam of the further wall, at the east end which still remained standing, was a high ladder. Upon this were seen the figures of the pagans, who with fiend-like joy and fierce hatred, looked down upon the congregation of Christians.

The little flock thus surrounded were struck with horror and dismay. The flames ran everywhere up the walls, causing the dry wood to crackle. The doors were bolted from without, and could not be opened in spite of the desperate efforts of those in the church. In a short time the whole building was in flames, and at last it fell in upon the Christians. A smoking heap of ruins covered and buried the whole of that little band, who had been assembled in the worship of God.

A single beam behind the altar still stood. Against it the ladder was leaning. One man was standing on it; his gaze fixed on one point of the ruined heap below. It was Ethelrick. The old chief had himself conceived the plan, and advised the furious mob to set the church on fire. He first, and with his own hand, had thrown the torch into the straw which quietly and silently they had heaped round the church. It was he who had first mounted the ladder that he might thence gaze upon the torments and death of the hated Christians. But when

The Lesson of the Water-Mill.

the wall fell down and he saw his beloved daughter before the Font, despair and horror took possession of his heart.

But it was too late, deliverance and help were no longer possible. The falling, blazing splinters had quickly kindled into flames the dress of the heroic Hilda, and afterwards everything was wrapped in thick smoke. Ethelrick still stood close to the place where he had last beheld his beloved daughter, the pride and support of his old age. When at last the aged chief was forcibly dragged down from the ladder, he followed as submissively as a blind man. And he had, in truth, become blind. The power of sight in his fixed, terribly staring eyes, was gone. His strength was broken. The once stately warrior tottered about, bent down, and with trembling knees.

Did an angel of God deliver the Apostle of the North on that awful night out of the flames? Who can tell how it was brought to pass? But Ansgar escaped as if by miracle. He went to Sweden, where he sowed the seed of the Gospel in faith. Thence he returned to Schleswig. At the court of Harold's brother, King Erick, he obtained favour and influence. The Gospel flourished, and the church increased. He now built in the same place where once the wooden church had stood, and had been consumed by the flames, the stone church of Haddeby, and as Bishop of Hamburg and Bremen, in February 3rd, A.D. 865, he entered into the joy of his Lord.

J. F. C.

The Lesson of the Water-Mill.

LISTEN to the water-mill
Through the live-long day,
How the clicking of its wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up their sheaves,
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast,
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'
Autumn winds revive no more
Leaves that once are shed;
And the sickles cannot reap
Corn once gathered.
And the ruffled stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep, and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water-mill.
Truly speaks the proverb old,
With a meaning vast,
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'
Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving hearts and true!
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day

Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last,
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'
Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way,
All that thou canst call thine own
Lives in thy 'to-day.'
Power, and intellect, and health,
May not always last,
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'
Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good that might have been,
Lost without a sigh,
Love that we once might have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast;
'The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.'

Influence of Hymns.



MADGEBURG is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school-children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain, who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the arch-deacon summoned the people together, saying, 'Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God;' and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon their pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place: and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber, having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar and sang to it one of Gerhard's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Border Land.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A LONG AND SEVERE ILLNESS.

FATHER, into Thy loving hands
My feeble spirit I commit,
While wandering in these border lands,
Until Thy voice shall summon it.

Father, I would not dare to choose
A longer life—an earlier death:
I know not what my soul might lose
By shortened or protracted breath.

These border-lands are calm and still,
And solemn are their silent shades:
And my heart welcomes them, until
The light of life's long evening fades.

I heard them spoken of with dread,
As fearful and unquiet places:
Shades where the living and the dead
Look sadly on each other's faces.

But since Thy hand hath led me here,
And I have seen the border land;
Seen the dark river flowing near;
Stood on its brink, as now I stand.

There has been nothing to alarm
My trembling soul: how could I fear?
While thus encircled with Thine arm
I never felt Thee half so near.

What should appal me in a place
That brings me hourly nearer Thee?
Where I may almost see Thy face—
Surely 'tis here my soul would be!

They say the waves are dark and deep—
That faith hath perished in the river;
They speak of death with fear—and
weep;
Shall my soul perish? Never! Never!

I know that Thou wilt never leave
The soul that trembles while it clings
To Thee: I know Thou wilt achieve
Its passage on Thine outstretched
wings.

I cannot see the golden gate
Unfolding yet to welcome me:
I cannot yet anticipate
The joy of heaven's jubilee.

But I will calmly watch and pray
Until I hear my Saviour's voice,
Calling my happy soul away
To see His glory and rejoice.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



THE most important change in the new Prayer-book was the omission of the first clause in the sentence of administration in the Communion Service. This was done in order to meet the views of the foreign reformers, who had for the most part adopted the opinions of Zuinglius. The Commandments were also inserted at the beginning of the service. The daily morning and evening prayer had in the former book begun with the Lord's Prayer. The opening sentence from Holy Scripture, the Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution, were now for the first time inserted.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place here to say a word about these 'exhortations' which form so prominent a feature in the reformed service-books, and which were entirely unknown in the unreformed offices. It may often have struck us that they were somewhat long, and that their constant repetition might become wearisome to many. It is therefore well to remember the profound ignorance which prevailed among the mass of the people. Accustomed only to hear the service of God celebrated in an unknown tongue, they could know but little of what was going on except from the manual gestures of the priest. These exhortations were therefore introduced with a view of instructing the people in Christian doctrine, and what may seem trite and obvious to us now was to them a new light. The introduction of the general Confession and Absolution was founded upon a change in practice introduced at the Reformation. Whatever may be the opinion entertained by many of the value of private confession in particular cases, there can be no doubt that the reformers wished to discourage the formal and habitual auricular confession, which had hitherto been customary. It will, however, generally be found that, where an erroneous system has taken deep root, it is because it satisfies some craving of the human heart. The penitent longed after some declaration of pardon, and therefore the reformers wisely introduced the general Confession and Absolution, to soothe the conscience of the penitent, and to bring him by degrees to content himself with the more primitive form of 'open confession' before the congregation, and only in exceptional cases to have recourse to private confession. The episcopal vestments of the previous Prayer-book, which had given much offence, were disused, as will be seen by the following rubric:—

'And here is to be noted, that the minister at the time of the Communion, and at all other times in his ministration, shall use neither Alb, Vestment, nor Cope; but being Archbishop or Bishop, he shall have and wear a rochet, and being a Priest or Deacon, he shall have and wear a surplice only.*

The Collect for St. Andrew's Day was altered, as containing reference to an uncertain legend concerning him,† and the anointing

* See L'Estrange's 'Alliance of Divine Offices,' iii.

† In the first Book of Edward VI. the Collect reads thus: 'Almighty God, which hast given such grace to Thy Apostle, Saint Andrew, that he counted the sharp and painful death of the cross to be an high honour and a great glory; grant us to value and esteem all troubles and adversities which shall come unto us for Thy sake, as things profitable towards the obtaining of everlasting life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.'

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

of the sick and prayers for the dead were forbidden. It will be seen that these changes, of which some were most desirable, proclaimed the increasing influence of the Puritan school. It will be interesting to observe, that in two cases modifications were subsequently introduced.

This Prayer-book was destined to have but a short time for its merits to be tested. In 1553 Edward, whose health had never been robust, died, and those who had hitherto been in the ascendant were now the objects of persecution.

It does not fall within the province of these papers to criticise the line of action pursued by the Princess Mary, who now succeeded to the throne. At first toleration was promised to all, but it very soon became apparent that the new Queen's feelings were in favour of Roman superstition. Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and Hooper, were imprisoned in the Tower. The charge brought against them was the denial of the doctrine of transubstantiation. The defence of Latimer, Ridley, and Hooper, who were first arraigned, was most masterly in its character, and, though it could not save them from a martyr's death, it has remained as 'a possession for ever' to the Church of our land. Of the others mentioned something has already been said, but it may be well here to give some short account of one of the most remarkable men of his time—Hugh Latimer.

Latimer was the son of a Leicestershire farmer, and was born at Muncaster, in that county, A.D. 1480. At first he was an earnest opponent of the Reformation, but on a closer study of the questions at issue he became an advocate of the truths which he had once denounced. An attempt was made to procure his condemnation from Wolsey, but the Cardinal, who was a great discerner of character, gave him a general license to preach. Latimer's rough, home-spun eloquence soon had its effect, and crowds flocked to hear the great preacher, and to hang upon his quaint and pithy expressions and rough, strange similitudes. In 1535 he was appointed to the see of Worcester. In 1539, through the influence of Gardiner, Henry VIII. seemed disposed to retrograde, and Latimer resigned his see, and, though pressed on the accession of Edward to resume it, he declined to do so. He resided during this reign principally with Cranmer at Lambeth, and therefore, although he was not strictly one of the framers of the Prayer-book, there can be little doubt that his influence over Cranmer's mind was great. Such a man, aged as he now was, could not escape the mark of the persecutor, and he boldly faced the martyr's death in company with his friend Ridley, at Oxford, on October 16, 1555.

Cranmer was kept longer in suspense, and under a false promise of pardon was persuaded to sign a recantation. It is impossible not to regret this act of weakness, but, like the doubt of St. Thomas, it turned out 'for the more confirmation of the faith.' When he did suffer, the archbishop thrust his right hand—the offending member, which had signed the recantation—first into the flames, and then boldly met death.

Until Mary's death the persecution continued, but the smouldering embers of the fires of Oxford, Smithfield, and Gloucester, were destined, in God's good time, to be kindled once again into burning lights.

On a Conversation about the Weather.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



THIS is a beautiful day, Mr. Bankes,' said I to a petty farmer of my parish this morning.

'Ay, but it's all against the sale of my old cow.'

'How so, Mr. Bankes?'

'Why, you see, I've been keeping her up upon hay and turnips this last three months, and now they'll say the grass is growing fast, and I shall get next to nothing for her.'

With these few sentences our dialogue ended; the farmer abundantly disgusted that the same weather which was most seasonable for all his other crops—his meadows, his orchard, his lambs, and calves—would, by pushing the spring grass a fortnight earlier than usual, reduce the market price of his old cow possibly 6*d.* a stone; and I for



my part not less disgusted at the graceless grumbling of the man—too common a habit, I fear, in this class—who could quarrel at being crossed in the matter of a few shillings by the very same Providence that was benefiting him to the extent of many pounds. The root of his offence lay in extreme narrow-mindedness and selfishness; a better spirit would have made him rejoice in the universal gain this seasonable weather was effecting, instead of dwelling upon his own imaginary rather than real loss. In some shape or other too many of us have

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thus our 'old cow' to grumble about, while we forget to praise the Almighty for the innumerable benefits He is daily showering upon us.

This particular incident, however, brought forcibly to my mind a Yorkshire proverb I used often to hear in my younger days—

'Better rue sell than rue keep;'

which experience has taught me is founded on much shrewd observation. Better, that is, have to regret an indifferent bargain, than have an unsaleable article left long on your hands.

This old man, to my certain knowledge, had refused several fair offers for his cow, but he haggled for some odd five shillings, till, as he at length discovered to his cost, he had overstood his market, and now would find some difficulty in disposing of his beast at any price. Covetousness will commonly defeat its own end. It is not in farming transactions only, but in all matters of business, that the penny-wise-pound-foolish maxim is found true in the long run.

A second lesson taught me by this man's bad temper was the extreme difficulty, indeed the hopelessness, of pleasing everybody. The very same conduct that pleases one will offend another. Happy he who offends the fewest. This beautiful morning, equal to any in June, had so crossed this old man's humour, that he could not find it in his heart to return my greeting with common civility.

Let us not expect even our best actions and intentions to be acceptable to all. They will be sure to clash with some one's interests. The world's reformer will find many owners of old cows in his way, who will frown on his philanthropic intentions, and call him by no very civil names. Let us imitate the ways of Providence, and go on our way doing the greatest amount of good to the greatest number; and disregard the frowns of the narrow-minded few, even should our efforts for the general weal happen to cross the sale of their old cow.

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BY DENHAM R. NORMAN, VICAR OF MIDDLETON-BY-WIRKSWORTH.

Hosea, vii. 9.—*'Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth*



IGNORANCE, especially wilful ignorance, is a grievous state to be in. And this was exactly the condition of the people of Israel when Hosea testified against them.

Enemies had vanquished them, and laid waste their lands; enemies sent by God to humble and subdue them had fulfilled their mission. Though alliances had been formed, yet these allies had proved a source of weakness instead of a tower of strength. Strangers who had been engaged to help, had despoiled Israel, drained the country of its wealth and treasure, and left them destitute of strength and resources. To use the imagery of the text, Israel was in the condition of a man whose decay and approaching dissolution may be known by the sprinkling here and there of grey hairs. And yet, though there were these undeniable proofs of increasing weakness, Israel knew it not. It is hard to imagine a case where such blind and infatuated ignorance can exist: and yet that Israel was in this position we are clearly in-

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formed. How this had come about in the course of many years we may learn by perusing the history of the ten tribes, as sketched for us in the books of Kings and Chronicles. There was a gradual descent from one point to another, till at last, in process of time, the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding appears to have ceased to strive with them.

A more melancholy picture could scarcely be put before us, and yet it may be worth our while to dwell upon such a sight, it may have a wholesome effect on us to look patiently on this old-world scene. Now, as I take it, the practical lesson to be drawn from the text is this, *The warning of decay.* And here, the special monitor, *Grey hairs.*

The Heavenly Father has many such messengers. Some make their appeal to the eye, as these grey hairs, or as wrinkled brows; some to the ears, as faltering steps, and weakened voice; each and all delivering the decree, 'Dust thou art; and unto dust must thou return.' It may appear at first thought a hard dispensation, that men should carry about with them these constant harbingers of departure to another scene; and yet, when duly considered, it is one of the most merciful provisions of God, one which many who have been suddenly cut off in the bloom of youth would have been thankful for. These grey hairs, if rightly looked upon, are calculated to afford men daily advice, hourly counsel, to keep them back from every evil way, if they will heed the preacher. They remind men that here, in this world, the body, with its members and ornaments, is not renewed, is therefore to be treated by the Christian as if it were already laid aside in death. They suggest the thought that by-and-bye the turn of the body shall come, when He Who raised Christ from the grave shall raise us also in resurrection beauty. The wise man recognises in these messengers of God friends who teach him that he is mortal, and that in another and a higher sense, he is immortal; and that when he shall stand before the Judge there will be a reward, if these words of Holy Writ are true, '*The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.*'

Now what I desire to maintain is this, that grey hairs are not the result of a blind chance, but come to men, like other greater or lesser changes, direct from the hand of God! And proof, direct and explicit, is to be found in the Holy Gospels flowing from the lips of Him Who is Truth itself. Not only does He declare that the '*hairs of men's heads are all numbered,*' but He also asserts that men have not power to change the colour: '*Thou canst not make one hair white or black.*' This morsel of knowledge, being Divine truth, is not to be despised. It is good to learn as early as we can this elementary truth, that is, provided always we hold by the Word of God as the final source of appeal. In matters great as in matters regarded small, God is the author. From highest to lowest all things are created and governed by the Providence of God, from the throne of God, even to the hairs of our head, whether white or black. It is by thus discerning God's hand directly in each change as it comes over us, that we shall prove ourselves men of wisdom, as in contrast to the Israelites who did not perceive the operations of God's hand.

But we may ask, who or what is the *cause* of these grey hairs being sprinkled here and there? That may be a painful subject; we may be able to settle almost at once why these monitors make such an early or such a late appearance. Some sins of our own have prematurely sapped

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our strength, some transgressions of our forefathers of the third and fourth generation have drained our vital force. As those grey hairs of Jacob alluded to in such pathetic terms by the patriarch (when they were about to be increased) may have been caused by that sin of deceitfulness! As those grey hairs, mentioned in such contrite earnestness, may have come to David as a remembrance of his guilt, so in like manner we may trace in our own, the result of sin, our own, or others'. Here, again, how good to be wise how desirable to know that sin meets with a punishment in this world, is overtaken by a Revenger, Who stamps His mark upon the sinner. That we cannot depart from the way of uprightness without bringing on ourselves, and perhaps entailing on others, the mark of guilt. If we were fully aware, as we should be, of the consequences of sin, not merely of sensual sins, but of such sins as an overweening ambition, an over-grasping covetousness, an undue pride of life; if only men could be brought to a right understanding as to the cause of grey hairs, how would they shrink from sin, how would they cease to do evil? It is that I may quicken within you the spirit of self-examination that I have ventured thus on this plainness of speech. Israel did not know, or did not care to know, the real cause of decay, of which grey hairs are the signs: you will be uneasy until you have searched out the matter, until you know assuredly from what source they proceed. Far better is it to face the truth, however trying, to come at the fountain-head of the penalty, however wearisome the toil, than to hide the truth, conceal the knowledge, and pass away in ignorance to the grave.

Again: we may now ask, with what end or object are these grey hairs sent to men? They come from God; the purpose of their coming must be good. The prophet in the text declares that God is slighted because when He has sent here and there these messengers of His, their message has not been regarded. The people of Israel knew them not, understood not the errand on which they had come. They are sent to us, that we may learn from them the lesson of conversion. They invite, by their *constant presence*, to never-ceasing acts of penitence and contrition. They, by their *increasing numbers*, urge us to tears of sorrow, and prayers of faith; to escape for our lives from those destroyers of our souls, which, under the fair colour of increasing our importance, or heightening our pleasure, steal away our choicest blessings, and rob us of our powers. They, by their *steady process of blanching*, call upon men to cleanse themselves from all sin, to put away every appearance of evil, to assume every habit and custom whereby holiness and sanctity of life may be gained, to clothe themselves with humility, with self-denial, with a spirit of restitution and recompense, where they need to be shown. They come at this last stage sounding continually in our ears such words as these: 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect!' 'Be ye holy, as I am holy!' 'Cleanse yourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God!' It needs not a Baptist's tongue of power where these are present, where the eye is trained to see God's invitation to repent, and be converted, and saved in this quiet and speechless dispensation of grey hairs.

Is it not well to have the knowledge of God's purpose in sending these silent heralds of His?

There is another consideration which we must not neglect, we must not omit to press for an answer to this query : What is to be the issue of this pleading ? what is to be the result of this unmistakable invitation, — our eternal salvation, or our eternal loss of the presence of God ? A very trying, a very piercing question : are these grey hairs to be in our case messengers of life unto life, or forerunners of death unto death ?

A very holy and very learned man, St. Bernard, gave this as one of his counsels ; ' Consider diligently what thou lovest, and what thou fearest : wherent thou rejoicest, or art saddened : and thou wilt find under the habit of religion, a worldly mind ; under the rags of conversion, a heart of perversion.' ' The heart is deceitful above all things ; yea, and desperately wicked,' exclaims Jeremiah : the heart of man, ' the great impostor,' as it is styled by pious Bishop Hall, may mislead us, it may point us to the fair outer life. But how can we trust this ? Was there not ground for supposing a healthy state, when men offered multitudes of sacrifices, withheld not their burnt-offerings. When men appeared before God, and trod His courts, and their times and religious seasons were punctually observed ? And yet there came the burning, withering sentence, ' These things I cannot away with, it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting ; your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth, they are a trouble unto Me, I am weary to bear with.'

Again : look at the Pharisees in the time of our Lord. — ' Wolves in sheep's clothing,' ' Whited sepulchres,' ' Serpents,' ' Generation of vipers,' are the descriptive titles applied to them by Him Who was all charity, gentleness, and love ! These are the real traits of the inner life of men who had a reputation for holiness and rigid piety.

Well may we pause before answering the question, what is to be the issue in our individual case, of the message brought to us by grey hairs. Let us not use words which we do not mean. Let us not do acts which we know to be merely formal eye-service. Let us keep rigidly from every practice which we feel we are hypocrites in continuing. Grey hairs should (if every other ambassador fail) teach us not to be dissembling with ourselves, warning us as they do, that we shall soon have to stand before Him unto Whom all hearts are known, and from Whom no secrets are hid. Let us not be afraid to own our faults. Let us not be ashamed to say, if such be the fact, that the name is Legion of our sins and follies. Let us come near unto Him Who is described as appearing unto St. John ' with head and hairs white like wool, as white as snow,' and humble ourselves before Him, and cast ourselves on His mercy : — He may yet be ready to receive us, He may yet be willing to bid us go work the remaining years of our life in His vineyard, He may yet reward us with the gift of eternal life.

Ye who are aged ! what are grey hairs intimating to you ? What are those honourable ministers, as they increase and whiten, proclaiming to you ? That when you are absent from the body, you will be present with the Lord ; or, that you are allowing sins to master you and worry you, and bring you down with sorrow to the grave. The heart of the prudent getteth knowledge, and the ear of the wise seeketh knowledge. Rest not easy till you have obtained this knowledge ! Be not content till the Spirit of God witnesseth with your spirit that the symptoms of outer decay are signs also of an approach unto Him Whose welcome will be, ' Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !'



' PLEASE, MASTER KNIGHT, IS FATHER HERE?'

God's Hammer.

CHAPTER I.

THE early twilight of December was brightening into the moonlight of a frosty evening, when John Miller, the cobbler of the village of Fernlea, walked sharply along the frozen road towards the blacksmith's forge, the glow from which was most inviting to those who had small means of warming themselves at home. Perhaps it was as much from the bodily comfort it afforded, as on account of the blacksmith's cheerful humour, that this said forge was the general place of meeting for the villagers when the day's work was over; and amongst them John Miller was always to be found. He was a hunchback, and had a good deal of the sarcastic shrewdness often found amongst the deformed, but it was tempered by great good-nature; and 'My Lord,' as the villagers chose to call him, was one of the most popular persons in the village.

'A merry Christmas to you, Master Knight,' he said as he crossed the threshold, 'and a happy New Year when it comes.'

Master Knight nodded an answer, for at the moment he and his assistant, a tall, good-humoured lad, known in the village as 'Kie Brochway,' were ringing out a duet with their hammers, which was accompanied by a shower of sparks.

Miller took his seat as near the glowing fire as he could, drew from his pocket a short pipe, and began to smoke it, looking meantime at the work in hand.

'There!' he exclaimed, as the brawny smith paused and wiped his brow, 'that's finely straightened; but it took a deal of labour and many a hard blow. I often think when I sit a-watching you and Kie, that your work's something like what happens to us all. We all need a deal o' hammerin' one way or t'other to put us straight.'

The lad Kie stared as if puzzled, but his master laughed, and replied,—

'Ay, that's just one of your ways of thinking, My Lord. I believe you never sees anything done but you finds out a likeness to summat else in it. Now I can't say as it would have struck me; but you are in the right. We *do* need a deal o' hammerin' before we be shaped as we ought, no doubt.'

'The lad doesn't understand us,' said My Lord, smiling at Kie's astonished face. 'Your master doesn't make any personal allusions to me, Kie. It's not my handsome hump he is a-speakin' of, but of our bad ways, and the evil that's in us, that must be hammered out. And the hammers used for us are precious hard ones, my boy. Hunger, and pain, and sorrow, are three of the heaviest o' them.'

And My Lord, pleased at his own skill in concocting an allegory, glanced complacently at the blacksmith. Master Knight nodded his head as if to say, 'Very true, as we know to our cost.'

At that moment another footstep echoed on the hard ground, and a tall man, having a basket of tools slung across his shoulders, stopped as he passed the forge.

'Good evening to you, Master Knight,' said the new-comer. 'The day is uncommon short now; isn't it?'

'Very short, indeed, Master Fairly. It is but on the stroke of five

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now, and more moonlight than daylight. But clear, seasonable weather for Christmas.'

'Ay,' said Fairly, 'they say a green Christmas makes a full church-yard, and maybe it is so; but I have noticed the contrary sometimes.'

'And where are you going now, Master Fairly?' asked Miller; 'this is not your way home.'

'No,' said the carpenter, 'I have got a job in the church-tower. The woodwork in the belfry needs repairing; and as in there, among the bells, it's well-nigh dark at mid-day, I thought I could do it now, with the help of my lamp and the moon.'

'Have a care, then, that the ringers don't surprise you,' said the blacksmith; you had best fasten the door of the tower when you go in.'

'Oh! the job is not a long one, I take it, and I shall have done long before they want to chime. Good-night to you.'

And with a firm step George Fairly moved on.

'A hard-workin', industrious man, that,' said the blacksmith, talking as he fashioned his work. 'It's work—work—work, from morn till eve with George Fairly. Why, he will rise at day-dawn, and walk miles for a job.'

'Yes,' said Miller, shaking the ashes out of his pipe; 'and that's what wants hammering out of *him*.'

'What?' asked the blacksmith, pausing in surprise.

'Ay, it does though! Why, man, we may over-do everything. George Fairly thinks of nought but gain. He's a thriving man and a thrifty man, and a clever workman. He doesn't drink, and he's a kind husband and father, but his heart is set on this world, and his thoughts don't go beyond his work. He doesn't work on Sundays, because it's not decent and respectable to do so; but he'll walk pretty nigh all that blessed day, giving up his church and all, for the sake of a job on the Monday, that he couldn't get to without it. And when he is at home on Sundays he is fretting for the morrow, not enjoying his rest of the Lord's day like a good Christian. He has told me many times that it was a dull day for him. Now that's what I call toilin' and moilin' too much; and lovin' one's work too much a deal. And it'll be hammered out of him. It will, be sure.'

And My Lord resumed his pipe.

'But still,' said the good-natured blacksmith, 'it's not for himself that he toils. It's all for that lad of his, and a sharp lad he is surely. George Fairly is a man as reads, and he says that learning is better than house and land, and that if he can but get money enough to make a scholar of Harry, he may live to see his son a parson.'

'Now *that*,' cried My Lord, with a wave of his pipe; '*that* I call Ambition! Why can't he let Harry do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him? That's what I say. We don't want parsons of George's makin', I'm sure; and if he did get Harry to be a make-believe gentleman, it's to be feared he wouldn't have much comfort of his son. A great scholar wouldn't care, perhaps, to talk with his old ignorant father and mother. If he hadn't a good heart, maybe, he'd look down on them.'

'No, I don't hold no ways with the new-fangled notions of pushing upwards and trying to be more than we were used to. My boys shall live by the old forge as I and my father have.'

'You're a wise man, Master Knight,' said My Lord. 'It's better to my thinking to be a mouse than a bat, which is neither a beast nor a bird; and that is what they are like as are always trying to push upwards.'

The blacksmith here began hammering again, and Miller was compelled to be silent. He was shortly afterwards joined by a few other stragglers from the village, who chatted with him, till the blacksmith's work being ended, and the church clock striking eight, Master Knight joined the party. At the same moment the peal of the church-bells burst on the air, hailing the eve of the Nativity with their customary music.

'The ringers are early to-night,' said Miller.

'Yes: I saw them half-an-hour ago down at the corner, complaining of the cold—such young lads wouldn't have thought of cold in *my* day,' said an old villager, 'and I advised them to go up to church and warm themselves with ringing.'

The chimes rang on. The gossips of the forge listened, soothed by the air-music, which brought back, even to their every-day minds, strange and tender memories.

'Ah!' said an aged ploughman, 'there's nothing like the bells! I do love them, that I do. When the Mormon-man was a-wanting me to go to his fine city, all of gold and silver, in North Ameriky, I says to him, says I, "Are your church-bells silver or gold now?" "Church-bells!" says he, a-sneerin' like, "we've got none." "Oh," says I, "then that won't do for me. I never was out of sound of them yet, and I won't never be, if I can help it."'

'Please, Master Knight, is father here?' asked a childish voice, and a little girl of about eight or nine years old advanced into the light of the forge.

'Here! no, my child. Why, hasn't he come home yet?'

'No, sir, please, and mother is uneasy, she says.'

'Why he went to the church-tower to do a job in the belfry, more nor two hours ago!' cried the blacksmith.

'Oh, then, that's why the lads found the door open just now,' said James West. 'It was a careless trick of Master Fairly not to lock it.'

'The door open, and he not home!' cried My Lord, springing to the ground. 'He is there! He will be killed! Beat to pieces with the bells! My lads! my lads!—run quick and stop them!'

And setting the example himself, My Lord started off; but he was out-distanced by the others, who put forth all their speed—as they had need—for life and death at that moment hung on their fleetness of foot.

And as they ran up the village and down the lane, at the end of which the grey church rose in solemn beauty in the still moonlight, how cruel sounded every stroke of the bells which had seemed so kindly and joyful but a few moments before!

They were passing bells now.

CHAPTER II.

It was with a mind full of busy thoughts, although 'he whistled as he went,' that George Fairly strode with his firm, determined step, up the village and down the lane towards the church. So deeply was he engrossed in a train of reflections and calculations, that, though he

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pulled the tower-door after him when he entered, he quite forgot the fact that it was Christmas Eve and the blacksmith's warning, and mounted the dark staircase (the tower was three stories high) almost unconsciously, till, issuing through a trap-door at the summit, he found himself in the belfry which was the pride of Fernlea.

No one could well be more prosaic in character than the carpenter; he was one of those working-bees who are too busy to heed the fact that a flower possesses beauty as well as honey; he walked about God's beautiful universe with eyes closed to its loveliness; but as he issued into the square chamber of the bells, he could not help pausing with a momentary feeling of admiration and awe. The moonlight was falling in long rays between the *louvres*, or pieces of wood which crossed the belfry windows; and the white solemn light, striking the metal, just defined the monster form of the great bells, and partially revealed the groined and arched roof.

But George Fairly had his work to do, and so he was soon kneeling amongst the bells, busy repairing the floor. The job was a longer one than he expected. The planks of the flooring were so old that they would scarcely bear hammering into the places from which they had started, and several holes in them needed piecing. He had to go for more wood; and six, and seven, and the three-quarters after, sounded before the job was finished. Then he recollected that the clergyman had told him there was something to be done to the *louvres* of the east window (through which the moonlight stole with such unusual brilliancy), and he went to look at them.

The windows were very high up in the wall—so high that he was obliged to take some steps which lay on a corner of the floor, and, mounting on them, to examine the *louvres*. The wood seemed to him of the same age as the flooring; and he was just reflecting whether it would not be better to replace the *louvres* with entirely new ones, instead of patching them up, when eight struck on the church clock! Almost immediately after, a dull noise—a sort of hum of metal—resounded behind him—the echo, as he thought, of the clock, and he did not even look round. The next moment a violent blow on both legs and feet, causing intense pain, would have knocked him off the ladder had he not been holding by the *louvre*. By a strong effort—the mere instinct of pain—he at once drew himself from the steps on to the window-sill, holding himself flat against it by grasping the best of the *louvres*; and then, turning his head, he beheld all the great bells in movement, and was stunned by the roar and the crash. If he had been still kneeling beneath them!—he shuddered at the thought. The next moment the peril of his present position rushed on his mind. The old wood to which he clung might yield to his weight, and he might fall. The very rush and wind made by the great bell rendered it difficult (added to the bewildering noise) to remain still and firm; and a weaker and less resolute man than George Fairly would have fainted from agony at the severe injury he had already received. He shouted for aid. Alas! what hope of being heard amid that roar!

As if disdaining him, the Christmas-bells rang out their merriest peal. Clinging still—in his sharp agony and helplessness—the carpenter called aloud to God for aid. It was such a prayer as the busy, self-reliant mechanic had never breathed before. He had no

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time for religion—he had ever been wont to say—just yet; and if, sometimes, serious subjects were broached among his fellow-workmen in the town, he would smile with disdain at those who were so fanatical or enthusiastic. But now, in his hour of need, George Fairly prayed.

The prayer seemed answered, for there was a cessation in the ringing; and feeling himself unable to hold on a moment longer, he again threw himself, with agonised effort, on the ladder, in order to let himself down to the floor. Alas! at that moment the ringers again began the chime, and again the blow struck his legs and feet: consciousness failed him, and he fell to the ground.

Happily for poor George, that one movement of the great bell was the last; and in both instances it had not acquired its full and highest swing.

It was at that instant that the voice of the village runners reached the ears of the ringers, and the 'Stop!—stop!' of half-frantic speakers was heard in the pause between the chimes.

Hurriedly the blacksmith and the others told their reason for the interruption. They were heard with horror.

'He can't be alive if he was kneeling among the bells,' said one of the lads. 'We've been a-ringing like mad to-night. Old Ben will have beat him to pieces!'

'Well, let us make haste up,' said the blacksmith, and, hurrying on, he was the first through the trap-door.

'Is he alive?' cried the cobbler, who followed him.

'God knows! His head isn't crushed. Here—help me bring him down!'

And with the tenderest precaution the two men bore the stalwart but insensible form of the carpenter down between them. The ringers crowded round.

'Is he alive?' was asked by many eager voices

'We can't tell; but you must run for a doctor at once, Kie,' said the blacksmith; and Kie departed with all speed.

Then they got a shutter, and placed the injured man upon it, covering his crushed limbs with a coat, and prepared to bear him homewards.

As they were about to leave the tower in this dismal procession, Miller stumbled over something.

'What's here?' he cried—'a boy! What are you doing, youngster, under one's feet?'

There was no answer; and the cobbler, stooping, raised the little form in his arms.

'It's Harry Fairly!' he exclaimed. 'How came he here?'

'He was taking a pull at one of the bell-ropes along with Crew,' was the reply.

'I never thought of the poor little fellow! He's almost frightened to death, it seems!'

'Let us carry him out into the air—he's in a swoon!' said the cobbler. 'Alack, and no wonder!—to be a-helpin' to crush his own father!'

And the two men carefully bore poor little Harry Fairly after his father.

Whilst they are on the road to the carpenter's home, we will take the opportunity of introducing him and his family more fully to our readers.

God's Hammer.

George Fairly, the carpenter of Fernlea, was a man of great intelligence and honesty. The talent which, employed on other and higher pursuits, would probably have made him distinguished in any position of life, was not wasted, even in his station. He made the best of his opportunities; exercised in his trade reflection, observation, and ingenuity, and at his leisure hours read and studied mechanics. He married early, selecting his wife, not from fancy of the eye, but judgment of the head. He required a thrifty, neat, quiet housewife, and he found her. He was fond of her and kind to her; but the great love of his heart—and it was strong, as all George's seldom-awakened feelings were—was bestowed upon his son, his first-born. George had never been what men call 'in love;' he had not had time for the feeling when he married; and so his affections poured themselves forth on the boy in an unusual flood of tenderness. The child was, indeed, from his infancy a charming little fellow—pretty as a pictured cherub when a babe; singularly acute and intelligent as a child. His father found he could scarcely teach him as fast as the boy learned; and, proud of the admiration which such precocious talents created, and of the praises which the village schoolmaster bestowed on him, wild dreams of ambition awoke in George's mind: he determined that his son should have every advantage of education that he could obtain for him by his own hard labour; and, as Miller said, he toiled all day—and night, too, at times—to obtain the means of fulfilling this cherished desire. Time and strength meant to him only a gift for his Harry: he had no future in his mind save the future of his son; and the purpose seemed to him so good and pious, that it actually blinded him to the sin of making an idol of his child. Thus the Christmas Eve found him.

Little Phœbe, terrified at the words of the cobbler, stood petrified with a dim sense of danger; then, as the men ran off, she uttered a cry of affright, and with the fleetness and instinct of childhood darted off from the forge to her home. Her mother stood at the door, looking out for her husband.

'Mother—mother!' cried the shrill little voice, as she approached—'Oh, mother! father will be killed with the bells! He is in the big tower!'

The mother uttered a cry of terror, and sprang forwards.

'Who told you so?' she cried, seizing the child by the shoulder.

'My Lord; and he's run, and all of them, to the church. O dear—O dear!' and Phœbe began to cry bitterly.

'It can't be, surely!' said Jane Fairly, after a pause; 'he is too clever to let himself be hurt; and yet accidents do come! Phœbe, darling, they'll bring him home, if so be he's hurt; so run at once, and ask the doctor to make haste hither. Go, child!—a little sharply—'it never does good to stand a-crying: do what you can to help.'

And, following her own precept, Mrs. Fairly saw that the bed was ready, and put a kettle, which stood on the hob, on the fire; and then, and not till then, she walked rapidly towards the church to meet her husband. She had not gone far—not farther than the great elder-tree which hides the turn of the lane—when she saw a procession of men slowly approaching, bearing a temporary bier. She whispered hoarsely, as they approached her,—

'Is he dead?'

'No, he's not, thank God!' was the blacksmith's reply; but sadly hurt, I'm afraid!

Then, taking courage, the poor wife moved to the side of the shutter on which they bore him, and gazed upon the deadly whiteness of her husband's face. He was unconscious; and as she looked on him, walking slowly beside him, the tears fell fast from her eyes.

By the time they reached the carpenter's cottage, the surgeon, who lived near them, was there also, ready to give what aid he could.

It was a fearful accident. The full amount of injury could scarcely yet be ascertained. Both legs were broken, and the feet actually crushed. Instant amputation was necessary; and in the presence of Miller and Knight, who remained with their neighbour, it was effected. Fairly recovered his consciousness sufficiently to groan once or twice during the operation.

'He had better have been killed at once, doctor,' said Miller, in a choked voice, when they found themselves in the parlour—'hadn't he?'

The doctor shook his head.

'A very sad case!' he said, 'very—as bad as a railway accident. How he could have managed to save his head and the upper part of his body, I can't conceive. He must have clung on to something: his hands are chafed and bruised. Poor fellow! It was most shameful of the ringers not to ascertain that there was no one in the belfry before they began, especially as they found the doors open.'

'You see, sir, they thought the sexton had left it open on purpose for them when the folks went out who had been decking the church.'

'They ought to have been sure,' said the doctor, severely.

'If you please, sir,' said a female neighbour, gently opening the door, 'would you please to look at little Harry? He's a-gein from one fit into another, and we can't do anything with him.'

The doctor at once complied.

In the outer room, or kitchen, he found Harry. The boy was in a fainting fit, and looked as if he were dead. It was with difficulty that the surgeon's skill restored him; as soon as he could speak, he exclaimed,—

'My father!—Oh, sir! have I killed him?'

The doctor glanced inquiringly at the friendly neighbour.

'He was taking a pull at the bells with the young men,' she whispered, in explanation.

The surgeon shuddered.

'No,' he said, 'your father is not dead; he is better. You must try to be a brave boy, and not give extra trouble to your mother. Get him to bed as soon as you can,' he added to the good woman, feeling the poor lad's fluttering pulse as he spoke; I will send him an opiate. Thank God, the father is *not* killed!'

And the kind-hearted doctor took his leave, promising to look in at early day-dawn again.



On Thatching my Old Tithe-Barn.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

'Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house.'—Prov. xxiv. 27.

THIS old barn has required new thatching for a long time, but I have put it off from year to year, always meaning to do it, but never exactly giving the necessary authority to begin. At last I was driven to it by the snow penetrating, and spoiling some oats that had been stored away for spring use. The loss upon these oats was probably twice as great as the expense of thatching would have been, if taken in time.



However, that is not the moral I wish to draw on the present occasion; though even it may not be without its use, as all experience confirms the wisdom of the proverbs, 'A stitch in time saves nine;' 'Penny wise, pound foolish.'

Having given the order at last to my foreman that the job should be set about on Monday morning, I came at the end of the week, before paying the wages, expecting to see it nearly finished; when to my surprise, and no small annoyance, I found they had hardly done a fifth part of the work.

There shall be no Night there.

'Why, Thomas,' said I, 'what have you been about all this time? I thought you would have done the barn by this.'

'Why, sir, there was the stubble to get up, and then it had to be brought from the glebe, and to be watered; and then there were the thatch-pegs to make, and the road mortar to get; and we had to wait till the long ladder was mended, for it wasn't safe for the man to carry up the stack; and it takes a long time drawing the stubble for a job like this. We didn't get started of the thatching till yesterday, and it will take the best part of next week to finish it.'

In fact, like Charlie and his cake, I found I had jumped too rapidly to my conclusion, and never having thatched any old barn before, knew in fact very little about it.

But what a lesson, methought, am I taught by this piece of husbandry, which, please God, shall not be altogether lost to my soul's welfare?

What folly to expect to hurry into the few short days of a mortal illness; or, it may be, the agonies of an actual death-bed, what should have been the occupation of a whole life to make ready!

It were as simple in any one to expect to dress the soul for eternity in half-an-hour, as it was on my part to fancy that some hundred square yards of thatching could be finished in a few days. A thousand things have to be done first before the great work itself can be fairly set about, and none of them can be done well in a hurry. They all take time, some of them even years, to perfect.

Let me still bear this in mind, and each time I visit my glebe-farm, let the new-repaired barn remind me of the all-important business I have in hand, and which, the longer it is delayed, the more difficult it will become.

There shall be no Night there.

THE day is gone—my soul looks on
To that eternal day
When our sorrow and our sin
Shall all have passed away.

The night is here, O be Thou near,
Lord Jesus, with Thy light,
That my sin may flee away,
Like shadows of the night.

The golden sun is sunk and gone,
Thou light of heaven above;
Shine through clouds and darkness
down,

And light me with Thy love.

Each living thing lies slumbering,
From care and labour free;
May I, Lord, be still, and watch
Thy hidden work in me.

But when shall cease the changefulness
Of morning and of night?
When the glory of the Lord
Shall be the living light.

No cloud shall come, no evening gloom
On Salem shall descend;
The Lord her everlasting light—
Her mourning at an end.

All praise to Thee! Oh, there to be,
Amidst that music-flood;
The many waters echoing round
The golden shores of God.

O Jesus mine, Thou rest divine,
Lead me to Zion's height,
That I, with all Thy ransomed ones,
May walk with Thee in white.

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



WE will now consider the story of 'THE SEPTUAGINT.' It seems desirable to give the usual narrative first, even although there are sufficient reasons for doubting its accuracy. But a little consideration upon this narrative afterwards will perhaps enable us to understand what is probably the general truth of the matter. It will be remembered that we left the Jewish nation enjoying great liberty in their own land, but subject to Ptolemy II. (or Philadelphus) King of Egypt. This was B.C. 284. It may be remembered, also, that large colonies of Jews had settled in Egypt. The long-believed story is, that Ptolemy Philadelphus, at the suggestion of his librarian, Demetrius Phalerus, sent a splendid and pompous embassy to Jerusalem, desiring a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures (the Old Testament), and requesting that seventy-two learned Jews, six from every tribe and skilled in Hebrew and Greek, might come to Alexandria, and should translate the Scriptures into the Greek language. Josephus adopts this story, and other writers have added a few particulars of their own to it. Thus, some attribute to Ptolemy the motive of a desire to gratify and instruct the numerous Jews now resident in Egypt; others ascribe to him, as his motive, a profound love of literature; while some have not hesitated to embellish the story with a tale of miraculous intervention, as they narrate that the translators were shut apart from one another (or, at least, in groups), until the translations being completed and examined, the production of every translator was found to agree precisely, word for word, with the production of the other learned men.

There are satisfactory reasons for rejecting the traditions concerning any miraculous interference. To mention only one of these, it may be observed that some portions bear evident marks, here and there, of not being translated by a Hebrew at all, but by learned Egyptians, who have left proof of their being Egyptians by the words of which they have made use.

It is also evident that the whole translation was not made at any one time. It is not improbable—indeed Dean Prideaux evidently regards it as certain—that a part of the Pentateuch had been translated at an earlier time than that of Ptolemy Philadelphus. But, however that may be, the truth concerning the Septuagint appears to be, that about the time of the aforesaid Ptolemy (B.C. 280), a Greek version of the holy writings of the Old Testament was made at Alexandria. Probably the Law was the portion first rendered into Greek, and from time to time other portions were similarly treated until the whole was completed, and it is not unlikely that King Ptolemy encouraged the proceeding and caused a copy to be placed in the Grand Library of Alexandria. It is also by no means unlikely that Jews as well as other men assisted in the translation, both Jews from Jerusalem and Jews residing in Alexandria. But after the captivity at Babylon the Jewish nation had lost, to a very great extent, the familiar knowledge of ancient Hebrew, which had now ceased to be spoken amongst them. The criticism of learned men has abundantly demonstrated the

Morning.

existence of errors in the Septuagint translation, and so numerous are the additions in some instances, as to suggest the idea that the translator wished to give a brief commentary in some instances, as well as the actual text of the Old Testament Scripture.

The title of 'Septuagint' (which means 'Seventy') probably arose from the story now examined being a convenient way of commemorating the (supposed) work of the seventy-two (in round numbers, seventy) Jews who were stated to have made the translation. It is, however, not to be forgotten by us, that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Word and the Truth, often quoted the Septuagint translation of Holy Scripture, and that the Apostles did so as well. This is an important circumstance. It justifies the act of translating Holy Scriptures, and appears also to assure us that within a rationally accurate translation may be found all the elements and essentials of the truths and doctrines 'which may make us wise unto salvation;' that is, if we do not forget the often omitted addition to those words of St. Paul to Timothy, 'through faith which is in Christ Jesus.' It seems that God's Holy Word is preserved to us providentially, but not miraculously. In His good providence it has been brought down to us of this day, but He has not interfered by any miraculous interposition to hinder the possibility of variations in the numerous copies of His word, which, though not few, are seldom important. We can easily imagine that the Jews must have felt gratified by the interest which was thus taken in their sacred writings; and, moreover, it would afford to most of themselves the means of becoming acquainted with the Bible, since, as has been already remarked, the Hebrew language was now little known amongst the Jews. And it has been stated by a learned writer, with seeming correctness, that St. Stephen's quotations were from the Septuagint; that the Ethiopian Eunuch was reading this version of the book of the prophet Isaiah when Philip the Evangelist instructed and baptized him; and that the many who went abroad 'preaching the word,' made their text-book of that translation of the Old Testament which we call 'the Septuagint.'

Morning.

CREATOR, Lord, I pour to Thee
The strain of grateful adoration,
When morning wakes in ecstasy
The varied hymn of wide creation.
Then are Thy looks like Mercy bright,
Streaming o'er heaven, and earth, and ocean;
Kindling in human eyes delight,
In human hearts devotion.

Creator, Lord, the sun is up,
And dews from off the grass are stealing;
And every flower expands its cup,
The fragrance of the morn revealing.
And from the bower and from the grove,
The feathered songsters chant their gladness;
'Tis man alone whose tardy love
Awakens thoughts of sadness.

John Ambrose Williams.



MORNING.

A Visit to Norfolk Island.



NORFOLK ISLAND is about 600 miles from New Zealand, and was discovered by Captain Cook on the 10th October, 1744. It appears to have been formed by the eruption of volcanic matter from the bed of the sea, and is estimated to contain 10,000 acres.

About fifteen years after it was discovered, it was made a penal settlement, and the worst class of convicts were removed to it from New South Wales. However, for certain weighty reasons, it ceased to be a penal settlement in 1806.

About eighteen years after this another change passed over Norfolk Island, and it again became a penal settlement. At one time as many as 1200 convicts were confined on the island, being the most hardened and depraved criminals from Australia. A missionary, who visited the island about this time, relates that the prisoners were worked in heavy irons, and fed on salt meat and maize bread. Until a short time before his visit religion had been utterly excluded from these miserable men. Their depravity had become a proverb even in New South Wales. So careless of life had these men become, that murders were committed in cool blood, the murderer afterwards declaring that he had no ill-feeling against his victim, but that his only object was to obtain his release. Lots were even cast; the man on whom it fell committed the deed, his comrades being witnesses, with the sole view of being taken for a time from the scenes of their daily miseries to appear in the court at Sydney, although, after the execution of their comrade, they would be sent back to their former haunts of wretchedness. At last a law was passed providing for the trial of criminals by special commission on the island, after which these murders were less frequent.

But Norfolk Island had a different population when I visited it; the convicts had been withdrawn, though the large, dreary-looking prisons and military barracks still remained as a sad memento of what the island had been. It is a lovely, fertile spot in the ocean. The pine-tree, known as the Norfolk Island Pine, is seen growing in its native soil in great beauty. There are good roads round the island, all constructed by convict labour. The scenery is most beautiful, the whole island looking like a well-kept park, abounding in smooth, grassy glades, with here and there, a clump of pines. One striking feature is a splendid avenue of stately pines, nearly a mile in length, every tree being almost the exact size of its neighbour, and planted so close that the branches overlap.

The present occupants of Norfolk Island are the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, commonly known as the Pitcairn Islanders. Nine of the mutineers after the mutiny went to Otaheite and married native women, and settled on the small island of Pitcairn, where they remained undiscovered for twenty years, or until 1808. In 1856 the population from this small beginning had increased to upwards of 200 souls, and it was found that the island was not large enough to support them, and they were all, with the exception of a few elderly people, who from old association would not quit the island, moved to Norfolk Island; though they were all loth to leave the lovely little island of Pitcairn, but they knew it was an absolute necessity.

A Visit to Norfolk Island.

The visit of a man-of-war to Norfolk Island seldom occurs more than once a-year. The joy of the islanders on our landing was very great. All alike, old and young, pressed forward to give us an affectionate greeting. We arrived on the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday, which is always observed as a general holiday; and it is the custom to honour the day by having a great feast, which is provided in this way. The day previous, two parties of twelve young men go out to shoot pigeons, which are plentiful on the island. On their return there is a great ceremony of counting the birds that have been shot, and the side that has shot the fewest number has to be at the expense of the feast for all the folk on the island.

I saw the preparation for this entertainment; there had been a great slaughter of pigs, turkeys, and fowls, and all the female part of the community belonging to the losing side were hard at work cooking and making arrangements for the supper, which was to be ready at six in the evening, and to which, of course, we were invited.

I conversed with Adams and Quintal, sons of the mutineers; they were between seventy and eighty years of age. They insisted on telling us the old tale of the mutiny, which they had heard from their fathers' lips as soon as they could understand anything; and were most anxious that I should believe that their fathers were *forced* to mutiny, or, to use their own expression, '*druv*' to it, in consequence of the cruel treatment of Captain Bligh.

At six o'clock the ringing of the big bell announced that supper was ready. It was laid out in a large room, which had formerly been part of the barracks. Long tables were placed on either side of the room, and across the upper end. Upwards of a hundred of us sat down, preference being given to the guests and to the eldest of the community. It was quite a sumptuous repast, though the cookery was, as might be expected, very plain; consisting entirely of boiled and baked, with yams (a vegetable having something the taste of the potatoe), prepared in a variety of ways. After the first party had done justice to the repast, we moved away to make room for the others, who were soon installed in our places, and for whom more hot viands were brought in. Tea or coffee was all we had to drink with our supper, neither wine nor spirits being allowed on the island, except for medicinal purposes; and of this Mr. Nobbs, the Chaplain of the island, has charge.

At eight o'clock lights were placed in a room of corresponding size to the supper-room for the dancing. The young girls that we had seen in the morning with only a loose sort of calico wrapper reaching down to the knee, and without shoes or stockings, now appeared in muslin dresses and shoes and stockings. The dances were quite peculiar to the island, and baffled description. Our music was a very wheezy concertina, and the '*Original Polka*' served for all the dances. At about eleven o'clock we all sang '*God save the Queen*,' and gave her three hearty cheers, and then dispersed.

The next day we had a large riding party, a number of the girls accompanying us. There were plenty of horses, but only two side-saddles, and it was a difficult matter to arrange who should have them. It was settled by their not being used at all, and the girls rode as they were in the habit of riding when there were no strangers present to criticise them. And such a ride I never had before; they

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took us across country at a regular break-neck pace; but the horses were very sure-footed, and though sailors as a rule are not very graceful riders, yet we managed to stick on.

On the evening of this day we had a vocal entertainment. Mrs. Selwyn, the wife of the present Bishop of Lichfield, had on one occasion remained two months on the island, while her husband, who was then Bishop of New Zealand, was visiting other islands, and she had taken great pains to teach the girls and young men singing, and they certainly did her credit. After singing several hymns and sacred songs, there was an interval, followed by some glees, the whole concluding with 'God save the Queen,' for the Norfolk Islanders are intensely loyal.

On the third day the weather looked threatening, and as a ship cannot anchor off Norfolk Island except in the calmest weather, we had to return on board. We were not prepared for such an affectionate leave-taking, the beach was thronged by old and young. The female part of the population put their arms round our necks and kissed us, and many of them shed tears. A more innocent and guileless community I think it would be impossible to find; they are like one large family, and such a thing as a quarrel is unknown amongst them.

The strong religious principles and morality of the islanders is due to the good teaching they received for so many years from old John Adams the mutineer, and after his death from their faithful pastor Mr. Nobbs. To this day the custom introduced by John Adams, of all meeting for morning and evening devotion like one family, and which the old mutineer on his death bed urged them never to omit, is still faithfully observed. And what has helped mainly to keep them in their present high state of morality is the prohibition of intoxicating drinks from the island. It would be difficult to forget a visit to Norfolk Island, and the recollection of that interesting and loving community.

F. T. R.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.

WITH the accession of Elizabeth we can renew the history of the framing of the Book of Common Prayer. The two Prayer-books, which had been the works of the earlier reformers, were destined to form the basis of a book, which, with some slight revision, has practically been in use ever since. The party in favour of extreme changes experienced little encouragement at the hands of Elizabeth, who had all her father's arbitrariness of temper. Still, on the whole, she acted with caution, and her influence was exercised in the interests of moderation. 'Her great prudence, and that of her advisers, which taught her to move slowly, while the temper of the nation was still uncertain, and her Government still embarrassed with a French war and a Spanish alliance, joined with a certain tendency in her religious sentiments, not so

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thoroughly protestant as had been expected, produced some complaints of delay from the ardent reformers just returned from exile.* Though, however, the work of reformation went on too slowly for some, it was impossible, with such men as Cecil and Bacon high in her councils, that the Queen should not eventually act with decision. Cecil himself had written a paper on the best means of reforming religion, and if anything could precipitate action, it was the insolent behaviour of Pope Paul IV.† and of the Marian Prelates, who refused to officiate at



Elizabeth's coronation. In 1558 a committee was appointed to consider what method of common prayer should be adopted. This committee consisted of Matthew Parker, who was afterwards consecrated to Canterbury; Edmund Grindal, Bishop of London; James Pilkington, Bishop of Durham; Richard Con, Bishop of Ely, who had been

* 'Hallam's Constitutional History of England,' vol. i. 3.

† Elizabeth had desired her ambassador at Rome courteously to notify the fact of her accession to the Pope, who gave a very arrogant reply.

deprived in Mary's reign; William May,* William Bill, afterwards Dean of Westminster; Sir Thomas Smith, Dean of Carlisle; David Whitehead; Edwyn Sandys, Bishop of Worcester; and Edmund Guest, Bishop of Rochester.† The question, which was before this committee, was, practically, whether they should adopt with modifications the first or second Prayer-book of Edward VI. The instructions to Bishop Guest, who supplied the place of Parker, who was too ill to be present, were, 'to compare both King Edward's Communion Books together, and from them both to frame a book for the use of the Church of England by correcting and amending, altering, and adding or taking away according to his judgment, and the ancient Liturgies.‡ Archbishop Parker himself noted the points, in which the Prayer-book revised by the committee differed from Edward VI.'s first book. The rubric, which had prohibited the use of any vestment, except the surplice and rochet, now directed the minister 'at the time of communion, and all other times in his ministration, to use such ornaments in the church as were in use by authority of Parliament, in the second year of Edward VI.' In the Litany, the suffrage 'from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome, and all his detestable enormities, Good Lord deliver us,' was omitted, and a more important change still—the words used in delivering the consecrated elements to the communicant were a combination of the forms of the first and second Prayer-books. This Prayer-book, which came into use on St. John Baptist's Day, 1559, met with general acceptance. Only 189 clergy out of 9000 refused to accept it, and had it not been for the question of the Supremacy, it is not improbable that the Pope would have permitted its use,

It may not be uninteresting to gather some particulars about one who played a prominent part in the revision of the Prayer-book under Elizabeth. Matthew Parker was born at Norwich, Aug. 6th, 1504, the same year that the celebrated foreign reformer, Bullinger, was born. His father was a citizen of Norwich, employed in trade, and much respected. Parker received the rudiments of his education in his native city, and afterwards went to Cambridge. He was a great favourite of Anne Boleyn, whose chaplain he was, and who bestowed on him considerable preferment. He declined a bishopric in the reign of Edward VI. Under Mary, he was deprived of all his preferments, and lived with his wife and family in great poverty and privation. On the accession of Elizabeth, Dr. Parker was nominated to the see of Canterbury, but his modesty and distrust of himself made him very unwilling to accept it. In 1559 he was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. Of course it would be impossible to give in detail the main events in the life of this great man. He was most diligent in the visitation of his diocese and in the discharge of all duties connected with the episcopal office. In 1562 the Archbishop held a synod at St. Paul's, at which eighteen Bishops were present. The deliberations

* It will be remembered that May, then Dean of St. Paul's, and Con, Dean of Christchurch, had sat upon the previous committee of revision with Cranmer, in 1547-49.

† See Blunt's 'Annotated Prayer-book,' Historical Introduction.

‡ 'Strype's Annals.' In order to avoid needlessly troubling the reader with references, it may be as well, once for all, to state that Strype is the authority generally followed for the history of this period.

Bishop Butler's Charities.

of the synod were preceded by 'the Litany in the vulgar tongue,' after which a sermon was preached in Latin by Day, Provost of Eton College. The *Veni Creator* was sung, and the Holy Communion administered with great solemnity. The clergy were invited to choose a prolocutor, and Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, was selected for the office. This synod was mainly concerned with the question of the royal supremacy. Parker seems to have behaved in the most conciliatory manner, and so far to have held a middle course as to have made enemies by his moderation both among the Romanist and Puritan parties. The confession of his faith contained in his will breathes almost the spirit of Bishop Ken; 'I profess that I do certainly believe and hold whatsoever the Holy Catholic Church believeth and receiveth in any articles whatsoever, pertaining to faith, hope, and charity, in the whole sacred Scriptures.' Though a man of great simplicity, he maintained considerable state at his table in Lambeth, 'and the daily fragments thereof did suffice to fill the bellies of a great number of poor, hungry people that waited at the gate.' 'He required his whole family twice a day, morning and evening, to resort to the chapel to serve God and invoke Him by Common Prayer.' 'He was indeed a mortified man to the world was addicted much to study, meditation, prayer, religious exercises, and other excellent actions.*' He died in 1575, having for sixteen most eventful years ruled the see of Canterbury well and wisely. He was buried with great solemnity in his private chapel at Lambeth. His sepulchre was violated by Puritan fanatics in 1678, but his body was reinterred after the Restoration by the pious care of good Archbishop Sancroft.

Bishop Butler's Charities.

BISHOP BUTLER lived in a most frugal and simple manner, and spent his income in the support of public and private charities. He once invited a man of fortune to dine with him, and appointed a time. When the guest came there was a simple joint and a pudding. The bishop apologised for the plain fare, but said it was his way of living; 'that he had been long disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, and was determined that it should receive no countenance from his example.'

So far was he from showing the slightest favouritism, that one of his nephews once exclaimed, 'Methinks, my lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you.'

One day a gentleman called on him to lay before him the details of some projected benevolent institution. The bishop highly approved of the object, and calling his steward he asked how much money he then had in his possession. The answer was, 'Five hundred pounds, my lord.'

'Five hundred pounds!' exclaimed his master; 'what a shame for a bishop to have so much money! Give it all to this gentleman, to his charitable plan.'

He died worth less than half a year's income.

* These facts are taken from the 'Life of Archbishop Parker, > Strype, who has left us a vivid picture of the great Archbishop.

Week-day Hymns.

[The Hymns for the three later days of the week appeared in the preceding number.]

MONDAY.

YESTERDAY with worship blest
Passed our day of hallowed rest :
Lord, to-day, we meet once more
Grace and mercy to implore.

Not one day alone shall be
Given, O God of love, to Thee ;
Work and rest alike are Thine,
Daily round about us shine.

Through the passing of the week,
Father, we Thy presence seek :
Midst this world's deceitful maze
Keep Thou us in all our ways.

Oh, what snares our path beset !
Oh, what cares our spirits fret !
Let no earthly thing, we pray,
Draw our souls from Thee away.

Thou hast set our daily task ;
Grace and strength from Thee we ask :
Thou our joys and griefs dost send ;
To Thy will our spirits bend.

Still in duty's lowly round
Be our patient footsteps found ;
With Thy counsel guide us here,
Till with glory we appear. Amen.
W. Walsham How.

TUESDAY.

ANOTHER day begun !
Lord, grant us grace that we,
Before the setting of the sun,
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of toil !
To Thee we yield our powers ;
Keep Thou our souls from sinful soil
Through all the passing hours.

Another day of fear !
For watchful is our foe,

And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

Another day of hope !
For Thou art with us still ;
And Thine Almighty strength can cope
With all that seek our ill.

Another day of grace !
To bring us on our way,
One step towards our resting-place,
The endless Sabbath-day. Amen.
J. Ellerton.

WEDNESDAY.

THOU in whose name the two or three
Are met to-day to meet with Thee,
Fulfil to us Thine own blest word,
And come into our midst, O Lord.

To-day our week, so late begun,
Already half its course hath run ;
To Thee are known its toils and cares,
To Thee its trials and its snares.

Thou by whose grace alone we live,
Our oft-repeated sins forgive ;
Be Thou our counsel, strength, and stay,
Through all the perils of our way.

Give thankful hearts, Thy gifts to share ;
Give steadfast wills, Thy cross to bear ;
And, when our working days are past,
Give rest with all Thy saints at last. Amen.
J. Ellerton.




Short Sermon.

ANXIETY ABOUT EARTHLY THINGS.

BY ALFRED WHITEHEAD, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. MARY'S, RAMSGATE.

St. Matthew, vi. 25.—*Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.*

 HERE are some passages in the New Testament which, if we had not heard them so often from childhood, could not fail to strike us deeply, both for their force and meaning. Such passages, for instance, as those warning us against the danger of possessing or striving after riches; and such, again, as those warning us against 'taking thought,' that is, anxious care or solicitude, for our life, or for the morrow. Were we to meet with such passages as these for the first time now in our Christian study—passages from our Blessed Lord's own mouth, declaring that which all men so eagerly seek after and honour, viz. property and wealth, to be nothing more and nothing less than, spiritually speaking, a snare and a calamity, and condemning that which all men so commend and practise, viz. care and concern for life and the body, as hurtful and heathenish, we could scarcely help stopping to think both what the words meant and what they required. But having heard them so often, and finding them, moreover, inconvenient and unpleasant to dwell upon, most of us either put them on one side as exceptional passages—that is, as passages only applying to a particular state of society long passed by—or treat them as passages greatly to be softened off, and thus to be taken in a modified and limited sense. Now I need not say to any who are at all candid in mind or acquainted with their Bibles, that there is not only no ground for any such treatment of our Blessed Lord's words as this, but the utmost danger and contradiction in so treating them. For not once only, on some doubtful or special occasion, but plainly and continuously throughout His whole public teaching, did our Blessed Lord express the same sentiments and utter the same truths; and most certainly by His own example and mode of life, as well as by that of His holy Apostles, He has left us in no doubt as to the nature and extent of their practical application.

I freely admit at the outset the difficulty I feel in preaching about such a subject, simply because my own life, and that of the clergy generally, is just as much at variance with the spirit of the subject as the life of any of those I may be now addressing. But difficulty or no difficulty, variance or no variance, we have no business, clergy or laity, to shirk such subjects when they come before us. Let us, therefore, fairly examine,—

First, The extent and meaning of our Blessed Lord's words;
Then, The reasons which He assigns for them;
And lastly, The practical effect upon the world and its concerns if we carried them out into practice.

I. Now in the first place, with regard to the extent or scope of our Blessed Lord's words, it is well for us to note that there is no loophole

Short Sermon.

for us to evade their force by any limitation of things to which they can possibly refer. Did they refer only to the luxuries, the superfluities, and the pleasures of life, there might be some ground for excluding from their meaning anything and everything that has reference to what are often termed the necessaries and daily wants of life; but when they refer entirely to the latter, to food and raiment, to what we eat and drink and put upon the body, then the dullest amongst us can see how much stronger instead of weaker is their meaning if referred to aught else. 'Take no thought,' says our Blessed Lord, 'for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.' That is, rendering the words literally from the original, Be not over-anxious, restless, and distrustful about such things; make them not matters of primary importance or primary consideration; and above all, suffer them not to occupy your mind and engross your thoughts as the one thing needful, and as the great end of life. And when from the earliest times to the present, amid all the changes of habits, customs, and climes, men, if in nothing else, at least in this over-anxiety and restless solicitude for the things of sense, have been singularly alike, it is easy to see how the words of our text cut right athwart the very first principles of worldly society and the fundamental maxims of worldly men.

There is not a single man who reads this sermon, for instance, who has not taken much thought for his life, and been exceedingly careful, and perhaps, at times, exceedingly anxious for the morrow and its wants. Some about their pleasure, some about their business, and some about even the supply of their daily needs, have all at intervals been more or less concerned and engrossed. The successful man rises up early and late takes rest, and eats the bread of carefulness, to add to his store; whilst the mass of men do the same for their daily bread, envying, coveting, and hankering after the success of the other the while. To one and all of us the words, 'Take no thought for your life,' sound strange and unpractical, inasmuch as they condemn the very thing we have been doing from childhood, and the very thing from which, if successful, we have derived the greatest pleasure and the greatest reward. Men of acquired possessions, men acquiring possessions, men bent on amusement, men bent on sensual and selfish gratification, and those toiling for a bare subsistence, all shake their heads at the mention of the text, for it applies to them all alike. No thought for one's life, no thought for the morrow, no care for the future, no plotting and scheming! contriving and anticipating, providing and forestalling, they all exclaim, 'The notion is absurd and impossible, and can never work!' Well, be it so, my brethren, and let one and all of us deride it as we please; but as we deride it let us remember that the notion is Christ's, and no one's else; and the words the words of God, and not of man.

II. And now in the next place, such being the case, let us see what are the reasons that the Blessed Saviour Himself gives for His own words. First and foremost, He assigns the impossibility of men taking anxious thought in opposite directions for opposite ends. 'Ye cannot serve two masters; ye cannot serve God and mammon,' says He. 'Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life' We often

Short Sermon.

hear much about men making the best of both worlds—enjoying all the good things here, and hoping to enjoy all the good things hereafter. But Scripture, we are bound to observe, invariably preaches a contrary doctrine; and hence arises the obvious danger which worldly possessions, or any undue anxieties concerning them, present to our spiritual welfare. For worldly possessions draw away our affections from God. They become to us practically a substitute for God. They encourage in us a feeling of independence, and blind our sight at last entirely both to the true duty and true end of life. We were created and sent into the world, neither to make money nor to pamper the body, but to obey God and keep His commandments; and if Scripture tells us it is impossible to do both, it is surely our highest wisdom to do the latter and neglect the former. But besides the great and unanswerable argument, considering who it is that advances it, of the impossibility of a double service and divided affections, our Blessed Lord advances several other minor reasons against our anxiety even for the necessaries of life, each of them weighty and well worthy of consideration. Thus He adduces the uselessness and vanity of it. Inasmuch as, do what we can, we are powerless without God, who daily displays His goodness and care before our eyes in providing for all the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and the herbs of the ground, and who therefore would scarcely neglect or be less loving to those who are made in His own image, and are heirs of His own immortality. Then He adduces the heathenish nature of it, and the heathenish spirit from which it springs, by asserting that ‘after all these things do the Gentiles seek.’ That is, those who know not God and live not after His revealed will. Such men, He implies, so live, because they are ignorant of the truth, and know not the future; but to men who are His disciples, and have the glorious hope of the gospel of God for an anchor of their souls, it is nothing less than a sin and a shame if they so live—a sin, because it is the height of faithlessness, distrusting and deriding all the promises of God made to them in every page of Scripture and work of nature; and a shame, because it degrades them below the level of the heathen and the brute. And then, as a climax, He tells us how great is the folly and certain the disappointment of it. If it could ward off and secure us from the inevitable evils of life, then setting aside the next life, well and good; but the Blessed Saviour tells us it cannot even do that. ‘Sufficient unto the day,’ He adds, ‘is the evil thereof.’ The present, He declares, is all we can realise, and all we can be sure of. The morrow may never come, or come, if at all, in a manner and with contingencies wholly unexpected. Why, then, worry and trouble, fidget and be anxious about what is beyond our reach and beyond our care? Why add trouble to trouble, anxiety to anxiety, ill to ill, and evil to evil, and all of our own imagination and own making? Why not be quiet and content, peaceful and trustful, doing our duty in that state of life in which God has placed us; casting all our care upon Him, knowing that He careth for us, and letting the things of this life and of the morrow take thought for themselves?

III. But, lastly, supposing we did, what then? and what would be the practical effect upon society at large and the world in general?

Short Sermon.

If one and all of us put away our restlessness and care, anxiety and concern, about money-getting and money-hoarding, indulgence of the body and thought of the morrow, would society be hurt and the world thrown back? The worldling and the man of pleasure might both answer in one breath, Yes! Such maxims are visionary, and utterly subversive of all progress and work.

But why so? we may ask. The Blessed Saviour and His religion say nothing about the neglect of necessary duties and necessary work; they only speak to us decisively about the true spirit in which all duties and all work ought always to be done. They tell us again and again, that all selfishness, covetousness, self-seeking, indulgence of the flesh, living for things of sense, and engrossing thought about them, are radically wrong and hateful to God.

And supposing, by the mercy of God and the power of His grace, all men, or even a large proportion of them, could suddenly be brought to acknowledge and feel and act upon the truth of this; so that, as the apostle St. Paul says, 'It remains that they that weep become as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy as though they bought not, and they that possess as though they possessed not, and they that use this world as not abusing it;' wherein, may we ask, would things needful and things Christ-like, things pure and things lovely, things honest and of good report, be injured or impeded? It might happen in such a day that many hard-headed and hard-hearted business men, bent only on amassing wealth, might do as St. Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, did—bring all that they had and make distribution to such as had need. It might happen that many dealers in things dishonest, as Zaccheus the publican, might restore fourfold to such as they had wronged. It might happen that many votaries of pleasure and slaves of sin, as St. Mary Magdalene, might renounce the evil practices of years, and the hateful passions that had long enthralled them. But what of that? Would a general spread of Christian love amongst the wealthy, honesty and fair dealing amongst those in businesses and professions, and purity and self-sacrifice for Christ amongst us all, do very much harm? The world, indeed, progresses at a fearful pace, and there is thought enough and to spare amongst all classes and ranks for the meat that perisheth and the things that defile.

Oh, happy, thrice happy would it be for some of us if such progress could be checked and such thought laid aside; and if while there is time, and ere it be too late, we could lay to heart the warning words of our Blessed Lord, and follow them to the letter, unworldly and unpractical though they seem.





'But he marked the way, and nightly]
To that chapel back he stole,
By the presence of his picture
To refresh his weary soul.'

George Surlin.

A SWISS LEGEND.

WE have journeyed far to greet thee,
Gifted artist! for thy name
Hath been wafted o'er our mountains
By the trumpet-tongue of fame;

And our lordly Abbot prayeth,
For the pride of art divine,
For the love of blessed Mary,
And the honour of her shrine,

Thou wilt trace a noble picture,
Which may saintly deeds recall,
To adorn the convent chapel,
Painted on the altar-wall.

So he left his German city,
Guided by the Abbot's men,
On the rough and toilsome journey
To far-distant Blaubeuren.

There he caught such inspiration
From the scenes so wild and grand,
Which the Hand of God hath lavished
On majestic Switzerland.

From her snow-peaked mountains hoary,
From her forests of dark pine,
From the valleys, and the torrents,
That his work was half divine.

Proudly gazed the monks upon it,
But the thought that moved them
most,

Was, that no house of their order
Such a master-piece could boast.

Spake the wily Abbot—'Artist,
Thou hast e'en thyself surpassed!
Ne'er before displayed thy pencil
Genius so sublime, so vast!

Tell me, canst thou hope that ever
Thou wilt higher flight attain?
Is not this the utmost effort
Of thy master-hand and brain?'

Reverently the artist answered
From the fulness of his heart,
'Father Abbot, without limit
Is the glorious power of Art.

Hitherto each work accomplished
Hath inspired a nobler still;
So far God hath this permitted,
And I trust He ever will.'

Festival and solemn service
Gave it to the people's sight;
Crowds in rapture knelt before it,
Lost in wonder and delight.

But the wicked Abbot muttered
As arose the pleading hymn,
'Never shall he paint another
Which the fame of this might dim.'

While the artist slept one bound him,
Pierced his eyes—oh, cruel sin!—
Eyes which drank such draughts of
beauty

For the artist-soul within;—

Eyes which saw all things illumined
By the light of genius, given
To the painter and the poet
As a boon direct from heaven;—

Eyes which that right hand had guided
Till its work was nigh divine,
For the honour of Our Lady,
To adorn her sacred shrine!

Strangers by its fame attracted
Sought the Abbey many a day,
Praised and mourned the artist,
'perished,
Dying on his homeward way!'

Such the oft-repeated story
Which the treacherous monks would
tell,

While he pined in darkness near them,
Hidden in a secret cell—

Till at last a monk felt pity,
Yielded to the painter's cry,
'Let me stand before my picture
Once again before I die!'

So he led him to the chapel
In the silence of the night;
And he left him where his heart had
swelled

With triumph and delight.

Thus the day-dawn found him watching,
And by chance it so befell,
Ere the friendly monk could guide him
To his solitary cell,

To the chapel in procession
Abbot and brethren came
Chanting hymns to Blessed Mary,
And in honour of her name—

Then the artist, heaven-guided,
Found a refuge safe, though rude,
In an ancient chest of walnut
Which behind the altar stood.

More than he might ample shelter
In that spacious chest have found,
For its sides were long and lofty,
Pierced with many a hole around.

There concealed he lay and listened
While the monks, with book and
bell,

Solemn prayers and praises uttered—
And rolled out the anthem's swell.

When the matin songs were ended,
Stealthily again he trode,
With his guide, the winding passage
Leading to his sad abode.

But he marked the way, and nightly
To that chapel back he stole,
By the presence of his picture
To refresh his weary soul:

A Sacred Rest.

And if ere a footfall sounded
Swift he sought the ancient chest,
Where he oft, full sadly musing,
Laid his failing limbs to rest.

There as mournfully he pondered
Once, his careless hand was stayed,
By the sudden touch arrested
Of a sharply-pointed blade—

Shudderingly he recollected
All the horrors of that night,
When the wicked monks for ever
Shut him from God's cheering light.

In their guilty haste forgotten
Was the sharp and cruel knife,
And he hid it, sorely tempted
Then to end his wretched life.

Now a happy inspiration
Suddenly his soul possessed—
'I will carve my own memorial
In the ancient walnut chest !'

Secretly he stole there nightly,
And his chosen task pursued,
In the silence and the darkness
Of the dreary solitude.

Thus his misery beguiling,
Many a month he laboured on,
Till the chest was rich in carving,
Which his hoarded knife had done.

Then he knelt before the altar,
Raised his feeble hands on high,
'Father, now my work is ended,
Let Thy wearied servant die !'

And his earnest prayer was granted,
Then and there he passed away,
Ceased his sad heart's weary aching,
Calm and still in death he lay.

And the sinful brethren laid him,
Gladly, his last home within—
'Now,' they said, 'is no more danger ;
Surely hidden is our sin.'

But ere long a stranger traveller
To that stately abbey came,
From his distant home attracted,
By the altar-picture's fame:

While he lingered in the chapel,
Carelessly his hand he laid
On the ancient chest of walnut
That stood in the altar's shade.

What was that beneath his finger
With a surface rough and round ?
Quick the ponderous lid he lifted
And the hidden wonder found !

'Twas a rose in beauty sculptured
Which the secret had revealed,
And a worn-out knife was lying
On that carving, long concealed.

Soon the monks their guilt acknow-
ledged,
Stricken with a deadly fear,
Saying in their consternation
'Sure the hand of God is here !'

And to keep their sin before them,
And its punishment recall,
'Twas ordained his work should ever
Rest upon the chapel wall.

'Twas a master-piece of beauty
And his painting far surpassed—
Thus of all his art accomplished
Still his best work was the last.

Centuries have since departed,
But those cloister walls within
There is shown that wondrous carving,
That tells still of George Surlin.
H. B.

A Sacred Rest.

WHEN the illustrious, learned, and wealthy John Selden was dying, he said to Archbishop Usher,—'I have surveyed most of the learning that is among the sons of men, and my study is filled with books and manuscripts (he had 8000 volumes in his library) on various subjects ; but at present I cannot recollect any passage out of all my books and papers whereon I can rest my soul, save this from the sacred Scriptures : "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world ; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Tit. ii. 11-14.

On a Climbing-Boy used for Sweeping Chimneys.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

'Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.'—*Hamlet*.



HIS is a filthy trade, and seemingly an inhuman one; indeed the use of these climbing-boys was forbidden by the legislature, and severe penalties have from time to time been exacted from those who employ them; but yet the practice was long persisted in from the extreme difficulty of getting any machine to do the work effectually in some cases. But, after all, is it so very cruel as is represented by the philanthropists? To judge by their manner—and surely they are the best witnesses of their own feelings—the lads themselves, who have been accustomed to it from their childhood, take as much delight in this employment as in many others—soap-boiling for instance, tanning, working in a coal-mine;—

'So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are.'

The prisoner of Chillon, we are told, got enamoured of his mice and his spiders, and regained his freedom with a sigh; and I verily believe that the washed and combed 'sweep' would hardly thank his patron for his volunteered gift of a pair of drab trousers and a clean shirt, at the price of foregoing his ambitious trade for ever.

There are some natures that delight in climbing; phrenologists will tell you that the same organ which inspired daring in the breast of a Nelson or a Napoleon is to be found in the head of the mountain chamois and the monkey. The difference is, that in the one case it is a mere animal instinct, in the other it is the same instinct taken in combination with some of the noblest faculties of man.

Rely upon it, it is no small gratification to the little varlets to go about the streets with their shrill cry, attracting every one's attention, and provoking an involuntary smile from all beholders. They show in return their white teeth, and expose their ruddy lips, and laugh with their merry eye, as who should say, Match these if you can from the face of your choicest beauty of the town.

But then again, say the philanthropists, only think of the disgusting smell, enough to poison any one! My good friend, a penny is a penny, believe me, come from what quarter it will; and I am not sure that the bunches of violets hawked about the streets in May are so grateful to the olfactory nerves of these urchins as is the odour of a newly-swept chimney and the fragrant shaking of a soot-bag; just as to a thrifty farmer a reeking dunghill under his nose is a more savoury object than a bed of roses or of carnations seen from his rarely-opened parlour window.

Yet still, methinks, the perverse interest taken by these poor creatures in their apparently hateful occupation may serve as a useful warning to us, to be careful how we originally embark in an ill-habit or bad course of life. There can be no question that, to the mere looker-on the sweep's trade is one of the most degrading and offensive character, so much so that every one instinctively shuns him as if he were infected with the leprosy. And yet, observe how use familiarises him

On a Climbing-Boy used for Sweeping Chimneys.

who pursues it, to that degree that the worker in any of the most precious and refined arts has hardly a greater pride in his profession than has the sweep in his dirty trade. Let us beware, then, how we become by long habit so inured to acts of meanness, impurity, or sensuality, that though most offensive in the sight of God, and even of our fellow-creatures, they cease utterly to offend ourselves; nay, may become to some of us even a source of boasting, as was the case with those heathens rebuked by the Apostle for glorying in their shame.

I saw a sweeping-boy, after he had come down from the chimney, run upon the green in front of the house and shake his clothes, empty



his pockets, and cleanse his hair and person from some portion of the filth that adhered to them; and yet, when he presently returned to the house to gather up the implements of his trade, I could not observe but that he was as black and unsavoury as ever, and as likely to pollute whatever he touched as before he had submitted to this needful process of ventilation.

Let not those who have recently quitted the haunts of vice or pollution think that a little water will wash away their sin, and purge their dross. For there it still sticks, not less observed by the eye of the Almighty, and not less offensive in the sight of His angels. There is but one Fountain in which such an one can wash effectually, even in Him

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

Who has said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

To himself, no doubt, and to his master in the trade, the lad seemed comparatively clean after all this shaking on the lawn, and they were both of them abundantly satisfied with the result. One sweep is alone a competent judge of another's relative cleanliness; but it is a sorry case with any of us, my Christian friends, if the only measure of our purity or innocence of life is formed from the judgment of comrades as vicious and corrupt as ourselves. Let us measure our conduct by the standard of God's holy Word alone, and still think ourselves unclean so long as we in any degree fall short of the sinless Pattern of perfection there held out for our imitation.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF HOMERTON.

THE Puritans had not been idle during the reign of Elizabeth, and, under the scarcely reputable leadership of the notorious Earl of Leicester, had attempted to ruin Archbishop Parker's influence. Parker, however, had Cranmer's moderation without his vacillation; and his holy life, untiring energy, and great learning, extorted the unwilling respect of his opponents. Knox had never relaxed in his dislike towards the Book of Common Prayer, and the English Puritans had been secretly encouraged by the foreign reformers. Sampson, Dean of Christ Church, and Humphrey, President of Magdalene, Oxford, were the leaders of his school. 'They were of great esteem in this nation, being men of good learning, and having been both of them exiles in Queen Mary's reign;' and this of course rendered their opposition more formidable. They were so obstinate about trivial matters that Parker was compelled to deprive them, 'though Bishop Grindal prayed Sampson even with tears, that he would but now and then in the public meetings of the University put on the square cap, but could not prevail with him to do so.' The gentleness of the Archbishop's nature came out in this case, for, though he felt it right to deprive Sampson of the Deanery of Christ Church, he allowed him to be presented to a benefice in the diocese of Salisbury in spite of the protest of so moderate a man as Bishop Searle. Sampson was afterwards imprisoned, but liberated at Archbishop Parker's intercession. Cartwright and Lowth, a clergyman in the diocese of York, were two other noted Puritans of this time. Around this school were grouped many fanatical sects. As an example, it may be mentioned that the Archbishop found it necessary to 'forbid prophesying' in the neighbourhood of Norwich. It has been necessary to dwell at some length upon Parker's character and times, because, although the Martyrs of the Reformation purchased the freedom for us, it was in reality Parker, who under the providence of God restored to us true ecclesiastical order and discipline. The future of a school, which gave to the Church such men as Richard Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, is surely

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

worthy of reverential remembrance, and it is surprising to find how comparatively little is generally known about the life of Parker.*

His successor in the See of Canterbury was Edmund Grindal, Bishop of London. He was born at St. Bees in Cumberland in 1519, and was chaplain to Bishop Ridley, and afterwards to Edward VI. During the reign of Mary he sought refuge abroad, and became very intimate with the leading foreign reformers. In 1559 he was nominated by Elizabeth to the See of London, 'it being a suitable diocese for him, where his behaviour and doctrine had been so very well known, and where, no question, he was dearer to the citizens, having been formerly so dear to their late holy Bishop Ridley.†' He was at first deterred from accepting the office by the same scruples which had actuated Bishop Hooper, but these doubts were resolved for him by Peter Martyr, at this time a professor at Zurich. With the history of the earlier days of his Episcopate we are but slightly concerned, for the principal events have already been given in the notice of Archbishop Parker. In 1570 he was nominated to the See of York. It is interesting to find, that one of his first acts was to confirm the appointment of Barnes, 'Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham,' to the See of Carlisle.‡ Grindal seems to have administered the Diocese of York with diligence and moderation. On the death of Parker he was translated to the See of Canterbury. In this position he had many difficulties to encounter. He was not one to bow before the imperious temper even of a Tudor, and with some of Ridley's bluntness he once quoted to the Queen the saying of St. Ambrose to Theodosius, that 'in case of the faith, the bishops were wont to judge of Christian emperors, not emperors of bishops.' The chief point at issue between Grindal and the court was the question of 'Prophesyings.' It had become customary for the clergy of certain districts to meet together on a set day for conference on different passages of Holy Scripture. These meetings were open to the laity, and appear to have been much valued by them. The 'Prophesies' or 'Exercises' (as they were called) were encouraged by many of the bishops, because it was thought that they would conduce to make the clergy more expert in the expositions of Scripture. Elizabeth, however, disapproved of them, and peremptorily told the bishops to discountenance them. Grindal refused compliance, and was confined to his own house as a sort of prisoner. This lasted for some time, until at length he promised a modified compliance with the Queen's orders.

In 1582 the Archbishop Grindal became totally blind, and persuaded the Queen to allow him to resign his see, although the resignation was not completed before his death. He never seems fully to have recovered his influence and position at court. In 1583 the Archbishop died, and was buried, by his own desire, in

* For those who wish more carefully to study the history of those times, the writer would recommend 'The Life and Acts of Matthew Parker, &c. by John Strype. Printed for John Wyat, at the Rose, in St. Paul's Churchyard, mcccxi.' The work is rare; but access can be had to it in the British Museum, or any other standard library.

† Strype's 'Life of Grindal.'

‡ It is an interesting coincidence to find that the last suffragan Bishop of Nottingham resigned in 1570, and that the next suffragan of that place was consecrated in 1870: an interval of exactly three hundred years.

Thistle-Down and Fever-Seed.

Croydon Church. He was a man of great simplicity of life, and some have accused him of a leaning towards Puritanism. He was, however, always ready to co-operate with Archbishop Parker, and his kindness to the foreign Protestants was only natural, as he himself had received great kindness from them. If we may judge from a special office compiled by him 'to be used upon the public thanksgiving for the cessation of the plague,' he was one who would not willingly depart from the track of the ancient liturgies.

Still, Puritanism grew much in the latter part of this reign. Cartwright was a very popular lecturer at Cambridge, and Anabaptism, and all those forms of confusion, which are sure to grow up around the denial of Church authority, increased. Some fantastic forms of error, which have repeated themselves in modern times, arose about this period. One David Thickpeny, Rector of Brightelmstone (more familiarly known to us as Brighton), was cited before the Archbishop for alleged sympathy with a sect known as 'the Family of Love'—a sort of early form of Mormonism. These elements of discord and confusion were destined ere long to make themselves felt with disastrous force; and perhaps Grindal's mild and persuasive rule was under Providence the means of postponing a catastrophe which must have come sooner or later.

Thistle-down and Fever-seed.

BY JOHN ADAMS, M.A., VICAR OF STOCKCROSS, BEDS.



HOW are the fever-patients in Muddleton, Doctor?' said Farmer Stubble to Mr. Squills the parish surgeon, as he met him one morning on Muddleton Hill; 'I hope they are all getting better, and that the fever will soon die out.'

'They are all very ill,' replied the Doctor, 'and the fever is spreading. Two of them are past recovery, and I have just been thinking that when they are dead, which will be before to-morrow morning, you and the Squire ought to be indicted for manslaughter.'

'What on earth do you mean, sir?' rejoined the farmer, growing very red in the face. 'Why, there is nobody in the world more interested than I am in the health and prosperity of Muddleton. Every cottager there pays me rent, and works on my farm; and if the Squire knew of the fever that has broken out in the village, he would be as much concerned about it as I am.'

'Nevertheless, Farmer Stubble, I assert that you and the Squire are responsible for the fever, and ought to be made to suffer for it. You look incredulous as well as indignant, Farmer, but listen. There are clouds of thistle-down floating on the wind from yonder field. Do you see them?'

'Of course I do; but what has that to do with the fever?'

'Only this; they illustrate the manner in which it spreads from house to house. Just as the downy seeds rise from some neglected spot, and drop here and there unnoticed to germinate and reproduce themselves, so from many an obscure nook and corner in Muddleton there has been rising and spreading over the village for months past a

Thistle-Down and Fever-Seed.

crop of fever-seeds, in the shape of poisonous vapours, each one of which, though so minute as to be invisible to the eye, is capable of producing disease and death. Those fever-nests belong to you and the Squire, just as much as the field does from which the wind is bringing the thistle-down. Either of you might have abolished them at any moment; but because you neglected to do so, the atmosphere of the village is poisoned, two of the inhabitants are dying, and six more are dangerously ill.'

At these outspoken words of the Doctor, Farmer Squills grew still redder in the face; so red, indeed, that his fiery whiskers were thrown into the shade by his cheeks, and he was just beginning an indignant reply, when a fox bounded across the road, followed by hounds, huntsmen, and riders, in a state of wild excitement.

'Tally ho!' shouted the farmer, and without giving utterance to the thoughts which had so kindled his cheeks, he touched the side of his horse with the spur, and galloped after the hounds. Away they went, helter-skelter, over the brow of the hill and down the gentle slope to the outskirts of Muddleton. Then the fox, hard pressed by his pursuers, struck across the water-meadows, swam the sluggish river, and darted into the wood on the opposite side of the valley. 'There will be mischief to some of them,' said Dr. Squills to himself as he watched them galloping across the plain; and at that moment he saw one of the foremost horses stumble and fall headlong with his rider. The horse was soon on his legs again, but the rider lay prostrate on the grass, and most of the 'field' clustered round him. Doctor Squills therefore thought he should go and see if he were needed, and before many minutes he had reached the spot, and was bending over the unfortunate fox-hunter. 'There is contusion of the brain,' he exclaimed, after a brief examination, 'and the right leg is broken. He must be carried gently to the nearest cottage.'

'Who would ever have thought that the Squire would be laid upon our bed?' said John Patience that evening to his wife, as they were arranging a borrowed mattress for themselves on their kitchen floor. 'If he ever opens his eyes again, I wonder what he'll think of the accommodation of one of his own cottages. The Doctor and the nurse seem to turn up their noses at it, as though they thought the place was a pigsty. But whatever they may think, they have no business to blame us. We did not build the place! If we had, the ceiling wouldn't come in the way of my hat as it does now. They grumble because there is no fire-place upstairs—they abuse the walls because they are damp and greasy—they complain of bad smells in the ditch outside the door—they say the bed-room isn't half the size it ought to be, and that the window is hardly big enough to prevent suffocation. But whose fault is it? Let them saddle the right horse, and go with their complaints to Farmer Stubble, or to the Squire himself.'

Next morning a grand carriage drives into the village of Muddleton, and stops at the cottage of John Patience. A stately footman descends from his perch to open the carriage door, and in so doing he casts a look of disgust at the wretched aspect of the place. It is the Squire's carriage, and the lady who steps out of it is his wife, who has come in the greatest anxiety from the Park, fifteen miles off, to minister to her suffering husband. The Doctor says he

Thistle-Down and Fever-Seed.

must on no account be moved for the present, so she resolves to remain with him. It is arranged that John Patience and his family, except his eldest girl, shall migrate to a neighbouring cottage; and their kitchen is soon swept and cleaned for the use of 'my lady,' as the villagers are wont to designate Mrs. Lofty. The two upstairs rooms are occupied by the Squire and the nurse, whilst a small wash-house at the back affords shelter to the girl who acts as general servant.

For twelve days the Squire lay in that dreary place, hovering between life and death; while his loving wife hardly ever left his bedside. She was a brave and noble woman, never making a complaint about the miseries of the place; and before a week had elapsed, the report of her devotion to her husband had won the hearts of the whole village.

At last the patient began to rally, consciousness gradually returned, and he gazed around him like a man waking from a frightful dream. Great was his astonishment to find himself the occupant of such a wretched apartment, only ten feet square, with a low ceiling, through which the rain had filtered in many an ugly spot. But greater and sadder was his amazement when he beheld the face of his loving wife, who was kneeling by his bedside. So great was the change wrought in her appearance, that but for her words of tenderness he would hardly have recognised her. The anxiety she had undergone, and still more the close atmosphere of the cottage, charged as it was with poisonous vapours from the stagnant pools and ditches all around, had driven the roses from her cheeks, and given her an utterly worn-out and jaded look. It was in vain that the Doctor had warned her of the risk she was running, and that her friends had entreated her to return home. Nothing would tempt her to quit the cottage whilst her husband lay there in a state of unconsciousness.

A day or two after the Squire's revival, Fanny Patience, who had been everybody's servant, failed to make her appearance when the nurse came down in the early morning. 'Poor girl,' said Mrs. Lofty, 'she has undergone too much fatigue; let her sleep on for a few hours longer.'

But the nurse could not refrain from peeping into Fanny's room to see what was the matter. 'I declare, ma'am!' she exclaimed, as she hurried back, 'Fanny's got the fever! She's as red as the Squire's hunting-coat! We shall all catch it! And if the Squire can't be taken home at once in his carriage, he'll soon be carried somewhere else in a carriage that isn't his own!'

Further delay in such a place was not to be thought of, especially as the Doctor had pronounced his patient convalescent; so Mrs. Lofty returned to the Park forthwith, and before a week had passed, her husband had sufficiently recovered to be permitted to follow her. On his arrival at the door of the mansion there was a crowd of domestics assembled to assist him in alighting from the carriage. But where was his beloved wife? What calamity had happened to keep her out of sight? He dared not inquire; he read the cause of her absence too plainly in the tearful faces of his servants. She had sickened of the Muddleton fever immediately after her return and he had been kept in ignorance of it, lest anxiety for his beloved wife should retard his recovery. Day by day she had been growing worse; for two days she had been delirious, and at that very moment it was feared that she shadows of death were gathering round her.

Thistle-Down and Fever-Seed.

No words can describe the Squire's anguish when the woful announcement was made to him, a few hours afterwards, that the fever had done its deadly work. For how had that fever arisen? Why had it sprung up, and spread abroad with such virulence in Muddleton? Had he not learned its cause with dismay from Dr. Squills? and was it not traceable to his own neglect of the sanitary condition of his cottages? Whilst he had been spending thousands on his gardens and stables, ought he not to have spent a few hundreds in improving the wretched homes of his labourers? Had he done so, might he not have saved them from this terrible visitation? and would not his wife have found that cottage, in which she so lovingly ministered to him, as safe and healthful as her own home? Such reflections haunted the Squire during his tedious recovery; and for many a year afterwards the bitterness of his remorse added to the sorrow of his bereavement.

But what of the poor village girl? She, too, was hurried prematurely into eternity; and on the same day that her mistress was buried, she was followed to her grave in Muddleton churchyard by her weeping parents. When Farmer Stubble heard of her death, the Doctor's reproachful words flashed into his mind, and gave him a twinge of uneasiness; but he soon got rid of the feeling, by moralising to his wife on the uncertainty of human life; and a day or two afterwards, happening to meet Dr. Squills again on the top of Muddleton Hill, as he was returning from the funeral of Mrs. Lofty, he exclaimed, 'This fever's a sad business, Doctor; but it is as God wills, so we must try to think it all for the best.'

'I don't at all agree with you, my friend,' replied the Doctor. 'It is not God's will that the fever should so infest Muddleton, and sweep away so many precious lives. God would have us all live in the enjoyment of the health He has given us. It is not His wish that Squire Lofty or his peasantry should be fever-stricken and miserable. Nor is it all for the best, but quite the reverse; and that you will discover, if the malady ever reaches your house. You remember, perhaps, when we last met, how the thistle-seeds were floating from yonder neglected hedge-row into this field, where your men at the time were sowing wheat. When those seeds begin to spring up in the midst of your corn, as they are sure to do next spring, you will not dare to cast the blame upon Providence, and say it is all for the best. You will know that a little precaution would have prevented their being there at all, and that now they are there, the best thing you can do is to root them out as quickly as possible: So should you think of the fever. It has been generated by the neglect of sanitary precautions, which you and the Squire ought to have taken years ago in Muddleton. It has filled the village with misery, for which, if I had the power, you should be held responsible; and it is still spreading, showering the seeds of death all round, upon rich and poor alike. Instead, then, of attributing fever and such-like maladies to the Almighty, as the heathen do in their ignorance and superstition, use the power which you possess to banish this scourge from the village. Go to the root of the mischief, grapple with the causes of it, and try, like a Christian man, to restore health and gladness to the homes of your poor by making their cottages fit for human beings to live in.'

Inscriptions for a Bible.

BY S. J. STONE, M.A.

I.

(For a Bible given to a Child.)

IN this volume thou shalt find
One sweet truth for heart and mind,
In and over all enshrined.

For all needs it hath sufficed,
Free for all, and yet unpriced—
'Tis the love of God in Christ.

Dost thou question, 'Is it mine?'
By the awful holy sign
On thy forehead, it is thine!

O then love Him! and as He
Gave His life in love for thee,
Let thy life thy love-gift be.

And here reading day by day,
With a reverent mind alway,
Let thy soul in secret pray:

'By Thy love, so deep, so high,
Dear Lord Jesu, grant that I,
Loving Thee may live and die!

Amen.

II.

(As the former, or for personal use.)

READ, mark, and learn, and inwardly
digest,
So shall this blessed Book indeed be
blest,
Our Mother whispers in her Advent
prayer;
Sweet Mother, be thy rule my constant
care.
So would I read, that when I rest or
rise,
This shall be last and first before mine
eyes:
So would I mark, that through mine
eyes my mind
May search this Treasure-house of
truths, and find
What best may fit my need to warn or
cheer,
To urge me forward, or to help me
here.

So would I learn, that what I mark
may stay
Writ on my heart, nor flit with night
away;
That flowing thus, at morn and even-
song,
God's music may be with me all day
long.
So would I inwardly digest, that power
May grow within me to my latest hour,
That I may go in strength this food
has given
My forty days* unto the mount of
Heaven.
So would I—O great Spirit,† blessed
Lord,
Who didst fulfil and didst inspire this
Word,
For me in Thy sweet mercy undertake,
Help Thou my weakness, for my
Saviour's sake. Amen.

* See 1 Kings, xix. 8.

† We may conclude that as the Collect for the first Sunday in Advent is addressed to the Father, and that for the third to the Son, therefore in that for the second, by the title 'Blessed Lord,' is indicated the Holy Ghost.



The last Sunday in England.

THE emigrants kneel in the old
parish church,
For the last time, it may be, for ever ;
They scarcely had known that it would
be so hard,
The ties of a lifetime to sever.

For the last time they look on the ivy-clad
walls,
For the last time they hear the bells ringing—
'Twas there they were married, and now to
that church
How fondly their sad hearts are clinging !



They listen once more to the good
Rector's voice ;
They will try to remember his
teaching ;
And they hope they may never forget
what he says,
As they look in his face while he's
preaching.

That voice they have heard by the bed
of the sick—
That face they have seen by the
dying—
At the altar, the font, and the newly
made grave,
The means of salvation supplying.

God's Hammer.

For the last time they stand where their forefathers' names They read on the head-stones and crosses :	At the gate of the churchoyard the old Rector stands To give them his fatherly blessing.
There are newly cut names ; and others so old, They are covered by lichens and mosses.	He placed in their hands the best of all gifts, A Bible and Prayer-book, at parting ; They could not say much, but he knew what they felt—
Then a last look they take at a green little mound, Where one of their children is sleeping, And gather a daisy that grows at the head— Then turn away silently weeping.	To their eyes the warm tear-drops were starting. 'Keep these in your heart,' as he gave them, he said, 'And trust to the cross of Christ only ; Then the Lord will be with you where- ever you go, And then you need never feel lonely.'
The neighbours are waiting to bid them 'God speed,' To think of them each one professing—	M. B.

God's Hammer.

CHAPTER III.

HAT was a sad Christmas-day for Fernlea village, since everybody felt more or less awed and shocked by the dreadful accident which had befallen George Fairly, whom they all respected. A good neighbour dressed the roast-beef and plum-pudding prepared for the Christmas cheer, and coaxed the little family to sit down to dinner ; but they could not eat, and poor Harry's sobs and choking tears, as his eyes rested on his father's vacant place, spread the infection of grief to all the rest, till even little Emma (as yet scarcely conscious of the reason of their sorrow) joined her small cry to their weeping. The strong-hearted mother was the first to recover her composure ; she checked her young son's sorrow by telling him that any noise or excitement would make his father worse ; and Harry wiped his eyes, and struggled to be calm.

'But it is so dreadful, mother, to think that *I* helped to hurt him !'

'Nay, it was no fault of yours : you could not know poor father was there. Mrs. Manby is going to be so kind as to take you all home with her, and you must try and be a good boy, and not cry and fret. Please God, father may get well yet !'

'Oh, mother !' cried the boy, 'do let me stay at home with you. I won't cry. I can't bear not to be nigh father !'

To this request the mother yielded, and the good neighbour departed with the younger children only, as a hushed house was necessary to the recovery of the sufferer.

Before Mrs. Fairly resumed her watch beside her husband, she gave Harry permission to sit in the parlour and look at the pictures in the Family Bible—a rare pleasure for the little ones—in which she hoped the poor boy would forget his trouble for a while.

The parlour at the carpenter's was not a very lively apartment when empty ; it was neatly furnished : a good clock was fastened to the wall ; there were some china chimney ornaments, while the best tea-tray,

and the big picture Bible, flanked by two large pink conch-shells, stood on a side-table. The fire was laid, but not lighted; and as the room was only used on grand occasions, it had a certain close, frowzy smell, by no means pleasant or refreshing; and as our senses undoubtedly act strongly upon our feelings, poor Harry was not much cheered as he sat shivering, and turning over, with blue fingers, the huge pages of the folio Bible, gazing sadly down on the strange illustrations by which in Queen Anne's time—for such was the date of the edition—men strove to embellish the sacred Word of God.

But it *was* a treat—he had always been told so—and therefore he tried to think he liked it. But when he came to the book of Job, and beheld the patriarch seated in his affliction, with the Enemy visibly exulting over him, a feeling of horror and dismay came over him, and he wondered if the Evil Being were oppressing and trying *them* in the same way. Pale, and with a look of horror on his face, he sat looking fixedly before him, when the door opened, and Miss Ferrars, the Squire's daughter, walked into the room.

'Harry!' she exclaimed, startled by the boy's look—'my poor Harry! what is the matter? Is your father dead?'

'No, Miss Mary,' he gasped, recovering himself—'no; but I was thinking——'

He could not express those troubled and perplexed thoughts.

Mary Ferrars walked to the table, and glanced at the book.

'What a terrible picture!' she said. 'You had better not look at that, Harry, just now.' And she shut the volume, reverently.

'It is a sad story, Miss Mary,' said the boy, timidly—'Poor Job!'

'Yes—very sad; but, you see, his troubles were all allowed on purpose to make him better, Harry; and he was very patient and submissive to God, altogether, though he did murmur a little at first. But it is too difficult a book for you. Read the Gospels or the Psalms, instead. How is your father?'

At the question poor Harry's lips quivered again, and he had great difficulty in replying—

'Much the same; but he knows mother to-day.'

'It was a great mercy that he was not killed,' said Miss Ferrars, looking at the brightest side—'a great mercy, Harry. You should be very thankful for it.'

'But father will never be able to walk again,' said the boy, 'and he will be so unhappy! I know he will, for I should if I lost my feet, Miss Mary! and, oh! it was I who helped hurt him.'

And the tears rolled down the boy's cheeks again.

'You did it without knowing it, Harry,' said his young teacher: 'it was an accident permitted by God, and therefore it *must* be for the best.'

'For the best, Miss Mary?'

'Yes, Harry, although we cannot quite see how. You know we have two lives, and live for two worlds—our outer life is for this world, our inner life for the future and eternal one. Now, very often—as, indeed, must needs be the case, for reasons I cannot now explain to you—that which is good for the one life is bad for the other. Health, and strength, and worldly prosperity, are good for the life that is visible and passing hourly away; but pain, weakness, and poverty are good

for the inner life, which will last for ever; and when God sends them, it is always that they—seeming evils as they are—may help us in growing stronger for the life which is *with Him* for ever. Do you understand, Harry?’

‘Yes, Miss Mary, I think I do.’

‘Then, Harry, such is most likely the case now. Your father suffers, that the outward loss may prove the inward gain.’

‘If you please, Miss Mary, will they pray for father in church?’ asked the boy, his thoughts turning from the continual self-reproach which had been so hard to bear.

‘Yes; Mr. Monckton did pray for him to-day with us all.’

‘He was here last night,’ said Harry, ‘but I didn’t see him.’

‘I walked here with him just now,’ said Miss Ferrars, ‘and he is upstairs with your mother. As I did not like to intrude on her just yet, I looked in here to find if any one was to be seen to whom I could give my basket. Will you take care of it for your mother till you go to her, Harry?’ And Miss Ferrars placed a basket on the table.

‘It is a little jelly,’ she said, ‘for your father. He may be able to take some, perhaps, by-and-bye; and, Harry, do not fret any longer. God can make your father happier, even now he is maimed, than he was as a strong man. Let us try to take all our Heavenly Father sends patiently; and do you try, like a good boy, never to pain your earthly father.’

Harry thanked her, and promised that he would try; and then she persuaded him to go into the kitchen and sit by the cheerful fire, and read a book she promised to send him, and she departed—a ministering spirit indeed to the poor village boy.

CHAPTER IV.

MARY FERRARS was the second daughter of the Squire of Fernlea. She was at this time only twenty years old; but the death of a beloved mother, and the constant illness of her elder sister, had made her grave and thoughtful beyond her age. She did much for her poorer neighbours—not in the shape of alms, for they were most of them able to earn a living, but by true friendly sympathy, unassuming counsel, and help in times of sickness or trial. She taught, also, in Mr. Monckton’s Sunday school, and thus she knew Harry well, as he had been in her class.

As she left the carpenter’s house and walked up the village, she met Miller, looking very disconsolate. He touched his hat to her, and then paused as if he wished to speak.

‘Well, Miller,’ she said, ‘a better account than we could have hoped of poor Fairly. It seems he has every chance of living; at least, so the doctor thinks.’

‘I am heartily glad of it, ma’am, for he was a-resting on my mind.’

‘Were you one of the ringers whose Christmas is thus spoiled?’ she asked.

‘No, ma’am, but I forespoke him; I said as he would be hammered, and it is come to pass.’

‘Hammered! What do you mean?’

God's Hammer.

Miller, in contrite tones, explained, by repeating what he had said to the blacksmith, as Fairly passed the forge on the day of the accident.

'Well, Miller,' said Miss Ferrars, half smiling, 'I think it would have been kinder not to judge your neighbour; but I don't see why you should blame yourself for anything else; your prophecy could not fulfil itself.'

'Then you don't think it unlucky to forespeak a man, Miss Mary?'

'I don't think 'unlucky' is a Christian word at all, Miller; and



I am sure that your prophecy could not have had anything to do with Fairly's destiny: but you had better talk the matter over with Mr. Monckton.'

'Yes, miss; but I can't so well always understand him. Thank you, ma'am, for telling me what you think.'

And Miller walked on, still uncomfortable about his prophecy.

'A kind-hearted fellow!' said Mr. Monckton, when, in the course

of the evening, Mary repeated the conversation to him: he always spent Christmas-day at the Hall. 'A kind-hearted fellow! There are many self-conceited enough to have rejoiced at such a confirmation of their own sagacity, rather than to have regretted it. I am thankful to see the sympathy of our little neighbourhood with their suffering comrade.'

'I think the poor are always kind to each other,' said Mary; 'they do not dwell in charmed circles of exclusiveness as we do. You will see sometimes, in our class, a family live completely to themselves, isolated in interests and feeling as much as if they were in a desert. That cannot be right, Mr. Monckton?'

'No; assuredly. The neighbourly feeling of the humbler folk is much better than the spirit of modern society, with which luxury and false pretension have much to do. Hospitality is enjoined, I believe, quite as much for our own sakes as for that of others; and it includes a great deal more than mere entertainment of guests.'

'Poor Fairly!' said Mary, after a pause; 'I wonder if he will ever be able to work at his trade again.'

'I fear not; but something will be found for him, I dare say. He has his club, at present, I suppose.'

'No,' replied Miss Ferrars; 'he would never belong to one. His wife told me so the other day; but he has laid by a little money. He was so confident in his strength that he thought it a pity to make the weekly payment. He believed it would be wasted.'

'That is a great pity,' said the Rector. 'They are a worthy family. The boy is a promising lad already.'

'Yes; poor Harry! He is so clever that it is a pleasure to teach him; and he has such a pleasant manner: he is like a gentleman's child.'

'A good temper and kind heart refine the roughest,' said Mr. Monckton; 'and Harry has mental powers of no common order: only, take care that you don't spoil him.'

George Fairly recovered; but his recovery was slow and painful. It was found that not only his lower limbs had suffered, but that some strain on the spine would probably lay him on his back for years, even if he ever recovered from it. It was a sad doom to be pronounced upon a man whose energy and skill were so strong, and whose independent spirit chafed at being a burden on others; and for a time George rebelled against it in his inmost heart; but he had a faithful guide and friend in his clergyman, with whom for the first time he was brought into close contact, and by degrees he took comfort, as another range of thought—how different from the old!—opened before him. But this change was as yet very imperfect—rather a shadow of the comfort that would come, perhaps, hereafter, than a reality. He still hoped that in time he might, though lame, be able to move about and work. The chief grief to him, amidst all his sufferings, was, that the family were now compelled to subsist upon that sum which his strict economy and over-work had laid by for Harry's education. Every penny spent upon himself, instead of on his boy, was a trouble to him.

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, D.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



THE Jews continued subject to Egypt and its kings, the Ptolemies, for about eighty years after the time usually assigned to the origin of the Septuagint, B.C. 280. The Ptolemies who succeeded after Ptolemy Philadelphus during this period, were Ptolemy III. or Euergetes, Ptolemy IV. or Philopater, and Ptolemy V. or Epiphanes. Under the former of these (Euergetes) Egypt became a conquering state, and added greatly to its territory. During the career of this king, Onias II. the high priest, a son of Simon the Just, omitted for several years to pay tribute to Ptolemy. Onias had become old and covetous, and although he knew that the tribute of twenty talents had been annually sent by the high priest to Egypt, he now neglected the matter, until the king threatened severe measures if the tribute remained longer unpaid.

Fortunately for the Jews, Onias had a nephew named Joseph, reputed for the excellence of his character as well as for his prudence. This Joseph went at once to Egypt, where he greatly pleased the king. It was the custom in those days to farm the taxes; that is, a substantial man undertook to pay a certain sum of money to the government as the value of a tax, and then appropriated to himself all that he could get from the tax besides.

Joseph acutely discovered on his journey to Egypt, that certain farmers of the taxes were making enormous profits out of them, and offered double the sum to the king for them that these men had heretofore given. Joseph obtained the farming of the taxes of Cœlo-Syria, Phœnicia, Samaria, and Judea; and by his prompt and prudent behaviour paid the arrears owing by the high priest, and set all matters right between Onias, the Jews, and King Ptolemy. Thus the Jews escaped another very severe trouble.

When Ptolemy III. died, the successors on the throne of Egypt were inferior men. His son and successor, Ptolemy Philopater, was a most reprobate character. He is suspected of having hastened his father's death; he murdered his mother, his brother, and after a while his wife. He was feeble, vicious, and effeminate, and in every way became a sad contrast to his father.

Antiochus III. King of Syria, afterwards called 'The Great,' took advantage of his inefficiency, and B.C. 218 made himself master of Cœlo-Syria and Palestine.

The Jews, however, had scarcely become his subjects before they were brought back under Egyptian rule; for the next year Ptolemy was thoroughly aroused, and with an army of 70,000 infantry and 5000 horse he met Antiochus at Raphia, when the latter sustained a total defeat and the loss of 14,000 men. As Ptolemy returned towards Egypt he visited Jerusalem, and desired admission within the sanctuary of the Temple. The high priest refused this, and Ptolemy was so exasperated by the refusal, that on reaching Alexandria he ordered that no one should have access to his palace who did not sacrifice to his gods: thereby rendering any appeal for justice a matter of impossibility for the Jews, wherever they might dwell. He also degraded all Jewish soldiers in his army, from the first rank—in which they had hitherto always been reckoned from the time of Alexander the Great—to the third or lowest rank; insisting, too, that they should be branded with

a hot iron, with the figure of an ivy leaf, the badge of his god Bacchus. Jews living in Alexandria were to be exempt and retain their former privileges if they would accept the heathen religion, and sacrifice unto the heathen gods. Of the many thousands of Jews in Alexandria, only about three hundred accepted these conditions. The rest remained true to the Lord God Jehovah. This wicked king died at the age of about thirty-seven, and was succeeded by his son Ptolemy V. (or Epiphanes), B.C. 205, who was but five years old.

The Jews had suffered greatly during the wars between Ptolemy and Antiochus, and their troubles were now increased in bitterness. The power of Rome was beginning to be known and felt, but men of the Eastern climes were also ambitious of power, and Philip of Macedon allied with Antiochus to seize upon Palestine.

The land of the Jews thus became the field of many struggles. It was taken from Ptolemy B.C. 203, but four years later it was recovered to him by Scopas, the Egyptian general. The year after Scopas was defeated at Paneas, near the fountains of the Jordan, and the country again conquered by Antiochus; but in order to restrain the Egyptians from seeking help from Rome, and to give himself an opportunity, as he hoped, of defeating the Romans, Antiochus agreed that his daughter Cleopatra should marry young Ptolemy when they were of proper age, and that on this condition Coelo-Syria and Palestine should remain subject to Egypt, as the dower of his daughter, but paying one half of its taxes to himself. The marriage took place about four years later.

Antiochus, assisted by the great Hannibal (who had been defeated by the Romans, and whose country—Carthage—had been humiliated by them), prepared for war against Rome; but through jealousy he rejected the counsel of that experienced general that he should march into Italy; he married, at the age of fifty, a bride of twenty years; and he was obliged, after sustaining many defeats, to give up all his dominions west of the Taurus, a chain of mountains in Asia Minor, close to Syria. Antiochus died B.C. 187—according to some, at the hands of the people, because of his attempt to rob the temple of Jupiter at Elymais; and according to others he was slain by some of his followers, whom he had attempted to beat, in a fit of drunkenness.

During the whole of the later wars the Jews manifested decided preference for Antiochus rather than for the Egyptians, and tendered submission to him; so that we may regard them as now passed away from Egyptian rule to that of Antiochus and his successors (often called 'The Seleucidæ'), although by treaty they were subject to Ptolemy of Egypt, as the dower of his wife.

It is generally considered that many of the events now described were foretold by Daniel, xi. 11. 'The King of the South' is Ptolemy, and 'the King of the North' is Antiochus the Great, whose defeat at Raphia is there foretold. But (v. 12) Ptolemy was 'not strengthened.' He made a foolish treaty and soon died of debauchery. Then (v. 13) 'the King of the North,' Antiochus, returned, and (v. 17) gave his daughter in marriage to the next Ptolemy. 'Antiochus stumbled and fell' (v. 19). He was succeeded by his son Seleucus (v. 20), who lived an easy life, collected large taxes to pay the treaty made by his father with the Romans, and died 'neither in anger nor in battle,' but by secret treachery.

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THE CHURCH'S VIEW OF DEATH.

BY JOHN R. VERNON, M.A., STOGUMBER, TAUNTON.

1 Cor. xv. 57.—‘*But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*’

IT has seemed well to bring before you a subject little thought of, realised, and understood. This is, *the manner in which the Church regards Death*; the aspect in which she presents it to her members. Why such considerations should be desirable, must be obvious to those who will give thought to the matter. How suitable must the subject be to all in this world, in which, at first sight, and indeed in the usual thought and every-day language even of Christians, Death is considered, is spoken of, as a conqueror, before whom man must fall, almost without a struggle, vanquished and overthrown. As a hideous skeleton shape, a dark melancholy shadow, ever advancing, irresistible, conquering and to conquer, striking down first, and every day, those whom we love, and at last probably to lay ourselves prostrate at his feet. As, in truth, the proper king of this world, under whose sway all its living millions do at last come. Yea, in much of our writing, in much of our common thoughts, Death has been regarded as a triumphant enemy, an invincible conqueror; and when we pictured him to our mind it was as a monarch.

‘What seemed his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.’—MILTON.

Now, if we could get quite an opposite view to this; if we could find Death our enemy to be the vanquished, the subject, and ourselves to be the conquerors, the kings; how full of comfort and of triumph even, might then be our contemplation of this now terrible Death! How could we break out into a song of joy, of triumph, yea, of thanksgiving, and this in the very face of our formidable enemy, and while we ourselves and those we love were still sinking, seemingly helpless, under his power!—*If* we could get this opposite view? *if* we could sing of Death vanquished? Nay, it is this opposite view that the Church labours to put before us; and the text which I have chosen is taken from just such an exulting song of joy, of triumph, and of praise, as we have imagined—the words of an inspired Apostle, selected by the Church to express her feelings with regard to her faithful Dead: ‘*But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*’—Let us then, for our comfort and edification in this world, where our enemy seems so powerful, so triumphant, let us then more closely consider this view, the Church’s view, of Death.

‘*But thanks be to God.*’ Well may this sentence begin with a ‘*But,*’ as to usher in something unobvious and unexpected. For without doubt, in one view, death is sad, is terrible. It must be so in the world; it must be so in our own homes. To miss the familiar face and voice; to enter the room, now so empty; to be reminded by a hundred little marks and slight blanks;—who knows not the bitterness? It needs not to enlarge upon it; Death must be sad at home.

But in Church, and in the Church’s view, the thing is quite different, and the whole aspect changed. We leave the gloom of home; we reach the churchyard gate, and lo! the dead and the mourners are met with the altered strain of ‘*Thanks be to God.*’

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What are the words which first greet the mourner's ear when the outside world is left, and the first step is set on the sacred ground? 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord,'—the words of assurance and of Faith, stronger than Death. A few steps further, and the silence is again broken. It is the voice of the Church's *Patience* now,—'I know that my Redeemer liveth'—that He shall return; that I, my very self, in my flesh shall see God. A pause, and now the strain has reached a higher and sublimer tone; and as we enter the House of God, the key-note has already been struck of the Church's *voice of praise*,—'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.' In the two Psalms which follow, the strain sinks down into one of mournful pleading, but even these end with the ascription of Glory to God. And then in the Lesson bursts forth the Church's song of victory, and triumph over death,—'Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the Firstfruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump (for the trumpet shall sound), and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.'

A pause; a hush; the soul-kindling strain dies down; the church walls are left; man is borne to his long home, and the mourners sorrowfully follow. In deference to those yet living and militant, the jubilant note sinks down for a while into a minor; but the broken and trembling tones gather strength and volume again, directly the sad 'Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' is over; and we are reminded of the 'sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious Body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.' And at this the voice of exultation can be no longer repressed; the sun bursts out from behind the cloud that had gathered; 'I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth *blessed are the dead which die in the Lord*: even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours.' And then, having led the mourners thus far, the Priest, in the name of the Church, deliberately, gravely, and explicitly gives thanks to God for the death, which however at home it must be the cause of mourning, in the Church must be the occasion of joy, 'The spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord do live with Him; and with Him the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity. And this being so, however our own hearts ache, shall we be so selfish as to grudge, on behalf of the departed, to join in the words that follow?—'We give Thee hearty thanks for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world.' And who, after this, can be so dull-hearted as to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep in Him? Who that has really tried to enter into the spirit of

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the service, and that has a good hope founded upon the life of their friend, but must confess that the Church is right in her view of the Christian's death; and that, however the desolate home must bring sadness to those left behind here, the voice of joy and thanksgiving is yet suitable in the Church; and that it is fit that we who are yet militant here below, should praise God that another is victorious already, in Paradise, there above?

But we go on to consider more closely the reason of the Church's view of death—and wherefore her voice, at that hour which seems the saddest of all, is one of thanksgiving and praise:—'Thanks be to God;—and why?—' *Which giveth us the victory.*' Here we have the reason given. Herein we are led to perceive that we have changed sides with our enemy—our mortal and hitherto triumphant foe. Death is now dethroned; his tyranny is over; he shall one day be trodden under our feet. Death is the vanquished now, and we are the vanquishers. Death is swallowed up in victory. It is not possible that they who sleep in Jesus should be holden of the fetters of the grave. Thus, in the view of the Church—whatever our homes may seem to tell us, and however the unbelieving world may laugh the Saviour's words to scorn—in the view of the Church, in the words of the Risen Head of the Church, it is no longer Death, but Sleep. 'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth,'—give place, O clamorous, despairing, incredulous, and mocking sorrow! 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.' And, of Stephen, 'When he had said this, he fell asleep.' In the Church's view, then, it is no longer death, but rest after labour, and triumph after warfare; and 'thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory.' No longer the armed skeleton, but only an Angel now bearing God's kind gift to those whom God holds dear; for surely He giveth His *beloved* sleep. And so, instead of the cry of defeat, it is fit that we raise the song of triumph: 'Death is swallowed up in victory!' Therefore the early Christians called their commemorations of a martyr's death, 'the keeping of his birthday feast;' because, indeed, on this day, for him, Death having done his worst, had fled already half vanquished, and true life had then begun.

'Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?

Yes; but not his:—'tis DEATH itself that dies.'

'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory,'—the secret of those thanks, of that victory, follows upon these words. For it is, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*' Yes; here we see the Deliverer; here we find the Author of the changed view with which Death is to be now regarded. Before Christ men might, and indeed they did—save in rarest cases of strongest faith and keenest prophetic insight—regard Death as the Conqueror, the King and Lord of earth. Hear Solomon's mournful saying—'All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked.' Hear David—'In death there is no remembrance of Thee; in the grave, who shall give Thee thanks?' Hear Hezekiah, in the prospect of death—'I said in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave. I am deprived of the residue of my years.' Compare with these the language of the Church after Christ. Compare Simeon: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' Compare St. John:

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‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth;’
‘Even so, come, Lord Jesus.’ Compare St. Paul: ‘I am in a strait between two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.’ And how is this? Directly in the victorious and unresisted path of Death, the Tyrant, the Victor, arose a Champion for us, a Saviour, the Prince of LIFE, and overthrew the power of our enemy; and that strong man armed bowed under the might of the Stronger than he. ‘I am the Resurrection and the Life:’ thus He proclaimed,—‘he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die: Believeth thou this?’ Then fear not in the church to lift heavenward the eyes that must yet weep, and to take thy part in the Church’s glad anthem,—‘O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? The sting of Death is sin, and the strength of sin is the Law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.’

Hence, and from these considerations, it follows, that at the death of the faithful Christian gloom is out of place in church, however much it must perforce in a measure have its way at the home. At home, is your friend dead? *In the Church, he is yet alive.* If he lived in Christ, we have Christ’s own word for it that he shall never die; he ‘is not dead, but sleepeth. Why make ye this ado and weep,?’

I would never then have the church hung with black, however great and public the loss. I could understand and reverence the feeling which would desire it, thinking it a mark of respect; only I believe that deeper thought, and more knowledge, would alter the view. Mourning for death is not suitable *in the Church’s building.* In no case suitable. She does not acknowledge such a thing as death now for the saved. And even did we think our Dead to be lost (and, indeed, the unrelieved gloom of our obsequies might better fit such a supposition), even thus, the Church’s walls ought not to be put in gloom. Heaven will not be hung with black, even for those who are missing thence. The Church only mourns for sin, and for calamity; in Lent and other solemn days, and in great public visitations. Death, to the faithful, is neither a sin nor a calamity. Let there be, then, mourning, though not hopeless mourning, at home, and in the world; let the shops be shut; let the garb of sorrow be worn; let the mourners go about the streets. But let all be changed when we reach the church. Let there be no gloom there. I would have no incessant tolling of one bell, but (as is still the custom in some simple villages) the whole peal rung slowly,—muffled, if you will,—substituting a sweet solemnity for a hopeless gloom. I would have the funeral itself not *wholly* ghastly and terrific. I would have flowers there, and Christian for heathen symbols, and chants, and sweet hymns, and the white-robed choir, and, especially, that ancient custom of the celebration of the Holy Communion, which recalls to us how that our fellowship with the saints in rest is not ended, nor broken off; for in this we are reminded that we are very members incorporate in the mystical Body of Christ, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, *all*, living or asleep.—Mourning without the Church; within, joy, though it be joy in tears. ‘The strife is o’er, the battle done!’ What then, I ask, but,—‘ALLELUIA?’



' HE BEGAN TO SWEEP THE SNOW FROM THE DOORWAYS.

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CHAPTER V.



CHIEF of the neighbours who were most untiring in their kindness—and all were kind to the poor carpenter—was the hunchback cobbler. He could never overcome a certain feeling of remorse for having forespoken Fairly, as he called it; and he wished to atone for it by giving all the assistance in his power. George, who had known little of him previously, and had rather despised him, as ignorant and full of old-world prejudices, could not but feel grateful to the constant attendant by his sick couch, who was so ready to help, and listen, and talk to him. The sympathy of the cobbler was a comfort to him. How impossible, in his days of strength and health, would he have thought a friendship with the humble, untaught Miller, whose quaint sayings and opinions had appeared to him mere buffoonery. Now, almost unconsciously, he was opening his heart to him, as he never yet had done to mortal man.

'You see, Miller,' he said, one evening, as the little man sat by his couch, 'it is really not so much for myself that I grieve as for poor Harry. I declare to you, every mouthful I swallow seems like a robbery of the lad, for that money was *his*, by my intention and gift.'

'And yet,' replied My Lord, 'his mother and little sisters, to my mind, had as good a right to it. The boy can work for his bread as you did.'

'If he were an ordinary lad, what you say would be all right; but he is not; and, if I don't mind, he can't have even school-teaching, but must take to work, to help us all when my savings are spent.'

'Ay, sure, so he must, of course,' said Miller.

'If I could but walk with wooden legs,' continued the poor carpenter,—'my arms, thank God! are not injured—I could work again.'

'But,' said Miller, with the cruel candour of his class, 'the doctor doesn't give a hope of it.'

'He may be wrong,' said Fairly, peevishly; 'I do wish at times I could get to an hospital. They make wonderful cures at those places.'

There was a short pause; then My Lord said,—

'And why don't you go then, George? The parson could get you put into the one in the town, if you wished it.'

'But it's twenty miles and more off,' said the poor fellow, 'and my good woman wouldn't like me to be so far away from her—to die, perhaps!'

'Why don't all of you move there? I tell you what, George, I've been a-thinking—Sunborough has more than an hospital in it; it's got a free-school too—an old grammar-school they call it—where boys of folk living in the town are taught Latin and Greek, and all sorts of outlandish things, for nothing; all paid for long ago by some good old gentleman, who was as fond of book-teaching as you are. If you lived there, Harry would never miss the money you are forced to spend, and you needn't grudge yourself everything as you do now. And I dare say he would learn as much there as if you sent him to the very best school near us.'

'Are you sure that's all true, Miller?' asked the patient, eagerly.

'I should think so! I lived there with my uncle all the time

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I was a boy; and many a time have the lads from the free-school hollered after me for my hump. Sure? of course I am.'

'Then, Miller,' said George, putting out his hand, and grasping that of his friend, 'you've given me more comfort than I ever hoped to have again. My boy shall go there, whether they take me into the hospital or no. And I'll speak to Mr. Ferrars about moving there, when I see him.'

From that moment George Fairly was haunted by visions of Sunborough school and hospital. He proposed it to the Squire, and Mr. Ferrars was ready to forward any plan which promised to alleviate his poor tenant's sufferings; though it was the hospital, not the school, which led him to fall in with the carpenter's wishes.

In May, therefore, the Fairly family left their pleasant country home for the old county town. The father was forthwith installed in the hospital; the mother and her little ones in a humble lodging near it.

After a time the patient was dismissed as incurable. His pain had been greatly relieved, but all hope of his being able to move about freely was at an end. The surgeons had done all that care and skill could do, and they let him remain an out-patient of the hospital, which assured him of advice and medicine free of expense; and thus Fairly returned to his town home.

The poor wife had obtained work as a needle-woman, and little Phœbe helped her: the savings of the carpenter were not gone yet, and they saw winter approach without any fear of suffering from actual want. There was something in the Savings'-Bank still, and Mrs. Fairly would not draw it out till the last pinch. Harry was making steady progress at school, and fighting his way, by dint of hard work, through all the disadvantages of poverty and shabbiness.

This was George's chief comfort in the room to which he was confined, with no companion save his wife, who sat working hour after hour by his side, while his little girls, who were fast losing their country bloom, played about in the narrow passage. How they all yearned for the green lanes and fresh breezes of the dear old village—for the kind neighbours of former days!

Little Phœbe kept a sort of mental register of all that marked each season there, as the months passed on: now the hay was making in Farmer Salter's fields; now it was harvest-time; now Master Knight's forge was blazing, as it did the night 'poor father' was hurt. But *they* had nowhere to play but a back-yard where the sun never came!

It was after such an innocent lament to Harry that the boy be-thought himself of trying to get some toys to make up for their out-door amusements. He carved from scraps of wood, begged from a carpenter's shop, some playthings, which delighted his young sisters and amused his father. This simple kindness suggested to the carpenter a means of work even yet within his power, and he eagerly desired his boy to buy him some wood: he would try his hand at carving, in which he had had some practice in his early days.

This was so pleasant a resource that the broken-spirited man awoke to fresh life and hopefulness at it: his taste and ingenuity were exercised, his time employed. The hours no longer seemed so dull till Harry should return from school to cheer him by the one event of

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the day. The little girls could help also in many ways, and one of the shops bought the first pair of brackets that he finished, and gave him an order for another pair.

It was just at this time that Miss Ferrars drove over to see them, and bid them farewell, before her father and herself took their invalid to Italy, where she was to pass the early spring. She was delighted to find Fairly so much more cheerful, but she looked with pitying eyes on the pale wife and drooping children.

'You miss the country air, Mrs. Fairly,' she said kindly, 'I am afraid.'

'Well, yes, ma'am. You see I was never used to a town, nor the children either.'

'And could you not return to the village now? The hospital has



done all it can; and I think very likely when I go to London, I may be able to get your husband's new powers of carving full employment. I will call at some of the large shops and ask them. You must let me have a specimen or two, Fairly; and you could send them up as easily from Fernlea as from Sunborough.'

'You are very kind, miss,' said the carpenter, answering for his wife; 'but there's the boy. He couldn't be kept at the school if I did not live in the town.'

'But he could go to the village school.'

'It is not the same thing, ma'am, asking your pardon; and I am sure his mother will agree with me, that it would be wrong to give it

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up. But if you would be so kind as to speak to the shop-keepers in London about the carvings it would be a great help, for the sale here can be but small.'

'Well, I will do that, I promise you. I wish I could have left you in Fernlea; but if that cannot be, I must hope you will do well here. Say good-bye for me to my little friend Harry, and tell him he cannot do enough for such good parents.'

And Miss Ferrars bade them farewell. Soon afterwards the Squire's family left England, but not before an order for carved brackets had reached George Fairly from a London shop.

CHAPTER VI.

Thus two years passed away. The money in the Savings' Bank was gone; the poor family relied on their own labour for daily bread. And it was a hard struggle. Carvings are not a necessary of human life; at least George Fairly had no reason to think so, judging by their sale at Sunborough; and the continued residence of the Ferrars abroad caused him to be gradually forgotten by the London dealers. They had as skilful workmen nearer at hand. Once only during that long interval did the kind-hearted cobbler manage to visit his friends. By that time they had moved upwards in the same house to the garrets, though they still had two rooms, and kept most their furniture.

Miller was much shocked at the change from the neat village home and from the well-to-do air of the family.

'Why, George,' he said, as he took the chair by the side of his couch, and tried to be cheerful under difficulties, 'you have gone up in the world since I saw you.'

'Yes,' said the carpenter, with a faint smile, 'I'm afraid you've had a good many steps to mount, Miller. But there's more air up here, after all; and it costs less, you know.'

'Ay, of course. And the lad—how gets on the lad?'

He had touched on the one sunny spot in that dreary life. The father's countenance brightened.

'Capital! Miller. He wins prizes every half. Wife, show Miller Harry's books.'

And the mother, dusting them proudly with her apron, took from the book-shelf four handsome volumes.

'That's brave!' he cried. 'Well, it is pleasant to find that your efforts have not been thrown away. Though I can't but wish the lad could help keep house now. He's fourteen, isn't he?'

'Yes, last November,' said the mother; 'and a tall, fine lad he is, I can tell you, Master Miller. It's hard work I have to keep his clothes fitting him, and he's obliged always to be neat, you know, because (as his Master once said, when his boots were worn out) a Free Grammar School isn't a Ragged School.'

And the poor wife sighed, as she remembered how she had sold a piece of furniture to buy him some new boots.

'It must be a hard trial, indeed!' said Miller; 'if I had but his measure, I should be glad to work for you, and make him a pair cheap, Mrs. Fairly—say for the cost of the leather; and that's not dear.'

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The mother thanked him for this kind offer. Her boy, she hoped, would be at home before Miller left, and he could take the measure.

'And, perhaps,' said the cobbler, 'I may get the length of his foot in the other sense—who knows, Mrs. Fairly?'

And they all laughed at My Lord's joke. Then the friends got into a long chat about village matters.

'And there isn't any hope of Mr. Ferrars coming back?' Mrs. Fairly asked.

'Not that I hear of. Miss Ferrars is too ill, they say; I am afraid she will never come home again.'

Harry's step was heard now upon the stairs; in a few moments he was greeting his old friend, and then, at his father's bidding, he described his school, and its work.

'Well, Harry,' said Miller, as he paused, 'it do seem you get a deal of Latin and Greek, and what do you call—mathematics—but what's to come of it all? What are you going to be, my man?'

Harry stared. He had gone on with his studies without much thought of what they were to lead to.

'Harry,' said his father, 'will be a learned man, I hope. Perhaps he'll keep a school, like his master, or be a great lawyer, or a bishop, some day, who knows?'

The cobbler shook his head.

'Well, there's no saying,' was his reply, 'but it costs you and his mother a deal beforehand; and it isn't so certain in the end, as I can see. Make haste about it, Harry,' he added, 'before it's too late.'

The last few words were uttered in a low tone, with a glance at the mother, who was, indeed, sadly thin and pale.

'You see, lad, fine books won't fill a hungry stomach.'

This hint was given as he kneeled down to measure Harry for a pair of shoes, and it did not fall on heedless ears, though it was a new thought to him. Like many earthly idols, Harry had grown, from long habit, quite unconscious of the sacrifices offered to him.

Suddenly he felt what the cobbler wished, in fact, to teach him, that he owed duties to others as well as to himself—that self-culture was not the only purpose of life.

'I'll set about it at once, Master Miller,' he answered, in a low tone. And Miller felt that *his* work in the family was done.

About a week after this visit the carrier brought a hamper from Fernlea. It contained the promised boots, of which the cobbler (in a letter which had cost him more trouble than the offering itself) begged Harry's acceptance, with a hope 'that he would not let grass grow under them;' and it contained also some gifts from old village friends.

But the stream of time, thus pleasantly broken for a moment, soon resumed its usual slow and dreary current. Harry, revolving many plans, still trudged in Miller's shoes to school, and forgot the said plans over his books. Still the carpenter made brackets and picture-frames of a plainer and cheaper sort. Still the poor mother worked at her ill-paid needle.

The winter closed in—severe, pitiless. People warmly clad, and with plenty of food, rejoiced at it, as 'bracing' and 'seasonable.' Alas!

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in its frozen waters, its snow-covered earth, its icy breezes, the poor saw the cold hand of Death. There was no carving work to be had, and, moreover, the poor carpenter was ill, and could scarcely have done it, if it had been wished. The badly-warmed garret had not protected him from the intense cold, and he now suffered from rheumatic pains, which deprived him of the use of his arms and hands. The mother toiled harder and harder, and *her* work did not fail utterly; but it was very little, and worse paid, because now more hands were in the market. She sold, bit by bit, all the furniture they could spare. Only Harry's grandly bound prizes were still on the book-shelf. And he tramped daily to school, and thought of what he should do. What *could he* (the lad who could now read Homer, and enjoy a mathematical problem—who could forget hunger and want over the pages of his Shakespeare) what could he do?

The lad was sorely puzzled, but dreamed on. The holidays came, and Harry once more received a prize—this time a writing-desk. Poor lad! the master little knew how gladly he would have received some money to buy bread for his mother and sisters. But, in so large a school, it was impossible for the master to know the circumstances of all his boys; and though Harry was shabby, the devotion of his parents had hitherto kept him from showing signs of absolute want.

It was a sore temptation to him, as he walked home with his desk, to sell it or pawn it—precious as it was to him—for food; but he remembered the delight with which his father would look at it, and he resolutely bore it home.

Alas! a brief look, a single ejaculation of—'You're a good lad, Harry!' was all the notice his father took of it. He was groaning with pain. His mother, seated at her shirt-making, could scarcely spare a glance. His little sisters cowered shivering over the embers in the grate; but, when he joined them, Phœbe examined it carefully.

'I wish it was mine!' she said, softly.

'Greedy Phœbe!' said little Emma, 'you should not wish for brother's things.'

'But I would sell it, and buy something for father.'

'And so will I, Phœbe,' said the boy, rising; 'I will go at once.'

And taking his desk up, with a very regretful feeling—for a boy does prize his first writing-desk!—Harry hurried downstairs and away to the pawnbroker's. He could get but a few shillings for his deposit—but they were a great boon then; and he quickly laid them out, and returned with his purchases to his lowly home.

The thankfulness of his mother, the relief to his father, were worth to the poor son double the praises of his schoolmaster, or the pleasure of possessing a well-filled writing-desk. His little sisters enjoyed the bread, too, as if it had been cake; and Harry thought he had never tasted any so good before.

'What can I do to help them all?' was his thought on awaking on the morrow. 'Surely some work may be found for me, even now.' And as soon as he was dressed he went into the streets in search of some employment. A young woman was just opening a street-door of a large shop.

'Oh, dear, dear!' he heard her exclaim, 'what a heap of snow! who is to walk through it, I wonder?'

God's Hammer.

'I'll sweep it away for you, if you will lend me a broom,' said Harry.

'That I will, and thank you,' was the rejoinder, and she quickly returned with the broom.

Harry found sweeping away the snow pleasant exercise, and with a glowing face he called the girl to take her broom back.

'Where can I buy one like it?' he asked.

'Why, what can the boy want with a broom?' cried the damsel, laughing; 'are you going to turn street-sweeper for fun?'

'No, for profit, if I can turn a penny by it,' was the reply; 'so tell me where I can get a broom.'

The girl complied, but with an air of doubt, as if she still fancied the boy was joking with her.

'I really mean it,' said Harry: 'we are *very* poor, though my dress is decent. I should be thankful to sweep or do any work.'

'Well, now, to think of that!' cried the girl. 'Why, I thought I had often seen you going to school with your books under your arm.'

'So you have; but *now* I must work for my bread—good-bye!'

'Stay,' said Susau Grey, kindly; 'I will lend you my broom, but you must bring it back to-night by six o'clock; and I will tell master about you, and see if he can give you a job.'

'Thank you,' said Harry; 'I will be sure to return it to you.'

And, armed with his broom, he began to sweep the snow from the doorways. To ensure some payment for his labour, he knocked at the doors first, and offered his services. As he did so, chiefly at houses where the approach to the door was through a garden, or by a stone pathway, his offer was often accepted, and a penny, twopence, and even one instance a silver threepenny piece, rewarded his labour.

As he was thus occupied at one doorway a schoolfellow called to him from the street,—

'Hallo, Harry! making snow-balls?'

'No, earning my breakfast,' he replied, merrily.

The other laughed and passed on, by no means understanding the painful 'in earnest' of the supposed joke.

Harry did not spare himself that morning. His work kept him warm; it kept him cheerful. His thoughts were free to range where they would, and the hope of bringing some help (little though it might be) to his dear ones at home made him buoyant and happy. By noon he had earned two shillings, and Harry threw his broom into the air and gave a cheer that echoed in the frosty air, and quite startled an old potato-seller who was warming his fingers over his stove near him.

'Heydey, youngster! what's the matter wi' ye?' he asked.

'Oh,' said Harry, delighted to be able to speak of his success, 'see what I have made by my broom!'

'Ay, ay,' replied the itinerant merchant, 'there's a deal to be got by street-sweepin'. Be ye doin' it for a lark, though?'

'Lark, no! real, downright earnest.'

'Well, then, all I can say is, a lad like you ought find a better trade. Buy a potato?'

'Just one I'll have,' said the boy. 'How good they smell!'

And he eagerly devoured the savoury vegetable, taken hot from its oven. Never before nor afterwards, Harry often declared, had he tasted anything which appeared to him so delicious.

God's Hammer.

In the evening Harry took back the broom to the kindly dame who had lent it to him.

'You good lad!' said Susan, as he returned the broom and his thanks; 'but you couldn't have wanted it all day, did you?'

'Well, pretty nearly. People were glad of my help. It's my opinion, that they couldn't have done without me!'

'Well, I never!' said Susan, 'you *do* keep a light heart. I can't believe it's all true you told me; but I hope so; for I told my master all about you. He said, he dared say you were some youngster out on a lark, and that I should never see my broom again. But he bade me, if you *did* come, to show you in to him; so walk in, please.'

Wondering a little at this invitation, Harry was ushered by the maid into a parlour, in which an old gentleman was sitting.

'Here's the broom-boy, sir,' was the maid's introduction, which nearly made Harry smile, but he checked himself and bowed.

'So!' said the master of the house, 'so, you are the lad who has imposed himself as a street-sweeper on Susan, and *not* stolen her broom. You are a merry fellow!'

'I have rather cause to be sad, sir,' replied poor Harry; 'all I told her was true; I sought work in earnest for those that are starving at home.'

'Ay, did you? And could you find nothing to do but that? Your trade will end with the first sunshine. Sit down, lad, and tell me how it happens that one like you can be brought so low?'

Harry told in a few words the tale of his father's misfortunes and struggles.

The old gentleman listened attentively, — 'It's a sad story, indeed!' he said, when Harry paused, — 'very sad, but it sounds like a fairy tale. Your father must be a strange fellow, a very strange fellow! and his trouble is as strange. Crippled by Christmas bells! I never heard of such a thing: and yet it might be . . . Well, my lad, leave me your address, and I will call on your parents to-morrow, and if I find all correct, why, I will try to give you better work than snow-sweeping, I like a boy who will *make* work rather than beg. Good evening! I will call to-morrow; or, stay, as it will be Christmas-day, the day after.'

Harry, after again thanking his first friend, Susan, hurried home. He found his father and mother both very anxious for him, but, placing a little coffee, some bread and eggs, which he had bought, in his mother's hands, he bade her get 'tea,' and he would tell them his adventures.

'And, mother, if a shilling more will get a brighter fire, my story will sound all the better.'

'Harry,' said his father, in a low, hoarse voice, 'you have not surely been begging?'

'No, father, I earned every penny honestly. Oh! I have been a public blessing, you'll find! It's quite a fairy tale, Emmy.'

'Oh, is it, Harry?' cried the little sister, jumping round him, 'and will you tell it to us?'

'Yes, when there is a big blaze, and the coffee is hot for father.'

'Oh!' in prolonged delight, 'shall we have a blaze?—and coffee, too? How nice!'

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And Emma climbed upon her father's bed, and nestled down beside him. The promised blaze was soon flickering in the grate, and the little family gathered round it. Father's bed was always by the hearth-side; the mother sat at a table opposite, and poured out the coffee, and Harry, stretched before the fire, on the floor, a sister on each side of him, revelled in seeing them enjoy the comforts he had worked so hard to get for them.

When the happy meal was ended, Harry began to tell his adventures, and made them so very pleasant and wonderful, that even his father laughed.

Susan, in his tale, became attendant spirit on a great enchanter; the broom, a fairy; the snow, evil spells; the potato-man, a great cook on his travels; and thus a pleasant fairy tale was made out of the doings of the day. The little girls were delighted. Phœbe entered into the fun of the fiction, but Emma took it in serious earnest, and was a little frightened at the 'enchanter's' promised visit.

'But the broom was a dear fairy,' she said — 'much better than Bluebeard's key. What was her real name besides "Broom," Hally?'

'Honest Labour,' said her father, in a tone of deep feeling; 'the best of fairies, Emmy, in kind hands. In other hands, it was just a common broom.'

'God bless you, my lad!' he added that night, when his son kissed him before going to rest, 'you have swept more than snow away to-day. Good-night, my son!'

The History of the Jews.

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

UNDER the stipulation made upon his daughter's marriage with Ptolemy V., or Epiphanes, Antiochus agreed that Palestine should be a portion of her dower, the taxes being equally divided between Antiochus and Ptolemy. It appears, however, that the country was never again made over to Egypt, but remained subject to Antiochus, and now to his son and successor, Seleucus. Antiochus left the Jews in the enjoyment of great privileges, which he had granted them on account of their attachment to him. He gave them large gifts for their sacrifices, repaired the Temple and its cloisters, and gave orders that cedar be brought tax-free from Libanus, as materials for the purpose. He further enjoined that no foreigner should enter the Temple, and allowed the Jews the management of their affairs, under the guidance and control of the high priest and the Sanhedrim, or Jewish Council.

Simon II. was high priest during twenty-two years of the reign of Antiochus, which extended through thirty-six years. Simon was a wise and worthy man. He died 195 B.C., nine years before the death of Antiochus, and was succeeded by Onias III. He was a good man, but was shamefully entreated, as we shall see presently.

Upon the death of Antiochus the Great, he was succeeded by his son, Seleucus IV. or Philopater, who reigned over Syria from B.C. 186

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to 176. The Romans had now greatly reduced the power of Syria, which was much burdened by a tribute to Rome of one thousand talents a-year, which, according to the agreement with Antiochus the Great, not long before his death, his son was obliged to continue. About this time one Simon, of the tribe of Benjamin, who 'farmed' the revenues, was greatly offended with the high priest (Onias III.), because he resisted certain innovations which Simon desired. Upon this Simon promoted a report concerning the great riches still preserved in the Temple, whereupon one Heliodorus was sent by the king (Seleucus IV.) to seize them. In the third chapter of the second book of Maccabees is a full and interesting narrative of the manner in which the design was frustrated. Seleucus IV. fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel, xi. 20. He was little more than a great raiser of taxes, chiefly for the Romans, and within a few years (not twelve) he was 'destroyed, neither in anger nor in battle.'

His destruction happened thus. A brother of Seleucus had been sent to Rome as hostage for his father, Antiochus the Great. The name of this brother was also Antiochus. Seleucus desired his return, and probably also wished that his own son, Demetrius, should see Rome. Accordingly he sent Demetrius to Rome, expecting the return thereby of his own brother. While these things were proceeding Heliodorus poisoned Seleucus, thinking thereby to gain the throne of Syria to himself.

But Antiochus had reached Athens when he heard of his brother's death, and found (Dan. xi. 21) that they were not disposed to give him the honour of the kingdom, for (1) Heliodorus sought it by treachery, (2) Ptolemy claimed it in right of his mother, sister of Seleucus (verse 17); and (3) it rightfully belonged to his nephew Demetrius, now at Rome. However (verse 21), Antiochus 'came in peaceably; and obtained the kingdom by flatteries;' for, finding the King of Pergamos, with his brother Attalus, in dread of the Romans, he induced them to support his claim by flattering promises of support if war should ensue against Rome; and so Antiochus became King of Syria. He was one of the most extraordinary men known in history. He at once assumed the title of 'Epiphanes,' or 'illustrious,' but others gave him the title of 'Epimanes,' or the 'madman.'

Daniel calls him correctly a vile, *i.e.* despicable person. He was scarcely settled on the throne of Syria when Jason (his name was Jesus, but he adopted the name Jason for his own ends), the brother of the good high priest, Onias III., paid Antiochus Epiphanes an enormous sum to invest him with the high-priesthood; which he did, and caused Onias to go and dwell at Antioch. Jason rendered himself infamous. He introduced heathen rites at Jerusalem, erected a large gymnasium for games and sports after the manner of the Greeks, and betrayed both the religion and the country for the sake of his own advancement. He even sent offerings to Greece, to be offered to Hercules, the patron god of that country. Jason's career was, however, short. About the third year of these wicked doings he sent his brother, Menelaus, with his tribute to the king; but Menelaus took advantage of this opportunity to bribe Antiochus to make him high priest instead of his brother, upon which Jason fled. Menelaus showed himself, if possible, a yet wicked man than his brother. He caused

Street Musicians.

the true high priest (Onias III.) to be murdered at Antioch. Even Antiochus respected Onias, and caused the actual murderer, Andronicus, to be taken to the spot where he had killed Onias, and there to be slain. Menelaus had bribed Andronicus to murder Onias with vessels of gold which he had stolen from the Temple. (See 2 Maccabees, ch. iv.)

War now ensued between the Ptolemies of Egypt and Antiochus Epiphanes, but they do not much affect Jewish history, although one of the greatest troubles the Jews experienced occurred after the second expedition of Antiochus against Egypt.

A rumour spread through Judea that Antiochus Epiphanes was dead, whereupon Jason marched with 1000 men to Jerusalem, drove his brother Menelaus into the Castle, and was guilty of great cruelty, Antiochus, hearing of this, thought that the Jewish nation had revolted, and hastened from Egypt. On his way he heard that the nation much rejoiced on a report of his death, which so much provoked him that he took Jerusalem, slew 40,000 persons, and sold as many into slavery, and then, with the abandoned Menelaus as his guide, he entered the Temple, advanced into both the holy place and the holy of holies, caused a great sow to be offered upon the altar of burnt-offering, sprinkled swine-broth over the Temple to defile it, plundered the Temple of many of the sacred vessels—as the altar of incense, the shewbread table, and the seven-branched candlestick—which were all of gold, and carried them to Antioch. It may be well to mention here that Jason died the same year in misery and in exile. Menelaus perished miserably about seven years later; but we may hear again of him. Thus was the Church of God treated. Its people were abandoned, its ministers generally wicked and unscrupulous, and its Temple defiled. But we shall see, in the next two chapters, that there were still some godly ones left, even though the faithful were ‘minished from among the children of men.’

London Street Musicians.

MR. MAYHEW divides the street musicians into tolerable and intolerable performers; some of them trusting to their skill in music for their reward, and others merely making a noise that something may be given them to depart—on the same principle as the organ-grinder who refused some proffered coppers, saying that he knew the value of peace and quietness too well to move on under a shilling!

The well-known engraving by Hogarth of the ‘Enraged Musician’ is an illustration of the persecutions inflicted by street musicians of this class in olden times; and in our day the nuisance still exists. Indeed, many of these street performers carry with them some musical instrument merely as a means of avoiding the officers of the Mendicity Society, and in some cases as a signal of their coming to the benevolent persons in the neighbourhood who are in the habit of giving them a small weekly pension.

Mr. Mayhew, the great authority in such matters, reckons that there are about 1000 street musicians in London, and about 250 street ballad-singers. Four is the average number in the street bands; so



Street Musicians.

All, all is known to Thee.

that there are about 250 of them in or near London. The best of them play at parties, processions, water-excursions, and the like, as well as in the streets. These street musicians generally can only play by ear, so that they cannot get employment at concerts, theatres, or places where musical education is required. An English street performer in a good and respectable band will earn on an average twenty-five shillings a-week. They say that their trade is injured by the German bands, who will accept engagements at much lower prices. Mr. Mayhew ascertained that there were five German brass bands in Loudon, with a total of thirty-seven performers.

The lowest class of street performers in point of character are those who play in and before public-houses, and who are often paid partly in drink. But the majority of members of street bands are respectable men, who are supporting their wives and families by an occupation which involves hard work and precarious earnings, and, in the case of wind instruments, certainly tends to shorten life.

All, all is known to Thee.

'When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then Thou knewest my path.'

MY God, whose gracious pity I may
claim,
Calling Thee Father,—sweet, endear-
ing name,—

The sufferings of this weak and weary
frame,

All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But, oh! the thought does tranquillise
and heal,

All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict that indwelling sin,
Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize
shall win;

Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,

All, all are known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed, I
wake,

Or in the night no sleep can take,
This brief appeal submissively I
make,

All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen,
planned,

Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy
hand

Prescribes, for ills none else can under-
stand,

All, all is known to Thee.

The effectual means to cure what I
deplore,

In me Thy longed-for likeness to re-
store;

Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all are known to Thee.

And this continual feebleness—this
state,

Which seemeth to unnerve and in-
capacitate—

Will work the cure my hopes and fears
await;

That can I leave to Thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful
prove,

When I recall the Son of Thy dear
love,—

The cup Thou wouldst not for *our* sake
remove,—

The cup He drank for *me*.

He drank it to the dregs—no drop re-
mained

Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe
He drained;

Man ne'er can know what that sad cup
contained;

All, all is known to Thee.

And welcome, precious, can His Spirit
make

My little drop of sufferings for His sake.
Father, the cup I drink, the path I take,

All, all is known to Thee.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



THE accession of James brought the hopes of the Puritan party to a great height. The controversy had waxed warmer and warmer, and the antagonism between the two parties had become more decisive. Grindal had been succeeded in the See of Canterbury by Archbishop Whitgift, who throughout the latter part of Elizabeth's reign had used his utmost endeavour to preserve the peace and order of the Church. Whitgift was born in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Cambridge, where he eventually became Master of Trinity College, and after holding some other preferments, was, in April 1577, consecrated to the See of Worcester. 'He devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of His Church.*' On the death of Grindal, he was translated to Canterbury. So great was Elizabeth's favour to Whitgift, that she called him 'her little black husband,' and the Archbishop was always allowed to express his opinions with great freedom and frankness. Such was the man, whom King James found on the episcopal throne of Canterbury at his accession. He found him, however, in the extremity of suffering; and when he went to visit him on the bed of sickness, he assured him 'that he had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of His Church; to which the good Bishop replied, "*Pro ecclesia Dei! Pro ecclesia Dei!*" which were the last words he ever spoke, therein testifying that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's Church.' The Puritans at first hoped great things from the new king. They fancied that his association with the Scotch Reformers would have inclined him to be favourable to them; and so a petition was presented to him immediately after his accession, praying him to take into consideration certain abuses in the Book of Common Prayer. The King himself was somewhat inclined to controversy, and was induced against the general wish of the clergy to sanction a conference between the Church school and the Puritans, with a view (if possible) to reconcile their differences. Archbishop Whitgift sent to the Archbishop of York a list of certain points, which might form the basis of discussion between the opposing parties.

The Conference was held at Hampton Court in January 1604. 'The Conference, however, was not a discussion between the Episcopal and Puritan divines in the presence of the royal council, but a conference first between the King and the Bishops, and, secondly, between the King and the united Puritan divines, concluded by the royal determination on the points debated.† James, who had already been wearied of Presbyterian dictation in Scotland, was by no means predisposed to listen favourably to the Puritan demands for alteration; and when he found that those demands were couched in strong and offensive language, he dissolved the Conference on the third day. His arbitrary conduct is matter for regret, and the illegal imprisonment of

* Camden, 'Annals of Queen Elizabeth.'

† 'A History of the Book of Common-prayer,' by Rev. F. Proctor. (Macmillan.)

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

some who had signed the petition for revision cannot for one moment be defended.

Reynolds, 'nearly, if not altogether, the most learned man in England,'* was the chief representative of the Puritan party; and though they can scarcely be said to have had a fair hearing, some concessions were eventually made. The term "*Absolution*" was explained by the insertion of "*or remission of sins.*" 'The Prayer for the Royal Family,' and some occasional thanksgivings, were added at the conclusion of the Litany. A rubric in the office for private baptism, which was thought to countenance baptism by women, was altered, and yet afterwards the alteration seemed to give dissatisfaction to those very persons, at whose wish it was made.† The title of the Confirmation service was expanded, and the latter part of the Catechism relating to the Sacraments—generally supposed to be the work of Bishop Overall—was added. With these trifling concessions the Puritan objectors were fain to content themselves.

To this unsettled period of controversy—that is, from the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth to the earlier part of the reign of James I.—we owe one of the greatest and most complete works, which the English Church has ever seen. *The Ecclesiastical Polity* of Richard Hooker is a book of which any church in Christendom will be proud. Hooker had been much encouraged in his earlier career by good Bishop Jewell of Salisbury. The immediate cause of his writing *The Ecclesiastical Polity* was his appointment to the Mastership of the Temple, where he was much opposed by a Puritan lecturer named Travers. He retired to a country living in order to carry out the work, which he had designed, and left behind him a monument not only of his own learning, but a clear evidence of the trivial character of most of the objections urged by the Puritans of his time against the godly order of the Book of Common Prayer. It is not a little curious that the author of one of the most learned works ever written by a member of the Church of England should never have obtained any position of prominence, especially as he was in high favour at Court. Another devoted defender of Church order and discipline was Dr. Lancelot Andrews, 'a prelate of most excellent virtues.'‡ He was born in London in 1565, and educated at Merchant Taylors' School. In 1605 James made him Bishop of Chichester, and in 1609 had him translated to Ely. In 1613 he was made Bishop of Winchester, which See he held until 1626; when he died, Bishop Andrews was not only a learned divine and laborious preacher, but a man of almost primitive simplicity and devotion. His private *Devotions* have been helpful to many, and it is said that after his death the original copy was found stained with his tears, and worn out by frequent use. He left behind him a name dear to English Churchmen, and an example worthy of reverence and imitation.

* Hallam.

† 'L'Estrange. *Alliance of Divine Offices*, Notes on chap. viii.'

‡ Walton.



Hey, little Midge; or, the Three Cats.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D. RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.

WE have three parlour cats, which for their different qualities are great favourites with the family.

The first is a thorough-bred Persian, pure white, and by reason of his dignity has been named Prince Mustapha Ali Vere de Vere.

The second is a thorough-bred Russian, a splendid tabby, and is called Muff, on account of the extreme beauty of his coat.

The third is a cross between a Persian and a home-bred brown and



white, far inferior in size and personal appearance to the other two, but (as will presently be seen) held in not the less esteem, at least by myself.

Prince Ali, who is stone deaf like many Persian cats, partakes strongly of the character of his country; is extremely indolent, very dignified, and spends most of his time, like his cross-legged compatriots, on his ottoman, dozing all the day in supreme indifference as to what is passing round him.

Muff, on the contrary, is a very restless animal, delighting most in outdoor amusements, especially on cold days, and is of such an active frame of body, that he has been taught by one of my daughters to leap over a hoop, made by her closed arms, nearly three feet high.

Hey, little Midge; or, the Three Cats.

Midge, from her cross breed, unites the apathy of the Persian with the energy of the English character, and while she will spend hours in sleep, and prefer, in general, the hearthrug to any other position, is yet so lively at other times, that I have been able to teach her to fetch and carry, an accomplishment which I had hitherto thought was confined to the canine species.

I have only to cry out, 'Hey, little Midge,' and away she scampers across the room after a ball, a walnut, or a bit of paper rolled up, and instantly brings it back in her mouth and lays it at my feet, looking anxiously in my face for a repetition of the game.

But what chiefly recommends this little creature to my patronage, is the trustful quiet way in which she looks to me for a supply of food at meal times. While her two companions will make their wants known by mewing, or clawing at the table-cloth, roaming restlessly about like young tigers at feeding time, she will simply take up her position at the foot of my chair, fixing her eyes, which are very handsome, steadfastly upon me, never uttering a note, and only occasionally opening her mouth in silence, as much as to say, 'You know what I want.'

Boyle, I am aware, has written a reflection upon his 'dogg,' jumping up at the piece of meat which his master holds out of his reach, intending to let it fall into his mouth after he has sufficiently exerted himself in the vain attempt to seize it. But methinks the passive, confiding attitude of my little Midge is even more worthy of commendation, than the utmost efforts of the great Philosopher's pet.

I can imagine the Giver of all good things looking down with an eye of especial favour on that humble suppliant, who, as it were, opens his mouth wide in faith, directing his eye steadfastly to the source from whence cometh his health, but biding God's time, and hardly presuming to ask aloud, lest he should ask amiss.

The Syrophenician woman, indeed, stands forth as an example of perseverance and even importunity in prayer rewarded at the last. But not the less acceptable, I take it, was the secret act of her who said *within herself*, 'If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be whole.'

I should also notice that, in the case of my three parlour guests, neither the snowy whiteness of the first, nor the marvellous softness and tortoise-shell beauty of the second, commend themselves upon the whole to my mind, so much as does the child-like confidence and docile spirit of little Midge. Let me put her down where I will, on a chair, a sofa, the rug, my lap, or the bare carpet, there (unless in one of her sportive moods, when she as good as says, 'Come and play with me') she will quietly settle, curl herself up, and fall asleep.

This is the true picture of content, and an example which might well be followed by many a Christian man or woman. It is not beauty of person, believe me, still less extravagance in dress, which in the long run commends a wife to her husband. It is the meek and quiet spirit which reposes confidently on God and him; taking in good part all that comes; happy in herself, happy in her home, be it ever so homely; not plaguing him to amuse her, when perhaps he is engaged in thought or business, but going about her own proper work noiselessly and unobtrusively, 'speaking not, feeling but that he is by.'

Concerning Bazaars, and the like.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE,' ETC.

1. THE word 'charitable' applied to these is a misnomer, for they are essentially selfish and worldly. In them worldly amusement is really bought by time and money pretended to be given in Christ's service.

2. The common practice of securing titled patrons, to attract visitors, is one proof that the world's pomps and vanities are actually employed as instruments for,—shall we say furthering?—Christ's cause.

3. All such expedients would conform Christianity to the world, instead of the world to Christianity.

4. They quite obscure the meaning of almsgiving and *devotions*, and unteach the painful teaching thereon of Christ's faithful and farther-seeing ambassadors. For,

(a) The idea of the *privilege* (not to speak of the lower motive of the *duty*, nor of the yet lower motive of the *profit*) of offering to God is quite pushed out of thought. God shall have nothing for nothing. His work shall not be carried on without a 'consideration,' and this some world-coin present in hand.

(b) Since *pleasure-purchasers* are substituted for *cheerful-givers* they miss that blessed result and part of offering to God, of which St. Paul speaks, 'Fruit that may abound to the *giver's* account.' (Philip. iv. 17.)

(c) For high-toned urging of Christ's cause upon a world wrapped in selfishness is substituted a pandering to that very worldliness and selfishness, which, in the present day more than ever, is eating out the heart of Christianity.

(d) Downright evil is sometimes admitted to further the success of bazaars.

5. Objection 1.—'But the money is wanted, and can thus be obtained; and surely the means are justified if the end is good.'

Answer.—Now this is to put *Expediency* in the place of *Principle* (which is just the curse of our age), and to concede that it is allowed to do evil that good may come. God can keep His own Ark steadfast, and He neither accepted nor forgave an unauthorised steadying of it, however *expedient*, or even *necessary*, this seemed (2 Sam. vi. 6, 7).

6. Objection 2.—'But, granting all that has been said, we have, you see, to deal with the world as it is, however we may deplore the low state of Christian love, that needs any other inducement and appeal than 'for CHRIST's sake.'

Answer.—I do not see. We must *not* deal with the world as it is (in the sense, that is, of accommodating ourselves to it), but rather with the view of *as it ought to be*, if we are to raise it. We are to *rebuke* the world with our high aim, not to flatter it into security by lowering the Standard of the Sanctuary, to meet the low standard which the World would fix. We are to yield no inch of our Master's requirements, assuredly not to suit His service to the world by taking the very backbone out of that service, viz. Self-denial (St. Matt. xvi. 24). If this former method be longer, it yet alone is sound. If, for the present, it seem quicker building to build *without a foundation*

The Marble Monument.

upon the earth ; *in the end*, more really will be found to have resulted from the tedious and hard labour that sought a *rock-foundation*.

7. To conclude. Imagine St. Paul and St. John getting up a bazaar, or any such compromise with worldliness and selfishness ; and the women, who followed Jesus, presiding ! Is such an idea awful and profane ? Then surely such worldly Christianity is, by your own sentence, condemned.

Let Christ's earnest workers be content to bring forth fruit *with patience*. Let them admit no compromise with the world. Shall Christ's sheep put on wolves' clothing (or a garb *as near it as they can procure*), even on the plea that they can thus despoil the wolves ? What concord hath Christ with Belial ? What partnership can God brook with Mammon ? Nay, ' Be ye separate,' and rather, if need be, trust Christ to do His work alone, than call in His enemy, the World, to help Him !

The Marble Monument.

CARVED out above in marble fair,
And sleeping under, side by side,
In an old country church, a pair
Of cherished sister forms abide.

And pleasant is the tale he reads
Who nears their tomb (as strangers
do),
Of well-spent wealth and holy deeds,
And mutual love between these two.

And how, though one unwedded died,
And one became an honoured wife,
They lived upon their acres wide
An undivided Christian life.

They were not only rich, but good ;
Old age, and childish lips, and youth,
Gan still, in all the neighbourhood,
Bear witness to that story's truth.

Yes, scores of years are passed since they
Trod the old mansion's oaken stair,
Gave alms within its portals grey,
Prayed and rejoiced, and sorrowed
there.

Since from their hospitable halls
Down through the stately avenues,
Or gateway, with the large stone balls,
They walked forth in their high-
heeled shoes.

Two centuries are nearly flown ;
But little of that scene remains—
Now, in a few tall elms alone,
Are heard the rookery's busy strains.

Where once stood half the spacious
rooms
Stand now the garden's simple bowers ;
The hollyhock luxuriant blooms,
The bees are humming in the flowers.

Where once the noble guests did pass,
The closed-up gate admits no more ;
There falls, in rank and dewy grass,
The farmer's mellow orchard store.

Such change the sisters' dwelling sees,
But still their names shed charms
around ;
Embalmed in living charities,
Here still as ' household words ' re-
sound.

Like the long wreaths of holly bright,
Round their stone couch at Christ-
mas seen,
The memory of their deeds of light
In grateful hearts blooms evergreen.

And when on summer mornings sweet,
While the old church with music
rings,
O'er the carved pair from head to feet
The eastern sun his glory flings ;

Or on a winter's afternoon,
While yet the congregation kneels,
The western beam, declining soon,
Thither in crimson beauty steals ;

When thus the loving, lingering ray
Shines on each placid marble face,
The Bible in the hand alway,
The chiselled garments' snowy grace.

It seems to say, the forms below
A yet more dazzling robe will take,
When risen at the call they know :—
' Ye blessed of My Father, wake !'

A. T. M.

Short Sermon.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL AND THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

BY HON. AND REV. W. H. LYTTTELTON, M.A., RECTOR OF HAGLEY.

St. John, xix. 41.—‘*Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.*’

St. Luke, xxiii. 43.—‘*Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*’



DEATH is the separation of the soul and body. The body at death is buried; the soul ‘descends into hell;’ that is, not into the place of punishment, for that cannot be until after the judgment, but into ‘Hades,’ or ‘the place of departed spirits.’ And so, you see it is not only of our Lord that we can say ‘He was buried, and descended into hell,’ but equally of every human being that ever went down into death. Think of any whom you ever have known in this world, and who have departed from it—the great ‘cloud’ of death having ‘received them out of our sight’*—and you can say of them, ‘their bodies have been buried, and their souls have descended into hell.’ And so, my friends, will it be with us too when that hour, known to God, shall have come to us, when we shall be called to go to Him in the other and unknown world. Now, in the death of Jesus you see the model of all deaths. Let us see what it teaches us.

First, look at His burial. The great impression which all the circumstances of that burial make upon us—the *expression* of it, if I may so say—is rest and peace. The day on which He lay in the grave was Saturday, that on which God in the beginning had rested from His work of the old creation, and ‘*saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very good.*’

And so when our blessed Saviour rested in the grave on the first Easter eve, it was because He had finished the work of the ‘new creation,’ at which He had been working in His human life, just as God the Father ‘rested’ on the first Sabbath day ‘from all His work which God created and made.’ And of Him, too, as of the Father, it might have been said that He then ‘*saw everything that He had done*’—all the work of His life—‘*and behold it was very good.*’ So His soul had perfect rest as His body had—the rest of satisfaction and peace—saying and feeling ‘it is finished;’ God’s work, which He had given Him to do, was thoroughly and completely accomplished. His sacred body, it may be observed, did not rest in consecrated ground, but in a new tomb, wherein never man before was laid. The fact that *He* lay in it was a sufficient consecration of it. His sepulchre was not in any temple, for in it was ‘*One greater than the temple.*’† But all duteous offices of love, of tender affection, of gratitude were paid to His sacred body by the holy women, by Joseph of Arimathea, by those who had loved and followed Him on earth. There was weeping around that sepulchre; there was sorrow, tenderness, love too deep for words. And it

* Acts, i. 9.

† St. Matt. xii. 6.

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was in a garden,—a likeness of Eden, the place of primeval innocence; for though He who lay there buried had passed through a sinful, polluted, sin-stained world, He had passed through it untainted. The last Adam, unlike the first, had *not* fallen; and a garden, a place where no weeds were allowed to grow, was fit ground wherein to lay His body.

Great, then, was the stillness and the peace of that burial. Around that grave, angels surely hovered in wonder and adoration, and in a reverent suspense and expectation, because they must have felt and known that '*it was not possible that the pains of death should hold*'* Him who lay there.

And now, what may we learn from this as to Christian burials? Surely, first, that it is not wrong but right to celebrate them reverently, and to make our sepulchres as fitting as we can to be sleeping places of children of God, '*who are the children of the Resurrection.*'† Christ, our Lord, you remember, defended the act of her who in Bethany, some days before His death, '*anointed His body,*' unconsciously it may be, yet really '*to the burying,*' ‡ on the ground that the occasion was great. '*The poor,*' the Lord said, '*ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always,*' therefore it was right to compress into one moment as much of feeling as might be, for no other opportunity would ever come; it was the last tribute of affection that could be paid. It was natural for her whose heart was overflowing with gratitude to Him for spiritual blessings untold, to wish at such a moment to '*do what she could*'—to express what she felt. And so do all whose heart is not dead within them, when they lay the bodies of those they love to rest in their last earthly resting-place. They feel that they must '*do what they can*' to show their feeling.

All this is only, it is true, as some would say, '*a matter of feeling.*' But perhaps feeling is really more important than anything else on earth, and has more power over life. On the other hand, we may notice that there is nothing in this sacred burial of our Lord like worldly pomp. There is affection, tenderness, to any degree expressed, but there is not the least touch of needless show. Like all the Divine human life, it is perfectly simple. This is one of the ways in which humility was shown in our Lord; the total absence of anything done to draw attention. It is all natural, simple, quiet with a Divine simplicity.

Looking at the whole, then, you see our blessed Lord's burial seems to give a Divine sanction to all customs for expressing tenderness to the dead, by caring for their sepulchres. Specially it agrees with the custom of making burying-places of the Christian dead *garden-like*; decking the graves with flowers and the like.

One great difference we may observe between our Lord's burial and any other—that is, that He lay in the grave only for part of three days, and His body was preserved in spices and ointments, and '*saw no corruption,*' whereas our bodies lie there for ages it may be, and are decomposed, and their particles scattered; and God creates, it would seem, in the main, a new body for the spirit, though there may be some mysterious connection between the old and the new. '*That which thou*

* Acts, ii. 22.

† St. Luke, xx. 36.

‡ St. Mark, xiv. 8.

sowest,' says St. Paul, speaking of seeds; '*thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body, and to every seed His own body.*'* And this He seems clearly to mean applies also to the resurrection of the body. In that case, too, we sow, in the same sense, '*not that body that shall be, but one in many respects exceedingly different.* But with our Lord the case seems to have been otherwise. His body never saw corruption, and though it underwent change, yet it was probably more nearly the same after the resurrection than ours are, the reason being that His body had never been defiled by any sin, and so in respect of purity it did not need change as ours do. Still we know that even His body must have been changed in some respects before it was fitted for the heavenly life, since St. Paul tells us in 1 Cor. xv. that '*flesh and blood,*' which our Lord had like us, '*cannot inherit the kingdom of God;*' that is, cannot be in heaven. And so, he tells us that '*the quick*'—that is, those who will be living in the world at the last day, though they will not pass through death, or, as he calls it, '*sleep*'—yet will all '*be changed in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump,*' † in order that they may '*become incorruptible.*' So, therefore, it must have been with the body of our Lord at some time, perhaps partly in the sepulchre, partly during the forty days after the Resurrection (during which we know He could still eat earthly food), and completely at the moment of the Ascension. But without going further into these great and mighty mysteries of the border-land between this world and the next—the chrysalis-state between the material and the spiritual worlds—we may see that our Lord was indeed buried like us; and in His burial, and the mystic changes that took place in Him, we see likenesses of those which must also take place in us between this world and the next.

And now, what happens to the soul while the body is laid in the grave? It is said in the Creed of our Lord's soul that it '*descended into hell,*' or Hades. What exactly that means no man on earth does know, or can know. Perhaps Lazarus, whose body lay in the grave four days, could have told; but if he did, we have no record of what he said. The ghost, or disembodied spirit, of the great prophet Samuel, was allowed by God to be summoned back for a few moments to the earth, after death, by the witch of Endor; but we are not told that he said anything of what he had seen between the moment of death and this summons. Only his words showed that it was pain to him to find himself once more on earth. '*Why,*' he said, '*hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?*' ‡ That expresses the great characteristic which seems clearly to belong to the intermediate state of the blessed dead. It is a *repose* far more blessed than on earth. But *what* exactly it is, and what employments occupy the soul, who shall say? Of our Lord, indeed, in that state, we learn some mysterious facts—as that He went and preached to certain '*spirits in prison,*' who apparently had been there, if we understand St. Peter's mysterious words rightly, ever since the days of Noah.§ All this, however, is shrouded from our gaze in clouds of mystery utterly impenetrable to us in this life. Some day we shall know these things; now we know not. '*Whither I go,*' said

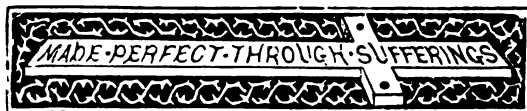
* 1 Cor. xv. 37, 38. † 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. ‡ 1 Sam. xxviii. 15. § 1 Pet. iii 10.

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our Lord to St. Peter, '*thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow Me afterwards.*'* This only we know, for our infinite comfort, of the state of the Christian dead, that it is infinitely blest. The name by which their resting-place is called by our Lord Himself is 'Paradise,' which is, we are told, an ancient Persian word signifying a beautiful garden, and so accordingly is applied to the dwelling-place of our first parents before they fell, while they still walked with God and His angels in blessed habitual converse. So must it be with the Christian dead. 'To die' is ever said by Apostles to be the same thing for the saved as to be '*with the Lord.*' To be at home in the body in this world is to be '*absent from the Lord,*' but to die is to be with Him. '*I have a desire to depart,*' says St. Paul, '*and to be with Christ, which is far better.*' † So, in another place he says, '*so shall we be ever with the Lord.*' ‡ This only we know, that it is a state of blessed memories, and still more wondrous hopes. The voices that speak of such things sound to us in this life like voices from a very distant land. It is '*the land that is very far off,*' where we '*shall see the King in His beauty.*' § '*The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.*' ||

Only, it has been believed by many that the blessed dead may, at least in some cases, know of our state now, and pray for us. Some knowledge of our doings may, perhaps, sometimes be wasted to them across the chasm; who shall say? If so, and if there are any gone to the distant land whom you love, and of whom you have good hope that they are with God, pray that you may never grieve them by any conduct that may separate you from God, and so diminish the hope of your going where they are. Besides other reasons against this, remember it is unkindness to the dead. For you belong to them still, and they to you. You are bound to them—are you not?—in the bonds of an imperishable affection. It would be terrible to you to think that you should never see them again—that where they are you could never, through the long ages of eternity, be. Then do nothing now which would separate you from God. Live on earth in fellowship with the holy, and with those who belong to Christ; then may you hope to be with such in better worlds than this, even '*where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,*'—even in the blessed regions where Christ the King Himself is, and into which all those that are His shall one day go—where the light of His countenance shines upon them continually.

* St. John, xiii. 36. † Philip. i. 23. ‡ 1 Thess. iv. 17.
§ Wisd. iii. 1. || Isa. xxxiii. 17.





'Fairly's wife held an umbrella over his head, to screen him from the sun.'
XIII.—8.

God's Hammer.

CHAPTER VII.



HERE should be no sad hearts on the day which gave the world a Saviour. Such is the meaning of the charities, and gifts, and home-joys of Christmas. But, alas! that very ordinance of Providence, 'The poor shall never perish out of the land,' renders the beautiful theory too often vain.

Christmas was a sad day this year to George Fairly. Poverty pressed sorely on him. The future was dark and hopeless, and pain laid its hand even more heavily than usual on him.

His wife had taken the children, by his request, to afternoon service, and he was alone. The fire, raked carefully together, was small and feeble; the clouds, charged with snow, were all he could see from his garret-window. His wife had laid the Prayer-book and a Bible beside him, but he could not read. He lay listening to the whistling of the wind and thinking of the Past—that Past which had been so full of hope and confidence! He remembered his fond ambition for his boy; his ceaseless toil; his pride in being a skilful and successful workman; and the contrast to the present wrung a groan from him. The Future was as gloomy as the sky on which he listlessly gazed.

A rap at the door interrupted his day-dream. He thought it was the landlady's little girl come to look to the fire, as his wife had requested, and he bade her 'come in.' The permission was answered by a young man, whose dress showed that he was a clergyman. George made a slight effort to raise himself on his couch.

'Don't disturb yourself, pray,' said the stranger, in a cheering, kindly voice, and with a pleasant smile; 'I am only come to wish you a happy Christmas, since you cannot come to church, I hear.'

'Thank you, I am sure, sir,' replied Fairly; 'it's uncommon kind of you.'

He felt the presence of the stranger at that moment almost as welcome as that of an angel.

'Your name, I hear, is George Fairly; mine is Robert Vyvyan: and I think, Fairly, that I must just say, I should have been happy to make your acquaintance earlier. Why did not you, as an invalid, struggling with many difficulties, send for your clergyman?'

This was said in a tone of friendly and kind remonstrance.

'Well, sir, you see, I've not been used to ask charity,' said George.

'My good fellow,' answered Mr. Vyvyan, with a pleasant laugh, 'don't speak as if you took me for a relieving officer! I like to know *all* my flock, because then, if they require sympathy or advice, or a cheering, friendly word now and then, I am ready to give it. Besides'—more gravely—'those who can't go to church may be glad to see a clergyman at their home.'

'You are very good, sir; but I can't say as I thought about that: and if I had, I couldn't have taken the liberty. We were strangers here: and it wasn't like sending to one's own parson at home; it was a thing I couldn't have done.'

'Well, then, I am glad I heard of you from our churchwarden to-day. He told me such a pleasant story of a boy of yours, that

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I made up my mind to wish you a happy Christmas, and ask you a little about him.'

'The gentleman who was so kind to Harry, sir?' Then he added, with a sudden flush of pride, 'My poor lad never did such a thing before. He's a Greek and Latin scholar, sir.'

'Indeed! But it was no disgrace to his Greek and Latin, my good fellow, that he swept the snow away with so good a purpose. One of our great divines has said, that "if it were God's will that he should do it, an archangel would not disdain to sweep a causeway." Nothing is really mean or little that is in the way of duty.'

'So my poor lad felt,' said the carpenter; 'he was as merry over it as if he had been a king—making it all into a fairy tale, afterwards. He *did* do away with some hard thoughts of mine as I listened to him: but to-day they are come back again.'

'Because you are alone and rather chilly. This cold climate of ours affects us in mind as well as body. I will just order a little more fire, with your permission; I am rather cold myself.'

And Mr. Vyvyan left the room, and soon returned with a log of wood, and the girl of the house following with a shovelful of coals.

'There,' he said, as he made up a cheerful blaze, 'I coaxed that yule-log out of your good landlady, with whom I'm a favourite, I flatter myself. Now we shall be warm and comfortable, and able to chat. Will you tell me how you came to be so sadly injured?'

George complied, beginning, however, before the fatal Christmas Eve, and letting his sympathising listener into all the hopes and strivings of that Past which had been so painfully present to him half an hour before. And Mr. Vyvyan, warming his hands over the blaze, listened with interest and attention.

'A sad story, indeed, Fairly!' he said; 'but it was God's will, and doubtless for a good end. A sharp discipline, but, perhaps, needed; and which has borne fruit already. Ay, it has! Why, my dear fellow, without it, you and your wife could not have shown such heroic, self-sacrificing devotion to your boy's interests. Do you think giving up the sweet, pleasant country, and the kindness of your old neighbours, and the certain help of your own parson, toiling on alone in a great town, and spending your savings in half the time they would have lasted at Fernlea, all for Harry's sake, have not made you a better man? Not that I think you were quite wise in a worldly sense about Harry. But education is such a great hobby of mine, that I give you my full sympathy.'

'You are very good, sir,' said poor Fairly; 'and I dare say it is all for the best; but at times it is hard to *feel* that it is.'

'Doubtless, very, very hard, indeed!' said Mr. Vyvyan, kindly: 'those who do not suffer cannot tell how hard; but there is comfort in thinking that to ONE it is fully known.'

And then, gradually passing from his character of friendly sympathiser to the higher office of his profession, Mr. Vyvyan offered the consolations of religion to his parishioner. With George's assent, he then read and prayed with him. The Book was scarcely closed when steps on the stairs were heard, announcing the return of the family from church. Mr. Vyvyan rose to go.

'There is a fine poem of the American poet, Longfellow, called

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"Excelsior," he said. "Some day I will read it to you, Fairly. Now, you have been striving *upwards*, but it has not been to the *highest summit* of all. There is a better "Excelsior" for you and Harry than that of knowledge or distinction. May you gain it!"

Mrs. Fairly and her children entered the room at this moment. He spoke to them kindly; and, saying he was to preach in the evening, and had not any more time to spare, took his departure. He had left comfort and hope behind him.

The next day brought Harry's friend, the churchwarden, who was a stationer and printer in Sunborough. He had received from Mr. Vyvyan so good an account of the poor Fairlys, that he had quite made up his mind to help the lad who had so taken his fancy.

He proposed to George to take Harry as assistant shopman.

'His schooling won't be thrown away in the place,' he said; 'he will have a good deal to do with books, you see,' and he laughed at his own jest; 'and by-and-bye he may be of use in the printing-office; not that we do much there but in the way of bills and catalogues, and now and then a sermon. Still, a stationer and printer wants a lad who knows more than his horn-book, as my father used to say.'

'You are very good, sir,' said George; 'and we ought to be thankful;' but the bitterness of a darling project disappointed was at his heart. 'What do you say, my lad?'—to Harry.

'I should like to take the place very much, father, if Mr. Dodd pleases,' he replied: 'I would take any work to help you or mother. And this is a great deal better than I could have expected.'

'Your wages will be seven shillings a-week and your board,' said Mr. Dodd: 'that is not so much as I have paid my late shopboy,—an idle fellow, above his business!—but I shall raise them when you know your work.'

It was settled that Harry should enter on his new duties the next week. As Mr. Dodd was leaving the room, he paused, and said in a low tone to Harry,—

'The snow's thawing, my lad! Would you like me to advance your first week's wages?'

'Oh, sir, you are too kind!' cried Harry.

'Not at all: I can trust you for the full worth of them.'

And the good stationer placed seven shillings in Harry's hand.

That evening, also, Mr. Vyvyan's housekeeper brought a jug of capital soup 'for the invalid,' and a plum-pudding and piece of beef for the children and their mother. Another time George would have felt pained at receiving 'relief,' as he called it; but the clergyman's manner, and the fact that he had not offered money during his visit, gave these welcome gifts the air of a friendly Christmas present, and he could smile and enjoy them with his children. Harry was delighted at the idea of earning money for them all.

'And I need not give up my studies, father, for it,' he said; 'I shall have time to read, I dare say, between customers and at night. I won't lose all you have suffered so much to win for me.'

'You must do your duty to your employer first, my lad,' said George; 'your time will be his now, remember; but I'm glad to think that there'll be plenty of books, too!'

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DODD'S shop, which was beside the private entrance where Harry had made acquaintance with Susan, was one of the best in the town; and Harry found he was to be only one of three assistants: the two already employed in it were much older than he was. Edward Lewis, the head shopman, was more than twenty; he was a grave, quiet young man, who did his best to dress like a clergyman, to the great annoyance and scandal of the worthy stationer, who was continually on the watch to check the presumptuous toilet of his foreman, but who could not, for this one weakness, dispense with his valuable services. This individual was disposed to be very civil to Harry, as having been a public schoolboy. His comrade in the shop was a youth of eighteen, who laboured under the impression that he had a genius for the stage, and was fond of novel-reading: he, also, received his new companion with civility, and was ready to show him what to do, and to help him in all early difficulties. Harry's passion for reading made the peculiar smell of new books very pleasant to him, and he glanced round the well-filled shelves, gay with the many brilliant colours of their binding, with delight. But a very short time made him feel much in the position of Tantalus: it was not a lending library, and Harry dared not use or cut the leaves of the tempting volumes round him, in any of the intervals of leisure which occurred during the day. So, to turn off the sort of longing he began to feel for them, he entered into conversation with Frederick Jones, the younger shopman.

'Do we all dine together?' he asked.

'Yes—that is, two at a time; one is always left in the shop. As you are the youngest, I suppose it will be you now who will stay: you'll dine when we have finished. You won't mind it?'

'I should think not,' said Harry, laughing; 'but I wish I could get a book that I might look at when there's nothing to do.'

'I will lend you one,' replied Jones: 'I subscribe; but you must not let the governor see it, or he'll be down on you! He hates to see a library-book about, even when there's not a soul in the shop.'

'Then, thank you, I would rather not have it,' said Harry, frankly; 'I should feel sly.'

'Please yourself, pray!' answered Jones, with an offended air; 'I don't consider that I'm sly, when I'm improving my mind in spite of prejudice.'

And, withdrawing to the back of the shop, he drew a very dirty-looking shilling novel from his pocket, and was soon completely absorbed in it. Harry tried to find employment in dusting and arranging the books and other articles of sale on the counter, and found enough to do till a customer entered, when he was ready to assist Lewis in finding the required articles, and patiently enduring the fancies of the young-lady purchaser.

Just before dinner, Mr. Dodd himself made his appearance in the shop.

'Well, how are we getting on?' he asked, in a low tone, of Lewis, glancing at Harry—'useful? eh?'

'Very, sir, I think: an attentive, busy lad.'

'Ay, I thought so. Well, Harry, do your best, my boy, and you will get on!'

And he passed on to his office, which was behind his shop.

'Is there a Mrs. Dodd?' asked Harry of the grave shopman.

'No, Mr. Dodd is a bachelor; but he has an orphan nephew and niece, whom he has adopted, and looks on as his children. They are just come home from school. Mr. Dodd is very fond of Miss Kate. Master Tom is rather a wild youth, I should say; he tears through the shop sometimes in a most riotous manner, and is very rude in his ways.'

No incident marked the remainder of Harry's day as shopman; and it was with a light heart that, when the shop closed, he ran homewards.

'Well, my boy!' said poor George, his countenance brightening at the sight of the beloved son—'how have you got on?'

'Very well, father,' replied the boy, taking his accustomed place beside the couch.

'All among books still—eh?'

'Yes, all among books,' echoed Harry.

'Almost as good as school, I should say,' observed the carpenter, contentedly; 'it would have broke my heart, Harry lad, if you had been obliged to give the books up, and go to a hardware or iron shop, or such-like.'

Harry was silent; he would not for the world have undeceived his father as to the educational benefits of the stationer's shop; but in the very spirit of the feeling expressed he at once took his books, and seated himself again by Fairly's side to study alone.

'Don't over-do it, lad,' said his father, laying his hand tenderly on the boy's head—'don't over-do it: you must be tired!'

'Only a little of standing,' said Harry. 'When I have construed this bit, shall I read to you, father?'

'If you please, lad; but I don't think we'll have Shakespeare to-night. You shall read a chapter to me, as if it were Sunday. The Lord has been very good to us, and we ought not to be ungrateful.'

And, instead of reading from his beloved prize, as was his wont on grand occasions, Harry, when his self-appointed task was done, spread the Family Bible on the table, and read aloud one of his favourite chapters from the Book of Kings—that wonderful story of Elijah, which captivated his boyish fancy. The carpenter listened attentively, and said, when he ended,—

'We'll have a chapter every night, lad!'

There was something touching in the way in which George Fairly revived, as it were, at his son's return from his day's work, and in the entire satisfaction with which he watched the lad over his books. What greater spur could be given to the affectionate boy's efforts than that loving eye ever resting on him? And then, when he had conquered a difficulty, Harry was so sure of his exultation being shared by his father, even though the difficulty and the conquest were but ill understood in themselves.

When the bright Midsummer came, MiHer once more visited them, and the cobbler's delight at finding Harry absolutely of use to his family was intense. The worthy fellow had made shoes for all the family, and, proud of the grateful applause his work received, he slapped Harry on the back, saying,—

'That's it, old chap! You know the saying, "Nothin' like

leather!" Now, do you know what I've been a-thinkin', Harry? You and I, betwixt us, is strong enough, I should say, to carry father down-stairs—eh? Well, I thought so! Now, I have a-saved up all the winter for a chay—yes, Mrs. Fairly, for a chay!—and I intends to take father for a ride a bit into the country. There 's a very pretty tea-garden just outside the town, and we 'll go there to-morrow.'

The carpenter made some feeble objection to the expense which it would be to the cobbler, but My Lord would hear of no refusal; and it was evident, from the sigh of pleasure with which poor Fairly assented, that he would have regretted his own success.

We doubt if it would be possible to convey to the minds of the strong and healthy the delight with which the long-confined sufferer inhaled the fresh air. The drive itself was full of pleasures to him: the shops, the people, the busy moving life, the hum, and the sunshine, were all so many excitements and novelties after that still garret and its view of the clouds and house-roofs. But when they were fairly beyond the town, and between the green fields, he could have shed tears of delight.

'Mother!' he cried, laying his hand on his wife's—'there 's a butterfly! Look! what a splendid fellow! And, oh, dear, how good the hay smells!'

'How I should like to help make it!' cried little Emma, jumping on the cobbler's knee.

'Sit still, little one, for fear of shaking father!' said My Lord, whose countenance was quite radiant; 'you shall run about by-and-bye.'

And so the children did when they reached the tea-gardens, to which were attached a labyrinth and a bowling-green, which, as the day was not a holiday, were deserted, and free to admit their sportive and happy guests.

The cobbler and Harry, then, aided by the waiter and the driver, managed to lift out the carpenter and lay him gently on the smooth grass-terrace above the green, where he could see the young ones run, and watch the insects, and listen to the twittering of the birds, which were not yet silent. His wife held an umbrella over his head to screen him from the sun; and in an hour's time the cobbler ordered tea and bread-and-butter, which they all enjoyed greatly upon the fresh sweet grass. Then he made Mrs. Fairly have a walk through the labyrinth with her little ones, undertaking himself the care of George; and as he watched the poor woman walking away with a happy child on each side, and Harry beside her, the poor fellow thought himself well repaid for the scanty meals, hard work, and sundry small self-denials which had enabled him to give so much pleasure.

And so the bright-red sunset came, and the fly-man came to say it was time to return home, if they wished not to be out after dark. And George was once more lifted into the 'chay,' and driven through the soft twilight homewards—listening, as if he had never heard them before, to the distant low of the cows, the hum of the beetle, the 'churr' of the night-hawk.

The day's pleasure was ended. How long its memory brightened the dull following weeks, and months, we can scarcely say; but 'The day we went out with My Lord' was an epoch by which the family thenceforward marked the dates of events in their simple annals.

The Poor Spinning Girl.—The Framers of our Common Prayer.



The Poor Spinning Girl.

YON linden alley spreads along,
With leafy shadows broad and fair;
Oh! take me from the worldly throng,
And lay the child of sorrow there.

For I am sick of lingering here,
These scenes of want and woe to see;
The earth is broad, the earth is fair,
But in it is no room for me.

The placid stream that murmurs by,
Will find a home in ocean's breast;
Those clouds within the western sky,
Will fold their wearied wings to rest.

But I a houseless wanderer roam,
By day in want, by night in fears;
A stranger's hearth—my only home,
My only couch—a bed of tears.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.

THE influences exercised upon the Book of Common Prayer in the earlier part of the reign Charles I. have been variously estimated. Archbishop Laud was much occupied with the scheme of introducing a Prayer-book into Scotland—a plan which never met with a very hearty acceptance even on the part of the Scotch Bishops. He gave much time and thought to the compilation of an adapted edition of the Prayer-book for use in Scotland, and this necessarily brought before his more immediate consideration the rubrics of the Book of Common

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

Prayer. No overt attempt was made to effect any alteration, but friends and enemies alike admit that Laud exercised a great influence as an interpreter of the meaning of the Prayer-book. The Puritans, who had up to this time been tacitly allowed a very wide liberty, even under so energetic a ruler as Archbishop Parker, were not unnaturally offended at stringent interpretations of rubrics, which hitherto had been held at least to tolerate certain diversities of practice. It is impossible to speak but with the greatest reverence of Archbishop Laud's saintly life, or to question in any degree the sincerity of his attempts to promote Church order. It may, however, be doubted whether he was a wise administrator. The temper of the times was excited. The old Roman Catholics, who had at first been inclined to conform to the Book of Common Prayer, had become more and more alienated; and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, though that diabolical plan could have met with the approbation only of a small section of fanatics, had aroused a feeling of general indignation against Laud. The Puritan party, disappointed by the action of James, and embittered more than ever against their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, had become more and more consolidated, and had assumed an attitude of defiance. Those who still held to the old rules of the Church, had been weakened and dispirited by years of neglect and ecclesiastical misrule.

It was under these circumstances that Archbishop Laud succeeded to the throne of Canterbury. He was born at Reading in 1573, and was successively Dean of Gloucester, Bishop of St. David's, Bath and Wells, and London; and finally in 1633 he was made Archbishop of Canterbury. His devotion to his Royal Master and to the Church of England was unquestioned, but he had the imperious temper of a Hildebrand. Of the changes which he enforced, the most important was that of placing the Holy Table 'altar-wise.' Very frequently since the Reformation it had been placed 'table-wise,' so that the end of the Holy Table only could be seen from the body of the church. This innovation, as it was considered, raised a storm, though few would now be found to question the propriety and seemliness of the alteration. It forms no part of our plan to enter into the troubles which succeeded, and resulted in the death of the King and the abolition of the National Church. Laud himself was almost the first to fall a victim to those whose indignation he had aroused. The picture of the state of religion is thus drawn by an impartial hand: 'Old sects revived, new sects were created, and there ensued a state of distraction and impiety, the natural tendency of which was to break up all minor distinctions, and to divide men into two large classes; one of them anxious to find terms of agreement in order that religion might not be utterly extinguished, and the other indifferent whether any form of religion remained.'*

Although it is needless to dwell upon the anarchy of those times when the lawless spirit of Puritanism usurped the place of law and order, yet it may somewhat help to give connexion to our history if a brief summary is given of the book, which was designed to replace our Common Prayer. It was entitled 'A Directory for the Public Wor-

* Cardwell, *Conferences*, p. 244.

A Sister's Story.

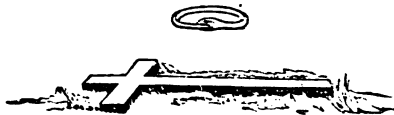
sitting a short time in his company I saw that he was far gone in a consumption, and hurrying towards his grave. I had seen decline and consumption in all its stages and all its forms, and I could not be deceived in the hectic flush and the peculiar cough, and I said to him that I was sure he was not equal to his work.

'You are right, ma'am,' he said; 'I can't work much longer. Something tells me I am not long for this world; I can scarcely drag one foot after another, as the saying is; and if it was not from a desire to satisfy my wife, who thinks I do not try my best, I should have given in long before now. I know,' he went on to say, 'there is a world beyond the grave, and I believe there is *one* world for them that love a Saviour, and *another* world for them that love sin and live in wickedness. I have been wicked, but I wish to be good; I have heard of a Saviour who came down from heaven and died on a cross for sinners, and I wish to know more of Him before I am carried into His presence. My wife would have me send for the priest of *her* Church, but I don't feel moved towards it, and I should like to know more of the religion that *you* belong to.'

'Well,' said I, 'I will ask the clergyman you saw in church, and who gave you the bread and wine, to come and see you, and talk to you about your Saviour, and about the Kingdom which He died to procure for you.' And when I had read a few verses out of St. John's Gospel, and said the Lord's Prayer, and one or two other prayers, I left him and went to the clergyman, who promised to call on him the following day. My poor friend never went to work again, but grew worse, and weaker, and in six weeks I followed him to the grave.

I prolonged my sojourn in the court on purpose to be near to him, and day by day, when my other work was over, I sat by his side, reading and praying, and explaining the blessed Word. Within a fortnight of his being confined to his room, the Holy Communion was administered to him and to me again, side by side, on a humble confession of his sins, and sorrow for having lived so long apart from God, and on his declaring his humble trust on his Saviour's merits. From that hour he seemed to have no care for the things of this life. He gave himself up entirely to a preparation for his departure, and when he died, I believe that from that humble and lowly lodging an immortal soul passed to Paradise.

I did not see much of his wife during his illness, but when I did see her she was civil and obliging, and never threw any obstacles in the way of his religious teaching, though she took no interest in it.



The Fig-tree and the Sycamore.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D. RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



I have an old tool-house in our garden, against which a fig-tree was planted some twenty years ago; but whether from the coldness of the climate, or from its being overshadowed by other trees, it has too much resembled the barren fig-tree in the Gospel; for I have come to it this many a year looking for figs, but have hitherto found none. Though



thus unprofitable, however, for good, I find it is powerful enough for evil, and that in quite an unlooked-for direction.

Passing by it casually a few weeks ago, I noticed a sycamore sapling, self-sown from an old tree standing some hundred yards off, growing up in its midst, and I was fain to rejoice in the fact; for, thought I to myself, I shall at least have the satisfaction of a handsome timber-tree standing, in due time, where hitherto I have seen nought but barren leaves. Yesterday, however, to my disappointment and no small annoyance, I observed that the leader of this hopeful stem had been altogether diverted from its course, and indeed bent almost double, by no more formidable obstacle than a single leaf of this worthless fig. The rapid growth of the sycamore, while still tender and pliant, had been met on its way by the broad expanse of this paltry leaf, which of

Kindness.

itself it was wholly incapable of either piercing or setting aside ; and had I not by chance noticed the obstruction at this early stage, my hopeful tree would have been utterly and for ever ruined by the distorted course its trunk must infallibly have thenceforth taken.

Ah ! methought,—after I had stripped away, with no sparing hand, every leaf and twig that was likely again to impede the progress of this new object of my solicitude,—ah ! methought, how fitly does this barren and worthless fig-tree represent what constantly occurs in every public school in the kingdom. Some young and tender sapling, just removed for the first time from a mother's anxious care, or a father's sterner eye, is launched among a number of older comrades ; some one of whom, though utterly incapable of any good, is abundantly competent for mischief, and knows full well how to employ his little ability in a direction where it was least wanted. He is a judicious trainer of youth who will busy himself in looking diligently to these obstructives, and rooting them out in time, if they cannot by a wholesome chastisement be made to desist from their fiendish occupation. Such is the true end of EDUCATION, rightly so called. It is not so much the learning as the habits and moral training that are acquired at school, that should be the object of all wise parents who have their children's best interests at heart. And well was it written by no mean observer of human nature, no ill friend to the rising generation,—

'Tis education forms the youthful mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

However luxuriantly my sycamore might have grown in the rank vicinity of my old garden-house, it never would have become a tall and handsome tree had I not removed the fig-leaf out of its way when but of three or four years' growth. And your fine promising lad of nine or ten years of age is, believe me, in no small peril of growing up a bad man, or at least disappointing your justly sanguine hopes, if he is not early, and he cannot be too early, removed from the evil influence of an unworthy or vicious playmate.

Kindness.



ABOVE all other things, *be kind*. Kindness is the one thing through which we can the most resemble God and the most disarm men. Kindness to one another is the principal charm of life. A mind which occupies itself with others, which seeks to avoid all that can cause anyone uneasiness, which is never silent through temper or through pride, this mind is that of a Christian, and it is one which makes the delight of all that have to do with it. Kind and gentle thoughts towards others imprint themselves upon the countenance, and in time give it an expression which wins all hearts.

'Be useful where thou livest, that so men may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, and sense, and good plans are the way
To compass this. *Find out men's wants and will,*
And meet them there : all worldly joys grow less,
'To the one joy of doing kindliness.'

The New Jerusalem.

One of the very few native hymns of Scotland. It is, in various forms, a great favourite with the Scottish peasantry. It is by some said to have been written by David Dickson, who died in Edinburgh A.D. 1662; but there seems strong reason to believe that it is of much older date.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found—
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt, nor any sore;
There is no death, nor ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee—
No dull nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.

There lust nor lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would, God, I were in thee!
Oh, that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woful wight is there;
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
No well-away, no fear;
Jerusalem, the city is
Of God, our King alone;
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne.

Ah! God, that I Jerusalem
With speed may go behold—
For why? the pleasures there abound,
With tongue cannot be told;
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine.
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,
Surpassing rich and fine.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear;
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are made of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there!

Within thy gates no thing can come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,
And end my grief and plaints;
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,
And place me with Thy saints,

Who there are crowned with glory great,
And see God face to face;
They triumph still, and aye rejoice,
Most happy is their case.
But we that are in banishment,
Continually do moan:
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys not worth the looking on,
Our sorrows aye remain.
But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
That unto them a thousand years
Seem but as yesterday.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy King, sitting upon His throne,
And thy felicity;
Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
So wonderful and fair;
And furnished with trees and fruit,
Most beautiful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant
flowers
As nowhere else are seen;
There cinnamon and sugar grow,
There nard and balm abound;
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
What pleasures there are found.

There nectar and ambrosia spring,
There musk and civet sweet;
There many a fine and dainty drug
Are trod down under feet.
Quite through the streets with pleasant
sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The trees of life do grow.

The New Jerusalem.

These trees each month do yield their
fruit,
For evermore do spring;
And all the nations of the world
To thee their honours bring.
Jerusalem! God's dwelling-place,
Full sore long I to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the quire;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear.
There Mary sings 'Magnificat,'
With tones surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

'Te Deum' doth Saint Ambrose sing;
Saint Austin doth the like;
Old Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songs to seek.
There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With all blest saints; whose harmony
Through every street doth ring.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my
grief,
And take me home to Thee.
O print Thy name in my forehead,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praises aye.

Jerusalem, thrice happy seat!
Jehovah's throne on high;—
O sacred city, queen and wife
Of Christ eternally!
O comely Queen! with glory clad,
With honour and degree,
All fair thou art, exceeding bright,
No spot there is in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou art fair and beautiful,
None ill can thee befall.
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
No darkness dare appear;
No night, no shade, no winter foul,
No time doth alter there.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering stars to light;
For Christ the King of Righteousness,
There ever shineth bright.
The Lamb unspotted, white, and pure,
To thee doth stand in lieu
Of light, so great the glory is
Thine heavenly King to view.

He is the King of kings, beset
In midst His servants' sight,
And they, His happy household all,
Do serve Him day and night.
There, there, the quire of angels sing,
There the supernal sort
Of citizens (which hence are hid
From dangers deep) do sport.

There be the prudent prophets all,
The apostles six and six.
The glorious martyrs in a row,
And confessors betwixt.
There doth the crew of righteous men,
And matrons all consist,
Young men and maids that here on earth
Their pleasures did resist.

The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scaped
The snares of death and hell,
Triumph in joy eternally,
Whereof no tongue can tell.
And though the glory of each one
Shall differ in degree,
Yet is the joy of all alike,
And common as we see.

There love and charity doth reign,
And Christ is all in all,
Whom they most perfectly behold
In glory spiritual.
They love, they praise—they praise,
they love,
They 'Holy, Holy,' cry;
They neither faint, nor toil, nor end,
But laud continually.

Oh, happy, thousand times were I,
If, after wretched days,
I might with listening ears conceive
Those heavenly songs of praise,
Which to the eternal King are sung
By happy wights above—
By saved souls, and angels sweet,
Who love the God of love!

Oh, passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found,
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound!
And to enjoy my Christ above,
His favour and His grace;
According to His promise made,—
Which here I interplace.

'O Father, dear,' quoth He, 'let them
Which Thou hast put of old
To Me, be there, where, lo, I am,
My glory to behold.
Which I with Thee, before this world
Was laid in perfect wise,
Have had; from whence the fountain
great
Of glory doth arise.'

Short Sermon.

Again, 'If any man will serve,
Then let him follow Me;
For where I am, be thou right sure
There shall My servant be.'
And still, 'If any man love Me,
Him loves My Father dear;
Him I do love: to him Myself
In glory will appear.'

Lord, take away my misery,
That there I may behold.
With Thee in Thy Jerusalem
What here cannot be told:
And so in Zion see my King,
My Love, my Lord, my All;
Whom now as in a glass I see,
Then face to face I shall.

Oh, blessed are the pure in heart,
Their Sovereign they shall see;
And the most holy, heavenly host,
Who of His household be.
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,
These gins and fetters strong,
For I have dwelt within the tents
Of Kedar over-long.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,
Fetch me Thy fold unto;
That all Thy angels may rejoice
While all Thy will I do.
Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Yet once again, I pray Thee, Lord,
To quit me from all strife;
That to Thy hill I may attain,
And dwell there all my life;
With Cherubim and Seraphim,
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of Hosts,
For ever, and Amen!

Short Sermon.

THE FATHER OF LIGHTS.

BY MELVILLE H. SCOTT, B.A., VICAR OF OCKBROOK.

St. James, i. 17.—'The Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

LET us look, first, at God as 'the Father of lights,' and then at His vast superiority to those lights of which He is the Father.

First, let us look at the great God as 'the Father of lights,' i.e. as the Father of those heavenly luminaries which call forth our admiring love and wonder. For this is the meaning of the words. The lights in question are the lights of heaven—the lights which glitter in yon skies; the single light which pours upon us such untold blessedness by day, the countless lights which delight us by their beauty night by night. The blessed God is the Father of all these 'lights.'

There is something very grand in this view of God as the Father of these heavenly luminaries. True, He is the Father of other lights also, even of all the true light that exists. He is the Father of the light of holiness, of the light of truth, of the light of mind and reason, of the light of life, of the light of joy, of the light of hope, of the light of love, of the light of grace, and of the light of glory. Oh, there is no light of which He is not the Father. For He is Light itself. 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.' And what St. John says respecting God as love, we may say respecting Him as light—that 'he who dwelleth in light dwelleth in God, and God in him.' And

Short Sermon.

ever the same ; His love, His holiness, His wisdom, His truth, His faithfulness, His Fatherhood, His whole self, is ever the same : the lights of heaven changing unceasingly : their Father unceasingly the same. 'They shall perish, but thou remainest ; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed : but thou art the same.' 'From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.' The same at the last as at the first, and the same through all the long, long interval.

I would dwell no further on this glorious fact, but would pass on at once to build upon it some very earnest exhortations. (1), Let us by all means *make this unchanging God our own*—this 'Father of lights, with whom is no variableness.' And how so? The way is so very plain. It is even thus—even by accepting His blessed Son, and by accepting His blessed Spirit. Making them our own, we make Him our own. Oh, let us accept the blessed Son as our Sacrifice, and let us accept the blessed Spirit as our Sanctifier, and then all, all is well. The Father of lights is all our own, with all the light that is in Him. The blessed Son and Spirit are the sure way to the Father. Oh, let us make, I say, the unchanging God our own. And then (2), Let us seek to *depend* with unchanging confidence upon this unchanging God. Having made Him our own, let us depend upon Him as our own. Having accepted beyond all doubt His Son and Spirit, and accepting them ever more and more fully and practically, let us cast out our anchors, and wait calmly for the day, riding through the storm without fear. We are trusting in what changes not. Why should we tremble who are trusting in that which knows no trembling? And then (3), Not only let us depend upon this unchanging Father, but let us seek to *enjoy*, and *unchangingly to enjoy* this unchanging God. Let us walk in the light of the great Father of lights. Trusting in His Son, we may safely do so ; and walking in His Spirit, we shall gain power to do so. The Father of lights would have none of His children walk in darkness. They may journey, singing as they go. Who may sing, if not they? If the children of the Father of lights may not sing, then all creation may be silent ! Oh, may He teach us to sing, as the children of such a Father should. And then, once more (4), Let the children of the 'Father of lights' *seek to be like their Father* ; like Him, I now mean, in His unchangeableness. Let us be like the 'Father of lights,' and not like the lights which He has created. Not like that varying sun, not like that fickle moon, not like those wandering planets, not like those shifting stars, which will never be to-morrow just where they are to-day. Oh no, not so let us be. Let us so connect ourselves with God through Christ as to make His unchangeableness our own. Unchanging faith, unchanging love, unchanging principle, unchanging steadfastness in every holy thing, unchanging fixity in His simple truth, clinging to His Son and Spirit ; unchanging prostration at His throne of grace ; adherence to His holy commandments ; unchanging appetite for His holy Word ; unchanging persistence at His Holy Table. Oh, let these features mark the character of each one of us. Let us be like our Father in His unchangeableness. Let us be the children of the 'Father of lights ;' resembling Him as in other respects so in this, that in Him 'there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'



XIII.—9.

A BRIGHT SUNNY NOON.

A Bright Sunny Noon.

WHO has not dreamed a world of bliss,
On a bright sunny noon like this,
When all around him seemed to be
Just as in joyous infancy?
Who has not loved at such an hour—
Upon the heath, in birchen bower,
Lulled in the poet's dreamy mood—
Its wild and sunny solitude?
Love you not then to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flowers near—
The twittering of the bird that dwells
Among the heath's delicious bells?
When round your bed o'er fern and
blade,
Insects in green and gold arrayed—
The sun's gay tribes—have lightly
strayed;
While sweeter sound their humming
wings
Than the proud minstrel's echoing
strings.

W. Howitt.

God's Hammer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next four years of the Fairlys' lives offer small matter for their chronicler. They passed in that monotonous struggle for existence which, happily, the force of habit renders bearable; but that scanty and hardily-won livelihood had some few alleviations.

Mr. Vyvyan put the two little girls to school, and found employers for Mrs. Fairly's needle, and a certain small sale for George's carvings, when he was able to work. Harry's wages rose, by the dismissal of young Jones, and his strict economy enabled him to help his family greatly. They were very poor, but they loved each other and clung together, and even their poverty had joys which the rich and selfish lack. There was the excitement of gaining their daily bread, the enjoyment of every little advantage gained or aid given, and the great pleasure of helping each other. Above all, into the active mind of the disabled carpenter a new element of thought had been infused—a loftier ambition than that of old—which taught and gave a holy patience.

His boy used every leisure moment for study, and his diligence brought forth good fruits. Mr. Vyvyan, touched by their story, gave him an hour's instruction now and then of an evening, and was astonished at the knowledge which the poor lad had managed to obtain; and his kindness to Harry, and the praises he bestowed upon him, gave him an influence over Fairly which he used for the carpenter's highest benefit.

One day, at the end of those four years, Mr. Vyvyan might have been seen hurrying with an open letter in his hand to Dodd, the stationer's: the good little man was in his shop alone.

'Well, sir,' he said, as he returned the clergyman's salutation, 'you bring good news—I see by your face!'

'Capital!' said the clergyman: 'I have had a letter from Mr. Monckton—here it is; and he says that the school at Fernlea is not connected with Government at all. He and Mr. Ferrars support it between them, and at the death of either an endowment will be left to it; consequently they are not tied in their choice of a schoolmaster, and Harry need not go to the Training College at all. Better still, Mr. Ferrars returned two days ago, and has at once agreed to my

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request. Harry is schoolmaster of Fernlea whenever you can spare your shopman.'

'Well, I thought he would get it, and I am truly glad of it!' said the worthy stationer, his benevolent face beaming with pleasure. 'He is more fit for it than for my place—though a better, an honester, or a kinder lad it would be hard to find. I shall miss him, for he's been like a son to me. I don't think my nephew Tom will be half as much so; but I owe a duty to my family, you see, sir, and it would be wrong to give Harry a share in the business while my sister's son needed it. What salary will the lad get?'

'Forty pounds and the children's peace. Mr. Ferrars gives twenty pounds and Mr. Monckton twenty pounds; and there is a school-house, and a garden.'

'He'll be able, then, to keep his father and the family with him?'

'Yes, and that is one of my chief reasons for rejoicing at it, as poor Fairly has been a great sufferer lately, and appears to me fast sinking in decline. The fresh country air will be everything for him. Where is Harry?'

'Gone out on a bit of business; he will be in directly. You will have made him very happy, sir.'

'Well, I cannot wait. Give him the letter, if you please, and say I wish him joy.'

Joy, indeed! The gratitude and happiness of the poor lad were unspeakable.

To go home—to assume the charge of the school where he had been first taught himself—to see all his old friends again, and to see them with the honest pride of deserved success—was a very allowable cause of rejoicing.

Worthy Mr. Dodd put no obstacle in the way; he gave Harry a holiday at once, that he might 'go and see about it.' And Harry, with a full heart, found himself once more at the hall-door of Fernlea Manor, about to thank the kind Squire for his appointment, and for the remembrance he had preserved of his poor tenants.

He was ushered into the library, where Mr. Ferrars and his daughter Mary sat. They were both in deep mourning, for the invalid who had been the cause of their long exile was now free from pain and weakness for ever. But time had not changed them so much as it had Harry; and they looked with surprise at the tall young man, apparently much older than his years, who stood before them.

'Why, Harry Fairly,' said Mr. Ferrars, 'how you are grown! I knew you were fit to be our schoolmaster, but I had not expected you to be such a tall fellow.'

Harry felt very shy, but he managed to thank the Squire with tolerable grace for his appointment.

'Ay! Mr. Vyvyan gives you a very high character, Harry—very high! We shall expect great things of you; but you must not make our country lads too learned.'

Harry modestly hoped he should deserve Mr. Vyvyan's kindness.

'And your father, Harry,—how is he?' asked Miss Ferrars, kindly.

'Thank you, Miss Mary,' replied Harry, with a slight quiver of the lip, 'he is but poorly still.'

'Well, we may hope his native air will set him up again. It is more than six years since his accident, is it not?'

'Seven next Christmas, ma'am.'

'Would you like to see the school-house, and arrange for his reception there?' asked the young lady, rising.

Harry thankfully accepted her offer, and they went to the school. It consisted of a wide airy school-room, a parlour, and two small bedrooms; and the new schoolmaster, with the pleasant sense of ownership, thought he had never noticed how pretty the building was before, nor how sweet the perfume of the flower-garden.

Being Midsummer, it was holiday-time; and as his predecessor was gone, the house was ready for Harry at once.

'Now, Harry,' said Miss Ferrars, 'we will get a room ready for your father at once; and then *he* can be moved here before your furniture is sent from Sunborough. Which room shall it be?'

'He cannot be moved about much, Miss Mary—not up and down stairs every day, I mean. May it be the best room—the parlour?'

'Certainly, if you wish it. Your mother can have a chair-bed in the same room. Then your sisters can occupy one bed-room, and yourself the other.'

Harry gratefully acquiesced, and his early benefactress added that they could spare a few articles of furniture from the Hall, to begin his establishment.

Before he left the village by the evening train, Harry visited many old acquaintances—first of all Miller, whom he found singing cheerfully at his last. The cobbler's delight was great.

'Ah, lad!' he said, 'it were *I* who gave thee a hint to be doing!'

'So you did, Master Miller; and a true and kind friend you've always been to me and mine.'

'I hope to make shoes for you all again!' said My Lord, cheerily. 'And when will your father come?'

'As soon as may be,' replied Harry, 'for he is very ill, Master Miller.'

'The old place will give him a new lease of his life. Happiness and health go a deal together, Harry.'

'I hope so,' said the son, earnestly. 'Will you walk to the forge with me, Master Miller?'

'To be sure, lad!' laying down his last: 'Master Knight will be right glad to see you; you'll find your old playmate, Jessie, much changed—she's grown a fine lassie now.'

And they proceeded to the forge.

The blacksmith was rejoiced to see Harry. He insisted on their both coming in, and tasting his wife's gooseberry wine; and a fresh welcome awaited the young schoolmaster from Mrs. Knight and her daughter, who was grown a tall, handsome girl, but kept the happy snile which Harry remembered in his old playfellow.

Thus the Fernlea welcome was a promise of the brightening future, and the young man returned to Sunborough with a rejoicing heart.

Before the June roses had all faded, the Fairly family were installed in their new home. From the low, long window of the parlour, George Fairly could gaze upon the rich colours of the flowers and the fresh verdure of the trees, from behind which rose the grey old church.

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tower. Through the open lattice came the soft, sweet summer air, cooling and soothing his burning brow; while his wife now sang at her work, and his young daughters ran about in the meadows, and gathered buttercups and daisies.

The blessed country! They had never known its charms before they had been deprived of them.

Autumn came, in its rich brown splendour, and found the village-school flourishing, and the young schoolmaster well established in his



post; but a sorrow greater than any he had ever known came in with the falling leaves—George Fairly was slowly passing away from earth! He had much improved in health during the first few weeks of his return; but the change was not lasting, and day by day, of late, his strength had grown less.

But his decline was cheered by many solaces for which he had never hoped again. There was the success of his son, and the cheerful companionship of his old friend, Miller, who seldom let an evening pass without dropping in to have a chat with him, or to listen to Harry's

reading. Mr. Vyvyan, too, came very often; he had grown intimate at the Hall, and never visited the Ferrars without calling on the carpenter. He had added a few books to Harry's tiny library: one was 'The Christian Year,' and this was George Fairly's especial favourite. That sweet music of the Church was to him the pleasantest teaching, and he was never weary of listening to it. Miller shared in this admiration, though neither, perhaps, understood the full meaning of those wonderful poems. Of 'The Christian Year,' George Fairly preferred the hymns for the Second Sunday after Christmas and the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. They 'fitted his circumstances best,' he was wont to say.

One evening Harry had been reading the latter to him, and was called away suddenly by some business. Miller, who was sitting beside the couch, took the book, and looking earnestly at it, said,—

'It's uncommon pretty; but, George, you are the last man I should have thought who would have cared for such-like.'

'Once upon a time I shouldn't,' replied the carpenter; 'I hadn't time for such toys, as I should have called them. I was like the good woman in the Holy Bible, "careful and troubled about many things." I don't know as I should have ever given myself time to think, if I hadn't been forced to it, I was so full of my work and of the boy, and of wishing him to get on in the world. I was always hearing how men may get on in our country: folks would say, "There's So-and-so—he's a great man now; his son's in Parliament;" or, "There's such another—he's rolling in riches, and he began with only a shilling in his pocket;" and I thought, why couldn't I do the like?'

He paused, and gazed thoughtfully out on the red sunset.

'But you didn't count the cost,' said the cobbler; 'I always said that it doesn't do for us to be always a-trying to pull ourselves upwards.'

'Except,' said the carpenter, with a sweet smile—'except to the greatest height of all—"the crown" of our high calling.'" But, Miller, I can't and don't regret that I've done my utmost to help poor Harry to be more than a workman.'

'No, to be sure not, George, my man! You've been the best of fathers—everybody says that!'

'You see there is no sin in striving upwards,' continued George, 'if only we do not risk our better prospects for the earthly ones—and Harry was such a clever lad! I declare to you, Miller, I used to forget I was hungry, often, when I looked at him over his books: and see the comforts he has brought me!'

And the carpenter gazed with a sigh of pleasure round the room.

'I wish you could have been spared a few years yet, George,' said the cobbler, 'to see what he will come to! It's my opinion that Harry will be a great man yet!'

At this moment, Harry himself entered, and, startled by an unusually weary look in his father's face, he drew Miller away.

'You are tired, father!' he said, as he took his seat by the couch when the cobbler was gone; 'Miller has been talking too much, I am afraid.'

'No, lad; and all he says is pleasant: he thinks you'll be a great man by-and-bye, Harry.'

'Do you wish that I should, father?'

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'Not as I once did, my dear boy! I hope you'll do your duty, and use your gifts. But, Harry, there's a better "UPWARDS." Lift me up, that I may look at the sunset once more!'

Harry raised him in his arms, and he gazed wistfully at the red line of light in the horizon, and the faint rosy tint still lingering on the church-tower.

'The old bell-tower!' he said, dreamily. 'It was all right—all in mercy, Harry! I know it now. God bless you, dear lad! I am sleepy—send your mother to me!'

Harry tenderly replaced him on his pillow. The father smiled on him fondly, whispered 'Upwards!' and closed his eyes.

'Mother,' said Harry, as at that moment she entered the room, 'father's very tired to-night! He's almost asleep now.'

Her experienced eye rested on the pale face and closed eyes, and she hurried forward. Her fear had hit the truth. George Fairly would never feel weary more!

* * * * *

A few words, and our tale is done.

Not in vain had the good father striven and endured. Not in vain had his heart been bent and broken by the blows of God's Hammer of Trial and Suffering. The reward came, though his mortal eyes did not behold it. Harry—a close and diligent student, as well as a skilful teacher—reaped golden profit from hard hours of toil.

A few years after poor Fairly had been gathered to his rest, Harry honourably gained the Mastership of the old Sunborough Grammar-School, where his early friend Mr. Vyvyan was now Rector.

There was a good house and large salary attached to the situation; and Harry, with honest pride, installed his poor mother, after all her trials, in a home such as her dreams had never pictured to her. His sisters were respectably married.

Harry had room for more than his mother in his spacious dwelling: so he furnished two cosy rooms, and in them he installed the friend of former times, now grown too old to work. And who may describe the pride and delight of Miller, when he smoked his pipe in his snug parlour, and discoursed to Harry's mother of her boy's success?

'There's only one drawback, ma'am,' he would say—'only one—but there always is a something, I've marked, in this life—if poor George could but have seen it! But we must submit to the drawback, and be thankful. Perhaps, if the lad had had his father, he might have been too happy, especially when he brings home his young wife, Miss Katie Dodd; and then he might have forgot the need of striving upwards beyond this world. So, no doubt, it's for the best!'

'No doubt, indeed, Master Miller,' would the widow reply, meekly. 'It is not for them to murmur who owe so many thanks for bounties, spiritual and temporal, as we do!'



The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.L.C., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



ANY of my readers will remember the grand oratorios of the grand composer Handel, and will recollect that one of them is entitled 'Judas Maccabæus.*' It recounts in magnificent strains many of the heroic deeds of this man and his brothers. He is the 'conquering hero' whose valour and wisdom, guided by Jehovah in answer to their 'decent prayers,' produced that 'lovely peace with plenty crowned' which the nation yearned for; and few men of war, if any, more richly deserve the admiration and grateful remembrance of their nation than he.

Antiochus Epiphanes was resolved on the destruction of the Jews, but (Daniel, xi. 44) 'tidings came to him out of the East and out of the North that troubled him,' for the King of Armenia revolted, and the taxes were no longer paid in Persia, so he committed the reduction of the Jews to Lysias, a nobleman, with orders to utterly extirpate them. He, with others, brought an army of nigh 50,000 to Emmaus, near Jerusalem, and there followed a host of merchants, who hoped to buy the captives and raise large sums of money by them. Judas and his brother had but six thousand men, these he divided into four bands under his own command and the command of his brothers. He led them to Mizpa, to offer up prayers to God, for Jerusalem was then in the hands of the heathen, and there in solemn fasting they implored God's assistance (1 Macc. iii.; 2 Macc. viii.)

The application of the law (Deut. xx. 5) reduced their number to 3000. There is not space to describe the battle, but our readers can readily consult the books of Maccabæus and of Josephus; and it will suffice to say, that by a very daring and singular counter strategem, Judas and his followers obtained a great victory over the Syrians, and large booty. Other valiant encounters and important successes followed, and the next year (B.C. 165) Lysias sustained a defeat so severe as left Judas in possession of the country. Whereupon he proposed to his followers that they should go at once to Jerusalem. This they did, but were distressed beyond measure at the desolation of the Sanctuary, 'for God's servants took pleasure in her stones, and it pitied them to see her in the dust.' Judas supplied a new altar of incense, a new candlestick of gold, a new shewbread table covered with gold, a new veil between the holy place and the most holy place, and when all had been reverently and thoroughly rectified, it was determined that there should be not alone the restoration of the daily sacrifice and worship, but a dedication of the altar. This took place in the month Cisleu, about the time of winter. And this dedication took place just three years and a half after the city and temple had been profaned by Apollonius at the command of Antiochus, and two years after the death of Mattathias, father of Judas Maccabæus. The festival was maintained for eight days, in the manner of the Passover and Feast of

* The learned Dean Prideaux thus states the origin of the word Maccabæus:— Judas took as the motto of his standard Exod. xv. 11: 'Mi Camo-ka Baelim Jehovah; i.e. 'Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Jehovah?' But he could put only the initial letter of each word on the standard, which gave 'Maccabi,' and hence all who fought under it were called Maccabees or Maccabeans.

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Tabernacles, during which time the people set up candles at the doors of their houses, and the festival was often termed 'the feast of lights.'

This became a feast of annual observation ; and our blessed Master, so far from finding fault with a Church festival on a proper and not superstitious occasion, Himself honoured the institution by coming to Jerusalem, and apparently taking part in the solemnities, as St. John (x. 22-23) records. Much and deeply instructive history could be written about this period, but one can only now mention the bare facts as landmarks of the Jewish story of this period. The year after the cleansing of the Temple and the feast of dedication, Antiochus Epiphanes died (b.c. 164) a fearful death, which ended his career while he was hastening to 'make Jerusalem a place of sepulture for the Jews,' for he threatened to 'destroy them all to a man.' He was succeeded by his son, Antiochus Eupater, who reigned about two years, during which time Judas Maccabæus continued his glorious career, and compelled Lysias to terms of peace. Menelaus, who, nine years before, as was mentioned, had bought the high-priesthood over the head of his brother, Jason—who himself had bribed Antiochus to depose the good Onias—was now cast headlong into a tower of ashes and killed.

It will be remembered that Antiochus Epiphanes made himself King of Syria by taking advantage of the death of his brother, Seleucus, just as his son, Demetrius, took his place at Rome as hostage, and so had set Antiochus free.

This Demetrius now (b.c. 162) returned, seized the kingdom, and put Lysias and Antiochus Eupater to death. After many noble deeds, Judas Maccabæus fell in battle (b.c. 161), and was followed in the chieftainship of the Jews by his brother, Jonathan. He was murdered (b.c. 144) by the treachery of Trypho. Simon, another brother of Judas Maccabæus, was chosen high-priest and leader, and in b.c. 143 Simon was acknowledged as high-priest and prince, and the nation may be regarded for the moment as almost free from foreign rule, as all claims of tribute were relinquished. Struggles, however, soon arose, especially under the high-priesthood of John Hyrcanus, son of Simon, who ruled from 135 to 107 b.c. His son, Aristobulus, succeeded him for about one year, and on his death his brother, Alexander Janurus, ruled in Palestine from b.c. 106 to 79. During the greater part of his time small wars with his neighbours were frequent, and Ptolemy Luthyrus, enraged at Alexander for secretly soliciting the aid of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt (his, Ptolemy's, mother), committed fearful havoc amongst the Jews. Cleopatra, however, assisted Alexander against her son, and though he had many battles to encounter, Alexander made considerable acquisitions to the Jewish dominions, but died b.c. 79, bequeathing his rule to Alexandra, his queen. Her son, Hyrcanus, was high-priest, and her other son, Aristobulus, was at present passed by. She ruled with vigour for nine years, and her son Aristobulus succeeded her. Hyrcanus, however, was stirred up by Antipas, the father of Herod the Great, to attack Aristobulus, who did so, but the latter invoked the aid of the Romans, and we shall see in the next chapter that the Jews next fell beneath their mighty rule. Otherwise, owing to the prowess and sincerity of the Maccabæans, the Jews had almost, or quite, regained their freedom once more.

The Priest of the Lakes.

A CLERICAL SKETCH OF THE LAST CENTURY,



ROBERT WALKER, the 'Priest of the Lakes,' though he lived an obscure life, yet has not been wholly unnoticed, nevertheless, probably few of our readers have ever heard of his name. In the *Christian Remembrancer* of 1819 appeared a sketch of him from the pen of the Rev. R. Bamford. Dr. Parkinson, Principal of St. Bees, in a work entitled *The Old Church Porch*, gives us many of the following particulars in his preface; and lastly, though not least, Wordsworth, in his *Excursion* (Book vii.), and in the notes to his sonnet on the River Duddon, refers to his life and labours in terms of high praise.

Though Robert Walker is a type of clergyman that will appear strange to many in the present day, his life will prove, in spite of Macaulay's unfavourable sketch of the clergy of Queen Anne's reign, that men of the pattern of Chaucer's and Herbert's 'Country Parson' were not even then entirely extinct; but that, in remote places, the Church system was fairly and faithfully carried out, and bore fruit abundantly. Thus, at Garstang Church Town, an agricultural township, we find, in 1723, services on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saints' days: on Good Friday the Sacrament administered to 236 communicants. On one Easter Day there were 285, on another 656 communicants.* On Sundays an average of 100 was the rule in this obscure village, besides private administrations to the sick and the dying, and numerous and frequent services during the Holy Week: the rector non-resident too, and the whole served by one curate with occasional assistance!

The pastor of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, 'passing rich on forty pounds a-year,' faithfully pictures to us our village priest, though it does not appear his income reached that modest sum at any period of his clerical career. Robert Walker was born in 1709, at Seathwaite. His elder brother inherited the few patrimonial acres. He, being a sickly child, was 'bred a scholar,' and became schoolmaster at Loweswater. Ordained priest somewhat later, he was offered his choice of two curacies, both valued at *five pounds* per annum! His wife was a household servant, though of birth equal to his own. Modest, virtuous, and frugal, she proved to him a worthy helpmate. In 1735 we find him described, in a letter to the *Annual Register* for 1760, as sitting at the head of his table, 'dressed in a coarse blue frock, with a checked shirt, a leathern strap for a stock, a coarse apron round his waist, and wooden shoes; a child on his knee, and other children round him all occupied in spinning wool,' which, when spun, he would lay on his shoulders and carry to market. His clothes, and those of all his household, were made and spun by their own hands. Their fuel was peat, which they gathered from the hill-side. Their lights were rushes dipped in fat. Tallow candles were kept to honour the Church festivals. Tea was a luxury in which Robert Walker never indulged himself. Their food was oatmeal bread, milk, and cheese, and meat once a-week. In the winter, an ox salted down seems to have furnished forth their

* These numbers seem almost incredible, but they are extracted from the diary kept by the curate himself, which contains a simple record of his amazing labours.

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table, while the hide secured shoes to the household. Yet he exercised a constant and unfeeling hospitality to his parishioners. Every Sunday messes of broth were served for those who came to church from a distance, which required the sacrifice of all the week's fresh meat. Eight hours in each day were devoted to teaching in the school, or rather chapel, as there was no other building. He sat within the altar rails spinning his wheel all the time. A curious, primitive spectacle the whole scene must have presented, had there been any to witness it. His payment was chiefly in the willing help rendered him by his scholars, who dug, reaped, and otherwise assisted him in his agricultural toil.

Before he married, his great poverty obliged him to live in turn with his parishioners week and week about. This was at Buttermere. In return, he assisted them on their farmsteads, shearing, making hay, spinning wool, teaching their sons in the daytime, serving his church twice on Sundays, and devoting his evening to reading and study, and to making his own shoes and stockings. He was also scrivener, will-maker, and lawyer to his neighbours, for which services he received payment. He tilled his garden and two or three acres of moorland with his own hands, disdaining no method of keeping himself and his family honestly. The money thus laid by was liberally spent on the education of his children. One of his sons was afterwards in Holy Orders, and one was bred up a tanner. His annual income was about 17*l.* 10*s.* a-year. His wife's modest portion of 40*l.* was carefully invested and never spent. He refused to take a better preferment when offered him, for fear of being or seeming *covetous*. Yet he saved money, and left upwards of 2000*l.* behind him for the benefit of his eight children, chiefly gained by the labours of his hands. 'Though nothing,' says the writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, 'in other circumstances could justify a clergyman becoming the manual hireling of his people; yet his ardour, and application, and dignified humility, while it screened him from contempt, at the same time procured him honour and respect.'

Nor, indeed, was he a mere hind. His written sermons 'were correct, simple, animated;' and he enforced them by the integrity of his life and actions. His parishioners loved and respected their 'homely priest.' Nor was his wife an unworthy partner of such a man. 'She was good to the poor, she was good to everything,' said one who knew her well. It must have been a primitive place indeed. 'At Seathwaite,' said his wife, 'there are no woods, no roads, no meadows, and no neighbours.' When she died (1800), at the age of ninety-two, she was carried to the grave by her daughters and her husband, then almost blind from his great age, tenderly lamented and bitterly mourned by her venerable partner, who could never afterwards pass her grave without tears in his blind eyes, or without his voice failing as he touched the vacant chair she had occupied beside him for so many years. Robert Walker died in 1802, aged ninety-three years, loved, respected, and revered. 'To see him was to think one of the beloved Apostles had returned to life again, to show forth in that secluded vale the beauty of holiness.'

Another letter in the *Annual Register*, 1766, speaks of 'his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice—an honour to his country and an

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ornament to his profession. The plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity.'

We are also told of his tender and beneficent charity to strangers and travellers; his unwearied industry, temperance, and soberness; and of the bright light of a pure life which burnt in this lonely habitation: 'in all things showing himself a pattern of good works.' For sixty-seven years he laboured thus, ere he departed to his well-earned rest. Many of his descendants still survive, and the honour and reverence in which they hold the name of Robert Walker forms perhaps the best testimony to his abiding worth.

O. S. T. D.

The Mudlarks of the Thames.



MUDLARKS is the name given to the poor folk who haunt the slimy banks of the Thames from Vauxhall Bridge down to Woolwich, and gain a scanty livelihood by picking up scraps of coal and wood, bits of old iron, rope, bones, or copper nails, that are washed up by the tide, or dropped from the ships while lying or repairing along shore.

The mudlarks generally live in some court or alley near the river, and as the tide recedes, crowds of boys and girls, some old men and many infirm and aged women, may be seen wading into the water and groping among the mud for anything that is worth putting into the old basket or the battered tin kettle which each carries; copper nails are the most valuable of the articles they find, and these they sell at the rate of fourpence a pound; the scrap-coal they sell to the poor folk of the neighbourhood, and the rag-shops give them a penny for five pounds of iron, a penny for three pounds of bones, a halfpenny a pound for rope if wet, and three-farthings if dry. In this way the poor mudlarks earn about threepence a-day. It cannot be said that they are *clad* in rags, for they are scarcely half-covered by the tattered miscellaneous fragments that serve them for clothing—their bodies are grimed with the foul soil of the river, and their rags are stiffened up like boards with dirt of every kind.

Mr. Mayhew, the best authority on the London poor, says that the mudlarks are the most deplorable of all the forlorn folk that he has met. Even the boys and girls are dull and stupid; they pass and re-pass, as they plash their way through the mire, but seldom speak or notice each other, as with a stolid look of wretchedness they slouch along, stooping and peering into the mud, eager to add to their store of odds-and-ends.

Mr. Mayhew calculates that there are 550 mudlarks on the Thames shores, and that they pick up 'unconsidered trifles' of the annual value of 2000*l.*

These poor children are as ignorant as they are ill-clad. Some of them go to Ragged Schools in winter, not so much from any desire to learn, but for the sake of the warmth, and because their companions go. Of religion most of them know nothing.

It is truly grievous to think of children growing up in such absolute heathenism in the metropolis of Christian England, and we must

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honour, and sympathise, with those zealous teachers, who for Christ's sake give themselves up to the discouraging work of seeking to gather these hapless children into the fold of the Good Shepherd. May the



number of such home missionaries be increased an hundred-fold, and may their hearts be cheered by finding some spiritual jewels, even amid this mud and drift of humanity!

The 'Idle Words' Box.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE.'



HE practice of profane swearing in common conversation may be said to have died out of polite society. Those, even, who care not for the anger of God pay deference in this to the opinion of the world; and the epithet 'ungentlemanly,' checks those whom it would little trouble to stigmatise as 'ungodly.'

There is, however, a common kind of swearing which many would be surprised to hear spoken of as *swearing* at all. (Just as men have invented a kind of diluted *cursing*, cursing being, mark you, a distinct thing from profane swearing, of which latter the characteristic is that it, expressly or by implication, takes God's name in vain: though *this*, also, is impliedly done in *cursing*, for who can 'damn' but God? And what is the *nominative* to all those verbs of imprecation? 'Confound it!' men say, however; 'Blow it!' 'Hang it!' &c.; and these I call *mitigated imprecations*.) But, now, as to the masked swearing of which I began to speak. I allude to the use in common conversation of other names than that of God, as a kind of compromise with the command not to take His Name in vain. This is but, so to speak, a more cowardly way of breaking the Third Commandment. The French, with a more daring profanity, intersperse their common talk with God's awful Name; using it, in fact, as a mere interjection. I thank God that this is not the practice among us! Still I say, that we may detect among ourselves a hankering after this sin; and a poor evasion of its more open impiety, in the common practice of using—instead and in place of the sacred NAME—the names of Heathen deities, of England's patron Saint, and, still worse, the name of the Devil himself,—this, again, under various disguises, some of them ludicrous, all of them evil. ('The Deuce,' 'Old Nick,' 'Old Harry.' You may laugh; but consider, and perhaps upon calm thought idle laughter may die.) These, I say, are often used as mere interjections, with, it is hard to say, what meaning at all.

And now does my reader say that it is drawing matters too finely to attribute harm to such shifting evasions of the Name of God? as these no doubt originally are. Nay, then, let us listen to One who never spoke idly, nor lightly, nor in vain. The Lord Jesus Himself thought the matter of enough importance to call forth His solemn denunciation of this sin. Neither by Heaven, nor by the Earth, nor by Jerusalem, nor by the head, might men swear. *For all belonged to God, and every oath implied His Name.*

And, lest there should be any mistake or further subtle evasion, this command is plainly summed up, 'SWEAR NOT AT ALL.' And, lest any should yet deny that common conventional oaths were forbidden, we have the rule for everyday conversation: 'Let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil.' Can any rule be clearer?

But if any plead the very idleness and unmeaningness of these expressions as their excuse, how solemnly and aptly do the answering words fall in: '*For every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account in the Day of Judgment.*'

Cash and Credit.

And a better example of how words merely *idle* can be sinful, could hardly perhaps be given than by these now under notice. Weed, therefore, your speech of them, young men, my brothers. Dare you trifle when God is seriously in earnest?

The 'Idle Words Box.' What of this, do you ask? Well, only that I remember to have once, in a sermon, pressed the above matter upon the attention of my hearers. And then I was pleased to hear next day that it had formed the subject of conversation among some young fellows going up to London by the train, and that one among them had declared himself so convinced of the truth and importance of what had been said, that he had determined, he announced, to keep an 'Idle Words' Box in his room, and to persuade his guests to agree to a fine upon every word which came under the above censure. 'By Jove!' and 'By Jingo!' and 'By George!' 'The Dence!' and the like, all were thenceforth to be condemned, and condoned with a fine.

Ah, well, it is *pleasing* to hear of even any result of good from our often seemingly abortive sermons. How many spinning balls, as we cannonade the Devil's forts, seem to fall down flattened and useless! *Perhaps they loosened the masonry*; but, if so, we do not see it; and we work on still in faith, not asking for sight, but cheered if a glimpse of encouragement be given us, nevertheless a little sadly anxious as to the duration of the effect of our fire. Will the Enemy repair his fortifications, perhaps substituting the dull, unimpressible resistance of an earthwork, of a heart habit-deadened and over-familiar with our missiles, for the more impressionable masonry which cracked and gave before an impetuous discharge?

How is it with that 'Idle Words' Box? Is it shelved long ago? or is it still quietly and simply working on, helping to keep the beaten path of common conversation free from idle or noxious weeds? Who can tell?

Cash and Credit.

BY JOHN ADAMS, M.A., VICAR OF STOCK CROSS, BERKS.

WHAT is it that there is such a great difference between the condition of Sharp's family, and that of his next-door neighbour, John Slack? They are both steady and temperate men; they are both in constant work, at fifteen shillings a-week; they have both the same number of olive-branches round about their table. But, nevertheless, there is this wide contrast between them; Sharp is always comfortably and respectably dressed, while Slack has a hat like that of a broken-down Irishman, and is generally out at the elbows. Mrs. Sharp and her children are as neat and complete in their attire as any one can wish; but Mrs. Slack has a worn-out and destitute look, and the juvenile Slacks are obliged very often to dispense with stockings, and certain inner garments. How is this difference to be accounted for? Walk with them to the village shop, on a Saturday night, and you will see.

'How do you do, Mr. Sharp?' says Pepper, the grocer. 'Very glad to see you, Mr. Sharp. What can I have the pleasure of supplying you with?'

Cash and Credit.

Thereupon, Sharp selects sundry articles for next week's consumption, taking care that they are fair in price, and good in quality, pays the money for them, and trots merrily home.

'Well, Slack,' growls the same shopkeeper, an hour afterwards, as the poor fellow sheepishly comes up to the counter; 'I hope you intend to square up to-night.'

'Very sorry,' rejoins Slack, 'times are uncommonly hard, but here is ten shillings towards the debt.'

'Ten shillings!' says Pepper, contemptuously, 'why, you owe me, sir, ten times that amount, and for twelve months past your debt has been steadily increasing. This won't do! I shall be obliged to County-



Court you!' And then, after a terrible pause, he adds, somewhat reluctantly, but with an ominous shake of the head; 'If I thought you ever carried money to any other shop, I would sell you up at once.'

Thereupon, Slack proceeds to ask for the usual weekly supplies of tea, sugar, bacon, &c., never daring to make any remark about price or quality; and Mr. Pepper, knowing that he should have to wait a long time for payment, and that he was running a risk of never being paid at all, charges poor Slack ten or twenty per cent more than he had charged Sharp for similar articles, an hour before.

Cash and Credit.

That evening, as Slack and his wife were at supper, they waxed very savage in their abuse of Pepper, the grocer.

'Such tea!' said Mrs. Slack, 'it has neither taste nor colour. Such sugar, too! why, it chokes me to drink it! And then, as to the bacon, you must have been an idiot, Tom, for buying it. Don't you see that it is the flabby remains of a rusty old fitch, and hardly fit for a dog?'

'He deserves to be shown up,' added Tom. 'It is too bad that such old customers as we are should be served with such rubbish. But this is the way in which we poor folks are always treated.'

Little did Pepper suppose that evening, whilst he sat poring despondingly over his ledger in the little back room adjoining his shop, that he was being thus denounced by the Slacks and a dozen other villagers of the same stamp, as a greedy, unfeeling, miserly cheat. In his own opinion, he, the grocer, was the injured man, and his dissatisfied customers the cheats. And certainly, as he turned over the pages of his ledger, and read out to his indignant wife a long list of old debts, which, though separately of small amount, were collectively large enough to swamp him, there was evidence sufficient to show that he was right in his opinion. Moreover, he was somewhat ruffled by annoyance from another quarter. Mr. Cash, the disagreeable agent of the wholesale dealer, had just called on him for payment of his month's account, and there was not money enough in the till to meet it. As an excuse for paying only half the amount, Pepper had pleaded his inability to get the money due from his customers; but the hard-hearted agent would not listen for a moment to such a plea. What had he to do with Pepper's customers! He wouldn't hear their names, or look at their accounts. It was with him, John Pepper, that he dealt, and not with them; and the bill must be paid at once: how else could he meet the demands of his own creditors? And so poor Pepper was obliged not only to empty his till, but to lay hands upon a small sum which he had laid by in his money-box for his children's schooling, and to borrow another small sum from a neighbour, in order that he might raise enough to satisfy the demands of Mr. Cash's man.

'This credit system will be the ruin of us,' Pepper muttered, as he closed the ledger with a bang, and pushed it from him. 'Here are we supplying dozens of beggarly customers with groceries, and not getting payment for half that we sell. I can't treat them as Cash treats me, because they are penniless, and if I seized their goods I should be abused by everybody, and lose two-thirds of my business. Something, however, must be done!'

'Yes, my dear,' echoed Mrs. Pepper, 'something must be done! and I'll tell you what it must be: we must buy cheaper goods, and increase our prices whenever we can do so without losing custom.'

Now, if Mr. and Mrs. Pepper had limited the application of this discipline to the Slacks, and such-like customers, it would not have been so outrageously wicked; but, unhappily, they 'tried it on,' to use their own phrase, with many others. Thus, when Job Blunt came for his weekly supplies, he was punished as though he were as bad as the Slacks, albeit he was never more than a fortnight deep in the ledger. What a wiseacre Job must have been to endure such treatment! Why on earth did he not stint himself for a month, in order that he might be able to close his account with the Peppers, and be free to go to some

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other shop ! Alas, there are many Job Blunts in every village, honest, patient men, who seem to have no more ability to manage properly their scanty earnings than mere children ! They keep no accounts, and make no attempt to save for a rainy day. A spare penny seems to burn in their pockets, and is got rid of as quickly as possible. The only calculation they ever make is, how they can best live from hand to mouth, and whether this week's earnings will pay last week's bills. Any niggardly employer or over-reaching shopkeeper may grind them down to the verge of starvation, and though they writhe and groan, they never have sense and courage enough to struggle out of their misery. Such persons remind one of certain foolish birds, from the nests of which a soft down called Eider-down is obtained. Boatmen resort to the rocky shores where those birds hatch their young, just after they have made their nests, and plunder the precious down with which they are lined. Strange to say, the birds stick to their nests, and contrive to line them afresh as long as they have any down left on their bodies, and of course the robbers continue to steal it. One would have thought that after the first or second repetition of this process, the silly creatures would betake themselves to a place of greater security ; but, instead of doing so, they merely scream and cackle at their loss. Job Blunt and his wife were as short-sighted as two Eider-ducks. They knew that Pepper was fleecing them ; and if they had taken the trouble to reflect for a moment they might have known how to escape from his exaction, but they only growled and let it go on.

There were, however, other people to blame besides the Peppers for the fleecing of Job Blunt. The Slacks were just as guilty as they ; for the imposition was practised to compensate for their slow payment, and the bad debts of such as they. What the Peppers lost by one customer they thought it only fair play in business to gain, if they could, by any other. And so, Mr. and Mrs. Slack, you are not only saddling yourselves with a heavy burden by living in debt, but, what is far worse, you are adding to the burdens of your neighbours. If you, and such-like customers, would only pay ready money, the whole village would be the better for it ; for then Pepper's business would flourish, his prices would come down, his shop-goods would improve, and many families besides your own would consequently be better clothed and better fed.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



TF the hopes of the Puritan party had risen high on the accession of James I. it is not wonderful that they should have expected that Charles II. on his Restoration should view them with a favourable eye. In the declaration from Breda (May 1st, 1660) the King had promised toleration, and expressed his wish to refer any questions which might arise to the deliberations of Parliament. A deputation of leading Nonconformists, among whom were Reynolds and Calamy, went to meet the King at the Hague, with the view of obtaining further concessions from him. Charles received them kindly ; but when they complained of the Royal

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Chaplains wearing the surplice, he plainly told them that he did not mean to tolerate differences in others unless he were allowed liberty to worship God in the manner to which he had always been accustomed.* The Puritans continued their efforts after the King's return to England. A special petition was presented by Parliament asking the King to convene an Assembly of Divines, so as to arrive, if possible, at some settlement of the questions at issue. This Assembly was convened by Royal Warrant on March 25th, 1661, and is known as the 'Savoy Conference,' from its meetings being held in the Bishop of London's lodgings in the Savoy. Twelve Bishops were appointed to represent the interests of the Church, and twelve Presbyterian divines to state their objections and obtain such modifications in the Prayer-book as might conduce to uniformity of worship.† Nine assessors were appointed on either side. The terms of the Commission were sufficiently broad and comprehensive. The object of the Conference was 'to advise upon and review the Book of Common Prayer, comparing the same with the most ancient Liturgies which have been used in the Church in the primitive and purest times.' The divines assembled were empowered 'to make reasonable and necessary alterations, corrections, and amendments therein . . . for the giving satisfaction to tender consciences, and the restoring and continuance of peace and amity in the Churches under the King's protection and government.' It might have been hoped, that with men of such high character engaged on either side, some mutual concessions, tending to peace and unity, would have been finally made. On the one side were men like Gilbert Sheldon, bishop of London; John Cosin, bishop of Durham; Robert Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln;—on the other, Edward Reynolds,‡ bishop of Norwich; Richard Baxter, Edmund Calamy, and Thomas Manton. 'The failure of that attempt is among the most lamentable events in English religious history. And yet, if one would calmly and dispassionately review the respective positions of either party, and the sentiments with which they met together, we may find much cause to doubt whether any concessions whatever could at that time have effected the desired object—certainly none which should

* 'He added, that "though he was bound for the present to tolerate much disorder and indecency in the exercise of God's worship, he would never in the least degree, by his own practice, discountenance the good old order of the Church in which he had been bred."—CLARENDON, *History of the Great Rebellion*.

† The preamble of the Royal Commission ran thus—it may not be without interest to our readers—'Charles II. by the grace of God, &c. to our trusty and well-beloved the Most Reverend Father in God, *Accepted*, Archbishop of York; the Right Rev. Father in God, *Gilbert*, Lord Bishop of London; *John*, Bishop of Durham; *John*, Bishop of Rochester; *Humphrey*, Bishop of Sarum; *George*, Bishop of Worcester; *Robert*, Bishop of Lincoln; *Benjamin*, Bishop of Peterborough; *Brian*, Bishop of Chester; *Richard*, Bishop of Carlisle; *Edward*, Bishop of Norwich; and to our trusty and well-beloved, the Rev. Anthony Tuckney, D.D.; John Conans, D.D.; William Spurstow, D.D.; John Wallis, D.D.; Thomas Manton, D.D.; Edmund Calamy, D.D.; Richard Baxter, Clerk; &c. These are the names of the principal Commissioners, and after them follows a list of the names of the assessors on either side.

‡ Reynolds occupied a somewhat anomalous position. There can be no reason to doubt his sincerity; but, though a strong Presbyterian, he had been induced to accept the Bishopric of Norwich, to which he had been consecrated in January 1661. Baxter refused the see of Hereford; Calamy, that of Lichfield; and Manton, the Deanery of Rochester.

On Riding a One-eyed Young Mare.

have left the Prayer-book in any respect what it now is or what our Reformers intended it to be.* As we trace the lives and opinions of those who exerted the greatest influence on the deliberations of the Conference, we shall be in a better position to estimate how far peace would have been possible. It may be well to begin with a short account of the life of one of the most celebrated Bishops present at the Conference.

Robert Sanderson was born at Sheffield,† Sept. 19th, 1587. He was educated at Rotherham Grammar School, and went to Lincoln College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen. In May, 1606, he was elected Fellow of his College; in 1618 he was presented to the Rectory of Wibberton, in Lincolnshire, but resigned it on account of the unhealthiness of the place. Shortly after he was appointed to the Rectory of Boothby Pannell, in the same county, which he held for more than forty years, living a life of great retirement. Walton tells us many pleasing stories of his ministrations as a country parson. Laud first drew him out of his obscurity, and in 1631 he was appointed one of the King's Chaplains in Ordinary. During the period of the Commonwealth Sanderson suffered greatly. He was ejected from the Divinity Chair at Oxford; and although he was prepared to make some concessions, *e. g.* not using the Book of Common Prayer in its entirety, he was not suffered to remain in peace in his seclusion at Boothby Pannell. At the Restoration Sanderson was recommended by Bishop Sheldon to the King for the See of Lincoln. After knowing his persecutions, we shall be better able to estimate the part he took as a moderator in the Savoy Conference.

On Riding a One-eyed Young Mare.

A REFLECTION.

HIS mare, whom, from her misfortune, we have named Monops, had the ill-luck to put out her right eye when a foal, by running violently against a furze-hedge in a straw-yard, where she had been ill-advisedly confined along with older animals than herself. She makes me, nevertheless, a very tolerable hackney, though a somewhat dangerous one to ride, as she is continually shying at things presented partially to her as she goes along the road. Her manner is different to that of horses with a simply imperfect vision, as she has an awkward trick of whisking clean round in a moment in order to present the left eye, by which alone she sees at all, to the object that has startled her.

In passing carts and carriages, also, on the off-side, she will draw so close to them as to incur an imminent risk of being run against; while at other times she will all but throw herself and rider into the ditch opposite, in avoiding some sudden and causeless terror from the near side. To such an extent does she carry these serious defects, that I was fain to-day to wish she had put out *both* her eyes while she was about it, as I doubt not she would in such a case have made me a more useful, or at any rate a more safe, animal to ride than she does in her present state.

* Chancellor Massingberd's *Lectures on the Prayer-book*. Lecture iv.

† Walton says he was born at Rotherham, but this is a mistake.

On Riding a One-eyed Young Mare.

Meanwhile, taking her as she is, I will endeavour to draw some profit from what is at the best a sad trouble to us both.

And first, what was it that entailed upon her this severe punishment, but a certain waywardness of temper which she has always shown from her youth, and which knew not how to be confined within the limits of reasonable exercise, but must needs hazard the loss of a limb in the mere wantonness of sport? And has not thus many a high-mettled schoolboy maimed for life himself or his playfellow by an exuberance of animal spirits outstripping the bounds of prudence? And has not many a little girl carried with her to her grave the scars



and blemishes inflicted on herself in the impetuosity of her early years, ere judgment could step in to regulate and control? This mare of mine might have been now matched for beauty and usefulness with any of her age and breeding in the country, but for her ignorance that the same prickly fence which screened her from the cold March winds had also power to deprive her of the precious gift of sight.

But now, with her impaired vision, how does she remind me of those nominal Christians who walk by sight in this world of pitfalls and difficulties, seeing as they do but through a glass darkly, and perpetually boggling and starting where there is no real cause for alarm! Nay, such is their stupidity, that they will often even run into real danger in their eager foolishness to shun a merely imaginary

Short Sermon.

one. Seeing but half their way before them, they are perpetually shrinking and stumbling; now for standing still, now for turning back, now for wheeling about, and all from a defect inherent in themselves, which they falsely attribute to some external but innocent cause.

Now, were it possible for such people to shut, as it were, the carnal eyes of their mind altogether, and so to walk wholly by the inward light of faith, they would, at least, gain this: that all objects being equally unseen, they would be no more alarmed by real than they now are by fancied dangers. The horse when stone-blind is wholly devoid of fear, and rushes boldly, not to say rashly, forwards, trusting implicitly to the eyes of its rider.

And thus the Christian, casting himself confidently upon Him to whom the darkness itself is no darkness, but the night is as clear as the day, feels a degree of security he never knew before; yea, is able to face all manner of perils with a tranquil soul, moving still onwards in faith, nor thinking to stop, start, or turn back, till the same hand that bid him advance signals him to pause.

The journey of life, he knows, is before him, and will have an end at last. For long or for short, it is all one to him, as he sees neither the close, the middle, nor the beginning of it. While others, relying on their own partial vision, are full of groundless terrors and alarms—hesitating, faltering, staggering, bewildered—he is far in advance, and still making perceptible way; having but one only rule for his guidance: to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but to press ever forwards towards the prize of his high calling in Christ Jesus.

Short Sermon.

THE HARVEST PAST.

BY CHARLES GRAY, M.A., HON. CANON OF THE CATHEDRAL, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF ELY, VICAR OF EAST RETFORD.

Jer. viii. 20.—*'The harvest is past, the summer is ended.'*

WE know what a sad conclusion there is to this familiar verse,—one of the sayings of Jeremiah the Prophet which remains long in our minds, and from which many lessons may be drawn. It is one of the many verses characteristic of Jeremiah's office and his period in the history of the people of Israel. The bright hopefulness of Isaiah—the unmeasured, almost unconditional promises of pardon we there read—are in Jeremiah changed for a deep despondency. He feels the hopelessness of making the people hear and hearken to his message.

The glorious gospel—'Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow,' of Isaiah, is changed in Jeremiah to such declarations as these,—'The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with a point of a diamond: it is graven upon the table of the heart and upon the horns of your altars.' A very stereotyping this of their unrepented guilt.

The fearless prophecies of the older prophet, 'For before the child shall learn to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land which

Short Sermon.

thou abhorrest shall be forsaken of both her kings;’ or again, ‘They joy before Thee according to the joy of harvest;’ now become, as the later prophet sees the enemies advancing on all sides upon the devoted land, ‘The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.’

Listen, then, and hearken to this sad warning, all ye who know that in your hearts ye are still as carnal, selfish, worldly—and therefore godless—as ye were before this last summer began, before the seeds which led to this harvest were sown—listen, I say, and know that, however outwardly respectable and religious ye may appear, if your inner life is worldly, is carnal, is sensual and selfish, the despairing appeals and mournful lamentations of Jeremiah will succeed to all those pleadings and loving invitations which ye have so long left unfelt, unaccepted. Know for certain that there is a hardening, a deadening of the heart, that there is a stereotyping in indifference or heartless religion, which, humanly speaking, makes it impossible for those who have so often crucified the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame, to rouse themselves to a thorough conversion and repentance. Hear, then, once more the warning ere this summer passes, ere this harvest ends, and ask what fruit does your life show of the vital union with the Incarnate One, which is the privilege of all Christians? Does the soil of your heart drink in the rain of the Holy Spirit that cometh oft upon it?—doth it bring forth fruit meet for Him for whom it is dressed?—or doth it bear thorns and briars, and bad, unripe corn, to be rejected? Does it therefore continually receive blessings from God? or is it nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned?

But, beloved, of many of you we are persuaded better things, and things that accompany salvation. So that we hasten on to put the text into the mouth of the Church Militant, which, in a spirit of true Faith, and Hope, and Love, will rather say, The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are being saved (Acts, ii. 47); we are in the way of salvation. What matter another summer, another harvest of this brief life—what matter? our barns, our treasure-houses are not here; we have treasured our goods in heavenly places: ‘Where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also:’ another summer ended only brings us nearer the barn of our heavenly Father, where we long to be, where Jesus is our best treasure, our chief delight, our Lord, our All.

Meanwhile, we have been enjoying all the blessings of a spiritual summer, which ought to have brought forth in us a rich harvest of good fruit, of holy living, and Christ-like work. We have been watered by the refreshing rain which is sent upon God’s inheritance; the soil of our treacherous hearts, so liable to harden into unfruitfulness, has been constantly softened by the blessed influences of the Spirit. We have drawn water from the wells of salvation: the smitten Rock has ever been near us. Week by week we have fed on the finest wheat-flour, the Bread from heaven, the Body of the Lord. The *true* corn and wine have gladdened our hearts and strengthened our souls, and promoted our growth in grace. Thus, though another harvest-tide of our earthly life is past, another summer ended, we are going along the way of salvation; by the good hand of our God upon us we have passed onward, onward as Christian soldiers, towards the ‘land that is very

Four Wheels v. Four Walls.



It was market-day at Windsor, and a van like the one in the picture was drawn up in the High Street, near the side of the church. A stand of crockery-ware was temptingly put out for the expected buyers. It is impossible, in the black and white of a woodcut to give an idea of the bright blue of the van, relieved by liberal ornaments painted in red. The head-stall of the horse was decked with a peculiar kind of design, composed of holes, points, and semicircles. The brightest of brass stoves sent its blue smoke through a funnel surmounted by a cowl, which repeated the same pattern in its perforations. Neat and well-kept birdcages were fitted over the door, while some stood on the steps before it. A few chickens played at farmyard under the wheels, and a white gallipot stood ready, full of water, to quench their thirst.

I was not near enough to see whether the woman, who presently appeared to feed them from the open door, was comely or not; but the care and brightness which seemed to pervade every part of this home on four wheels favoured the idea that she might be as fresh, bright, and well cared for, as her belongings. Certainly it must be very pleasant to live in this gipsy way; there is a great charm while the weather is warm, the sun shines, birds sing, and leaves are on the trees, to move one's home about at one's own sweet will; to stay where you find it enjoyable, and to leave when a change seems beneficial. But what of winter, of mud and wet? The brightly-coloured van will then be a sorry substitute for one's own fireside between four sound walls; and the freedom of moving about is counterbalanced by the difficulty of finding suitable camping-ground. A man who lives in a house cannot be warned off by the village constable. He has a *right*, which is lost by the liberty which life on four wheels seems to give.

It is true, that when your house is a fixture, you cannot easily get out of the way of those annoyances which are sure to spring up in some form or other in the course of life. Yet it is better to fight such vexations, or patiently endure them, rather than to run away from them, at the risk of giving up the advantages of a settled home within four walls. If cleanliness, neatness, and care, can make a gipsy-van look almost like a home, what must they do in a house? Children, who grow up in such a life of *chance* and *change*, are not likely to acquire habits of endurance, which are needed to meet the duties of everyday life. If there is something so precious in home and family life, that even the drifting waifs and strays of society try to keep up a semblance of it; it seems a pity, that they should not direct the like efforts towards the real thing, a home of four walls, which the same amount of painstaking would secure for them.

Persian Precept.

FORGIVE thy foes; nor that alone;
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom:
And o'er the axe at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

KNOWLES.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY W. BAIRD, M.A. VICAR OF HOMERTON.



It is impossible not to associate the name of Gilbert Sheldon with that of Robert Sanderson. Their first introduction at Oxford was not a little curious. Sheldon, who came up to the University much later than Sanderson, was commended to his notice. Sanderson at that time was Proctor, and when Sheldon received an intimation to go and see him, he began to fear that he had been guilty of some breach of University discipline, and so passed a sleepless night in anticipation of the interview of the morrow. Sanderson welcomed him kindly, his fears were soon dissipated, and the foundation of a lasting friendship laid, which Sheldon, whose advance was more rapid than that of his friend, was able to show, by recommending him to Charles II. for the Bishopric of Lincoln.

Gilbert Sheldon was born July 19, 1598. His father seems to have been attached to the household of the Earl of Shrewsbury. By interest of Lord Coventry he was made one of the Chaplains of King Charles I. In the time of the Commonwealth he suffered, as all others did who remained loyal to the King and true to the Church. Shortly after the Restoration he was consecrated to the See of London, and subsequently to that of Canterbury. He was a man whose vigour and energy of character commanded the respect of all, 'to whose merits and memory, posterity, the Clergy especially, ought to pay a reverence.*' He was unpopular with the Puritans, for even at the last moment he was able to defeat their schemes. 'The promptness and courage of one man disappointed their machinations, and that man was Sheldon.†' Such a prelate could scarcely fail to have some enemies; but in order to appreciate the difficulties in which he was placed, it is needful to call to mind the rigour with which the Presbyterians, in their brief time of power, had acted against the Clergy who refused to give up their allegiance to the Prayer-book. Without endorsing all Sheldon's acts, it must be admitted that under a less vigorous prelate the Church of England could scarcely have been maintained in her original character.

The grand representative of Puritanism was Richard Baxter. He had been ordained by Thornborough, bishop of Worcester, and for some time zealously exercised his ministry at Kidderminster. When the Civil War broke out he took the Parliamentary side, but, strange to say, he would never receive the Covenant, and dissuaded those under his influence from doing so. His sympathies were strongly Republican, and he was as ready to protest against the 'tyranny' of a Cromwell as against that of a Charles. At the Restoration every attempt was made to win him over to the side of loyalty and Church order. The See of Hereford was pressed upon his acceptance, but to his honour he declined it. Of the holiness of his life there has never been any doubt. *The Saints' Rest* has been a comfort to

* Walton's *Life of Sanderson*.

† Carwithen's *History of the Church of England*, vol. ii. 33.

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many, who had but little sympathy with the author's political or theological views. As a controversialist, however, he was unyielding and self-sufficient. Starting with an unlimited belief in the truth of his own opinion, he could not make allowance for the difficulties experienced by others in accepting him. Such a man was not likely to prove conciliatory in a Conference; and although we can hold his memory in reverential regard, it is to be feared that he was in no small degree responsible for the failure of the negotiations of the Savoy Conference.

Reynolds, whose name has been mentioned before, was a man of undoubted power. He first became known as Preacher of Lincoln's Inn; and when the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was ejected, he was intruded into his place by the Parliamentary Commissioners, though he in turn was afterwards ejected to make way for Owen. At the Restoration he accepted the See of Norwich, and occupied the strange position of being an Episcopal Commissioner on the Presbyterian side.

Such were some of the leading members of the Savoy Conference, and as we consider their discussions, we shall bring before our readers the names of others who rather acted the part of moderators between the two contending parties.

The conduct of the Presbyterians at the beginning of the Conference was certainly not conciliatory. They presented a long paper of objections against the Book of Common Prayer, demanding the disuse of the responsive system in public worship, the abolition of the observance of Saints' Days and of Lent, the liberty to use extempore prayer,* and they objected to the reading of the Communion Office at the Lord's Table, except when the Communion was administered. They took exception to the phraseology of the Baptismal and other offices, and wished the Litany to be welded into one long continuous prayer. The surplice, the cross in baptism, and kneeling at Holy Communion, also gave offence to them, and they wished these ceremonies to be abolished. At the same time the Presbyterian objectors presented an entirely new Liturgy, composed by Richard Baxter, which they considered would be preferable to any modification of the Book of Common Prayer. With such prospects the Conference opened.

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CHAPTER I.

IT was eight o'clock on a May morning, and the Rainhill Church bell had just stopped ringing for the early service, when a woman opened the door of a pretty cottage in the village street, and came* outside into the fresh, cool air. She remained for a minute with her hand shading her eyes, as if the bright sunlight dazzled her; and well it might, for she had come from a darkened room, where death had been busy in the night.

* It seems matter for regret that this point was not conceded.

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‘ Well, Mrs. Banks, I’m glad to see you taking a breath this fine morning; nursing is close work. How is the poor thing now?’

Mrs. Banks put down her shading hand, and turned slowly round to the speaker, a woman a good deal older than herself.

‘ It has been close work, Mrs. Lane, and none knows better than yourself that close work it must be, if it’s done as it ought. I don’t think I have stood outside the door these two days, and I shouldn’t be here now, if there was anything more to do up there.’

And she pointed to the drawn-down window-blind of the bedroom behind her.



‘ Is she gone, then? Well, to be sure now,’ replied the other. ‘ I shouldn’t have thought it was so near.’

‘ None of us did, till the night turned; but then I saw it wouldn’t be long first, and just at sunrise the Lord thought upon her. I tell her mother it’s a real mercy that He did, for what would have become of them all if she had lingered on for months, as they sometimes do, is more than I can tell.’

‘ Ah, indeed! Her wanting such a deal of nursing and minding; and the doctor every day, and him living four miles off! It would have been a deal of expense, first and last. And then the burying at the end coming just the same, for she could never have got over it.’

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‘Never; they didn’t give a bit of hope from the day as she was brought home.’

‘How is Mrs. Denbigh, poor soul? in course she must feel it just at first, but she’ll come to see it was all for the best after a bit.’

‘She’s taking a rest. When the clergyman was gone, I got her to lie down; she’ll have enough on her hands, with the funeral to see to, and no one of much account to help her, for the children are too young, and I’m looking every hour to be fetched away to Mrs. Clarkson of the farm.’

‘It’s lucky you wasn’t wanted before, ma’am, I am sure; whatever they would have done without you in there, I don’t know, but if so be as you could stop till the funeral, it would be a comfort. Mrs. Denbigh hasn’t had much experience in burynings, poor thing, and they wants a deal of managing, to set going all proper and respectable.’

‘Yes, indeed, they do, and this being not quite as you may say a common sort of death, and the first funeral since Mr. Porter came to be Vicar, why it ought to be done well.’

‘Yes, and folks will look for it, there’s not a doubt. Rainhill burynings always has a name; let people say what they will agen the place, they can’t say we don’t have decent funerals.’

‘To be sure; and it’s a deal owing to you and me, Mrs. Lane, though I say it that shouldn’t, that so it is. For when folk are in trouble, they don’t justly think how things ought to be, and they need some one to put them in mind, and that’s the nurse’s place, if she knows her duty, which I know you did, Mrs. Lane, and I humbly hope I do likewise.’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ replied Mrs. Lane, drawing herself up, ‘I’m not ashamed to own it, burynings in Rainhill would not be what they are, if I hadn’t looked after them in my day as you do now in yours; and if it should happen as you are called to the farm, I’ll be very happy to look in here, and give a word of advice for the credit of the parish. It would be a pity to have the new parson’s first funeral a poor one.’

‘Thank you kindly, ma’am; if I can’t stop, it will be a comfort to Mrs. Denbigh to have some one to speak to as is understanding.’

And the two women parted, one to her own comfortable cottage, the other entered again the house of mourning.

Mary Denbigh had left her home a fortnight before, in all the health and strength of eighteen. A bright, pretty girl she looked, as she set off from her mother’s door with her lover, George Rollins, for a day’s holiday in Upton Park, where there was to be a Volunteer review, and a sham fight.

‘Now, George, do mind and be careful how you go,’ said Mrs. Denbigh, as Mary mounted the spring-cart that he had borrowed for the drive; ‘that mare’s not the steadiest in the parish, and if you don’t drive careful, maybe you’ll have a fall.’

‘I’ll be careful, Mrs. Denbigh, never you fear; I’ve driven this mare scores of times, and come to no hurt; besides, Mary would not like her new bonnet spoilt, and maybe I should catch it if I upset her.’

Mary laughed. ‘That you would, George; these white ribbons must last all the summer, or else you must buy me some more.’

‘I’ll do it, if you’ll let me put up the banns,’ replied George.

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'No, no, none of that,' said Mrs. Denbigh, 'you've got to wait a bit yet, Master George.'

'Worse luck,' said he, driving off. 'It's a pity we can't get done for at once; isn't it, Mary?'

'Nay, I think we're very well as we are, and it would be hard on mother to leave her alone, with the shop to mind, and none of the children old enough to be any use. Kitty's coming on fast, she'll be able to help in another year, and we can wait that long, George.'

'We can, if we must, but I'd a deal rather have you up at the house at once. It is very dull without any one to speak to, and you'd make it a different place from what old Sally does.'

'I daresay it is dull, dear; I often think about you in the evenings; perhaps we might get mother to let me come about Christmas time; that would be only nine months from now, and she doesn't have so much to do in the winter, because the shop is shut earlier, while you want me worst then.'

'I think I want you worst always, Mary,' said George; 'but if we could make sure of Christmas, it would not be so bad as a whole year.'

And so the lovers planned for the future, and drew pleasant pictures of home comfort and quiet happiness. And even as they talked, it all ended, for as they reached a cross road, one of the Rifle corps on its way to the review met them, and the band struck up. The mare started, took the bit between her teeth, and dashed off.

What happened during the next few minutes, George never clearly remembered. A confused sound of shouting voices, of clashing music, and a shrill scream or two, as they dashed through the crowd. A frantic effort to regain control over the mare,—a glance at Mary, who sat still and quiet by his side,—a word of warning, and a crash, bright sparks flying before his eyes,—a sound as of water, rushing through his ears, and a blank. The mare had rushed over a heap of stones lying by the roadside, the cart had upset, and Mary and George were both picked up, to all appearance dead.

Mary came to her senses first, but the surgeon of the Rifle corps, who was riding to the review with the men, shook his head sadly, as he looked at her.

'The young fellow will be all right presently, there are a few cuts and bruises, but there is nothing of much consequence the matter with him. But the girl has broken her back (he whispered to the Captain, who stood by him), she will never move again; it would have been better if she had been killed at once, poor thing!'

They made a sort of litter, and put her on it very gently, and the surgeon walked back to Rainhill by her side. Mary did not feel much pain then, only a sort of numbness and deadness, and a feeble wonder that people should look so grave about what did not seem a bad accident.

When she was safe in bed, the doctor mounted his horse, and rode off to the review, but first he spoke a few words to Mrs. Denbigh.

'You had better send for your own medical man, and put the case in his hands.'

'Do you think she is very bad, sir?'

'As bad as she can be, I am afraid. She has broken her back: you know what that means; don't you?'

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For Mrs. Denbigh was staring at him in frightened silence.

'Yes,' she whispered, presently; 'once when I was a girl, a man working on a roof fell off and broke his back; he could never stir below the waist after. Has Mary done that, sir?'

'I am afraid so,—nay, I'm sure of it,' for he saw that it was best to tell her the whole truth; 'all the doctors in the world could not make her well again, but I'm afraid she will suffer very much.'

'Will she die, sir?'

'Yes. I cannot tell how soon, but I do not think you must wish that she may live long.'

And before the fortnight had passed, Mrs. Denbigh often recalled his words, and felt that she could not wish her child to linger in such agony as she often endured.

But now it was all over, and the nurse, after casting a glance round the little room, where the body lay waiting for its last journey, opened the door of Mrs. Denbigh's chamber, but finding her still wrapt in the heavy sleep of exhaustion and grief, closed it again, and came downstairs to the kitchen, where Kitty had prepared breakfast.

The meal was frequently interrupted by the ringing of the little bell behind the shop-door, and Kitty returned from waiting on each customer, with redder eyes, as she had to detail again and again the sad event of the night. The report of Mary's death had spread through the village, and many a neighbour discovered the need of some little article from Mrs. Denbigh's shop, in order to hear further particulars, and glean every scrap of news.

By-and-bye Mrs. Denbigh awoke and came downstairs. She was a delicate woman, with a weak disposition. All her life she had been dependent on stronger wills and firmer heads than her own. Her husband had been a clever, managing man; he had made money by his trade, and invested it wisely, and the shop had always proved a success. At his death, which had taken place two years before, all the business and all the management had devolved upon Mary, who took after him in character. Of course Mrs. Denbigh was the nominal head, and she liked to be consulted, and to have her opinion asked, upon every occasion, but when that form had been gone through, she was only too glad to give up the reins of government, and to follow the lead of her more energetic daughter.

Mary had been tolerably successful during the first year, in carrying on the shop as her father had done, but still his absence was felt in many ways, and for some months past she had looked forward to the time of her own marriage as the opportunity for putting the business on a much smaller scale, such as her mother and Kitty could easily manage between them, and in which the absence of a man's help would not be missed.

But now Mrs. Denbigh awoke to a sense of her own helplessness, and there seemed no one on whom she could throw her burden. Kitty was too like herself to be of much use, and so she turned her thoughts away from all difficulties concerning the business, and yielded herself wholly to grief for Mary's death.

On such a frame of mind, Mrs. Banks' suggestion that they must begin to think about the funeral fell as a welcome relief. It was

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something to do, and to talk about, and was an excuse for putting other matters aside.

'If you and me was to go over to Hanbury this afternoon, it would save a deal of trouble,' said the nurse. 'Which is the shop you in general deals at, Mrs. Denbigh?'

'Well, we mostly goes to Mr. Dickson, in High Street, and I suppose there's no one as would do it more respectable. They buried my poor husband, and I daresay you will remember that it were a very decent funeral.'

'To be sure, gloves and hat-bands, and scarves, too, I'm thinking.'

'Yes,' sobbed Mrs. Denbigh, 'the best as money could buy; them gloves was three-and-ninepence a pair, every one of 'em, and there's no saying what the crape and silk came to. Mary, poor darling, was terrible troubled when the bill came in, and it took ever so long to pay it off; she said many a time that it was worse to bury folk than to have them married, little thinking that her turn would come next.'

'Well, ma'am, burying do cost money, there's no denying it, but then it's the last thing that you can do for them as is gone, and it always seems as if it was soothing like to the feelings, to see them well followed and laid down respectable.'

'So it is, Mrs. Banks, and many a time I've said so to the poor thing upstairs. You will feel it yourself,' says I, 'when you comes to put your husband in his coffin, and see the plates a shining on it, with all the letters engraved beautiful, and handles as is a pleasure to take hold on. You will feel it is doing something for them, and the gloves and the hat-bands likewise; but she used to say it cost more nor it were worth, and that it didn't help folk to heaven, to take them to the grave with a big following.'

'Ah, ma'am, young folk don't think about such things; it's not to be expected of them; but their turn comes with the rest, for we're all grass. I suppose you didn't think now of having a hearse?'

Mrs. Denbigh paused for a moment—a funeral with a hearse was not a common thing in Rainhill. It would be a pleasure to have it: to walk behind the waving plumes and the black horses, and to know that all the neighbours were looking on, and saying what a grand funeral it was. But then the hearse would cost so much more, and she dared not add so heavy an item to the undertaker's bill.

'No, Mrs. Banks,' she said, at last, with a sorrowful shake of the head. 'I think we won't; it's not far to the churchyard from here, and it would cost a sight of money to have out the hearse all the way from Hanbury, to take the poor body just down the village. We'll have eight bearers, though in course four could carry her well enough, and not feel the weight, still eight is respectable, and no one shall say as I grudged my girl her funeral.'

'Eight bearers,' assented Mrs. Banks, checking them off on her fingers, 'and the parson and clerk, that's ten, ten silk hat-bands. And then the mourners, ma'am? There's George, of course, and her two uncles, and Bob and Jack, they are quite big enough to walk with the following; and did you think of any one else?'

'That would be five couple, wouldn't it?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Banks, counting them up again, 'you and George, and Billy and Bob, and Nelly and Jack, that's six, three couple

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I mean, and then the uncles and aunts, that's two more, and me and Mrs. Smith could come behind, if you thought proper.'

'That will make six. Yes, that will be better than five; but if you are not here, Mrs. Banks, whatever shall I do?'

'I saw Mrs. Lane, this morning, ma'am, as I was a getting a breath of fresh air outside, and she bid me say that if I was fetched away before the funeral, she'd step in and give you any assistance as was in her power.'

'It's very kind of her,' said Mrs. Denbigh, helplessly, 'but I'd rather you stopped; you and me is accustomed to each other's ways; and Mrs. Lane had come into her bit of property and given up nursing before we came to Rainhill, so I haven't much acquaintance with her.'

'I hope I may be able to stop, ma'am, I'm sure, but births and deaths is all one in not waiting folks' convenience, as I've said many a time. But you'd find Mrs. Lane a very understanding woman, ma'am; she has seen a many funerals, and knows how to cook a ham, or bake a cake, as well as ere a one in the parish.'

'Talking of hams—there's two beauties now in the shop; Mary chose them herself at Hanbury Fair last month. We little thought they'd be for her funeral when she brought them home,' continued Mrs. Denbigh, relapsing into tears once more; 'they're not very big, and with over twenty to feed, the pair won't be too much; and we'll see about baking the cakes to-morrow.'

'Ah! there's a deal to be done,' replied Mrs. Banks. 'Folk don't know how much till they've had to do it. Hadn't I best send a message, or step up to Miss West about making the mourning, and then she can begin as soon as we come back from the town?'

'If you please; but there, I forgot we've never fixed the day.'

'It must not be later than Saturday,' replied Mrs. Banks. 'To-day is Tuesday—that's three days; none too long.'

'Very well, then; we'll go to Hanbury after dinner. Oh, my poor Mary!—to think as I've got to get you laid in the churchyard instead of going to see you married in the church.'

CHAPTER II.

MR. PORTER, the Vicar, called at Mrs. Denbigh's during the afternoon, but only Kitty was at home, and she had the shop to attend to; so he did not stay; but after hearing that the funeral was fixed for Saturday, he promised to call again before that date. He did call—twice; but each time the house seemed in an uproar, and Mrs. Denbigh herself overwhelmed with bustle and work. The little sitting-room was occupied by the dressmaker, who with Kitty and Nelly were sewing hard to get the new black dresses and mantles ready in time; the kitchen was no less engaged; for Mrs. Banks and Mrs. Smith (a neighbour) were making cakes, boiling hams, and bottling home-made wines; while the younger children, kept from school because it was not proper for them to be seen there till the funeral was over, got in everybody's way, and quarrelled with each other, raising dismal howls, which tried Mrs. Denbigh's nerves and temper, and caused her to use sharper words than they were accustomed to hear from her lips. Only

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in one room was there any quiet. Upstairs lay the still form and the pale face which was causing all this turmoil. Every now and then Mrs. Denbigh would slip upstairs, and look at the peaceful countenance, and kneel by the bedside and try to pray; but she was always being wanted; and some one would summon her away to the bustle and tumult before the peace and beauty of death had time to enter her heart. Only George had leisure to go and sit there. Poor fellow, all the preparations below were nothing to him; the blankness and misery of his loss, aggravated ten-fold by haunting fears that somehow it was all his own doing, and that Mary would have been well and strong now, if he had only been more careful, made him utterly wretched, and he seemed unable to rest except when sitting by the side of her bed, and gazing on the pale face that was so soon to be hidden from his sight. Here Mr. Porter found him, having been asked upstairs by Mrs. Banks on his second visit. They had often met in the same room since Mary's illness, and now shook hands in silence.

'You are often here?' asked the vicar, in a low, reverent voice, which did not disturb the solemn repose of the chamber of death.

'Yes, sir,' murmured George; 'it's the last piece of comfort, and that will be gone soon.'

'It's a comfort to see her looking so beautiful after all that terrible suffering, and to know that the reality of her peace is so far beyond the shadow of what we see.'

'Only one can't always mind that; when I'm away I think about her pain, or else I'm craving to have her back again, and fretting to think as it were all my fault.'

'I believe the only thing is not to think about yourself at all, George. You know the accident could not have been foreseen or prevented,—that is out of your hands entirely; and if you dwell upon your own loss you will lose sight of her gain. And that is selfish, is it not? If she had been killed on the spot, we could not have had such certainty about her; but God was very merciful. He left her with us long enough to give us sure hope that she is with Him now. What could you give her in exchange for Heaven?'

'Nothing. I don't want her back for her own sake; I know she is better off. But what shall I do without her; how shall I go on living all these years to come, with never a hope of a word, or even a look to help me on?'

'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof,—and there never was a truer word written. Don't look forward to those weary years; don't look forward at all; only think of her as she is now, beginning her new, perfect life in God's presence, and try to join her there when your work is done.'

'Did you ever have a trouble of your own, sir?' asked George, doubtfully.

'Aye; I've got two little children waiting for me in Paradise.'

'Then you know what it is?'

'Yes; I'm not talking without book. Did you think I was?'

George was silent. He had thought so; he had thought that Mr. Porter was only saying the things which it was quite right and proper for a clergyman to say, but which were not very real at all; but if he also knew what trouble meant, it was a different matter.

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Mr. Porter guessed what the young man felt, and went on.

'When we lost them we had no more—though God has given us two since,—and the house was silent and empty; and I think our hearts were buried in their coffins; but when I heard the funeral service read over them, I was content; and my wife was content too; and it was harder for her than for me.'

George looked up.

'Why, sir, the funeral always seems the worst part. It's like putting them away altogether, and being done with them. And then folk come and make a fuss, and wear new clothes, and eat and drink and talk. It's all one as a party to them.'

'I see there is a good deal of preparation going on downstairs,' replied the vicar. 'They all seem too busy to be spoken to.'

'It's always so, sir, at funerals; when mother died, there wasn't a quiet corner in the house till she was laid in her grave.'

'No wonder the funeral seems the worst part, if that is the case. Now to me it always seems just the opposite. It's like bringing what we love so dearly, and asking God to take care of it for us, and hearing Him promise that He will—that He will take care of it, and give it back to us better than ever it was before; "For it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory. It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." We are not to be sorry as men without hope, for them that sleep in Jesus. God will take care of them, and they must be safe with Him. That is what the Church means by her funeral service.'

'And taken that way, it is comforting,' said George. 'But I never thought of it before; and I doubt, sir, that there's not many in Rainhill but looks at a funeral as a sort of show, without giving much heed to aught else.'

'Well, we shall not think of Mary's like that—you and I, at least,—and if it is as you say about the people, we must try and alter it.'

And, then, after a little more talk, and a short, earnest prayer, the two men went downstairs together, through all the fuss of the kitchen and the dreary bustle of the sitting-room, where the hams were being boiled, and the new bonnets made for the 'respectable funeral,' which was to do Rainhill in general, and Mrs. Denbigh in particular, so much credit in the sight of the new vicar.

(To be continued.)





ORIGEN.

Origen.



ORIGEN, one of the fathers of the Christian Church, born in Egypt, about A.D. 186, from his earliest youth devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures; and by his exhortations his father was encouraged to endure martyrdom. In his eighteenth year, Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, appointed him Catechist of his Church; and he attracted to his teaching many both among the heathen and the Christians. This made him the special mark for persecution, and he several times narrowly escaped death; as he was more than once the object of popular fury.

It is related of him that he was on one occasion made to stand at the temple of Serapis with his head shaved, and to present branches of palm-tree to the persons who came to worship there; but he is said to have used the name of Christ when he presented them.

Instead of becoming more cautious in the presence of persecution, he devoted himself wholly to giving instruction in the religion of Christ; and that he might be able to maintain himself, he sold all his books, except his Bible, and lived, with the utmost abstemiousness, on the money which they produced.

From Alexandria Origen went to Rome, where he began his famous 'Hexapla,' or Bible in different languages. At the command of his bishop he returned to Alexandria, and was ordained. Soon after this he began his 'Commentaries on the Scriptures,' but Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, envious of his fame, persuaded a council assembled A.D. 231, to decree that Origen should quit the city. Upon this he went to Cæsarea, where he was well received by the bishop, and permitted to preach. In the persecution under Decius, in A.D. 250, he was thrown into prison and put to torture.

On his release he applied himself to ministerial labours, and to writing. He died, probably, at Tyre; about A.D. 254. His most valuable works were editions of the Hebrew text, and Greek versions of the Old Testament, and 'Commentaries on the Doctrines of Christianity,' illustrated by reference to the opinions of the philosophers.

Jerome styles Origen 'a man of immortal genius; who understood logic, geometry, arithmetic, music, grammar, rhetoric, and all the sects of the philosophers,—so that he was resorted to by many students of secular literature, whom he received chiefly that he might embrace the opportunity of instructing them in the faith of Christ.'

A Peasant's Reply.

A MAN of subtle reasoning ask'd
A peasant if he knew
Where was the internal evidence
That proved the Bible true?

The term of disputative art
Had never reached his ear,
He laid his hand upon his heart,
And only answer'd 'Here.'



The History of the Jews.

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, B.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.

HE left the land of the Jew almost, or quite, in his own control, but in considerable danger, owing to internal dissensions. A fierce contest had arisen for the mastery between Hyrcanus the high-priest, and his brother Aristobulus. At the period now reached (B.C. 63), Pompey, one of the then Roman triumvirs, of very great celebrity as a soldier, had invaded the East, and had conquered many nations, and defeated the mighty Mithridates, king of Pontus, and had advanced into Phœnicia, Cœlo-Syria, and Palestine. The two brothers submitted their cause to him, and he decided in favour of Hyrcanus. Aristobulus thereupon prepared for war, but though he exhibited little bravery, the Jews opposed the advance of Pompey with all their might. They would not hear of surrender. Pompey exerted all his skill in besieging the city, but, according to Josephus, he would hardly have succeeded had it not been for the piety of the Jews in refusing to attack their enemies upon the Sabbath day; according, as they considered, to the law of God. The Romans observing this, took occasion every Sabbath day to advance their engines into a position which would have been well-nigh impossible if the Jews had not ceased from their military activity against them on the Sabbath. The Temple worship was devoutly maintained day by day, nor were the sacrifices omitted, even if a melancholy accident happened by the stones that were thrown among them; and when, after three months, the city was taken, the priests were slain at the altar, for they refused to run away, preferring to be killed at their duty rather than to appear to neglect it. Twelve thousand Jews perished at the taking of the city.

After this, Pompey, with several of his chief officers, went up into the Temple, and not only caused the most sacred parts of the Temple itself to be opened to them, but they also went into the holy of holies, where none were permitted to enter but the high-priest alone once a-year, on the great day of Atonement. The Jews were greatly distressed by this circumstance, and resented it more than all-else that they had suffered by the war. However, Pompey took none of the treasure which he found there, nor interfered with any of the sacred vessels, but gave directions for the cleansing of the Temple, and ordered that the services should proceed as heretofore. This victory over the Jews, however, was his last. He confirmed Hyrcanus as high-priest, on condition of his submission to Rome and payment of tribute, and took Aristobulus and his two sons to Rome, to grace his 'triumph' there. One of these sons escaped and renewed the struggle. In the year B.C. 61, Pompey—who had already had one triumph at Rome to commemorate his victories over Africa, and a second to celebrate his conquests over Europe—was now honoured with a third triumph, the largest and grandest which Rome had then ever witnessed. It lasted two days, and it was proclaimed on large tablets how many kings and nations Pompey had conquered—that he had taken 1000 strong fortresses, and 900 towns, and 800 ships, founded many cities, and had

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raised the revenue from 50 to 85 millions. The next day Pompey entered Rome in a triumphal car, preceded by the 324 chiefs and princes whom he had taken hostages; but he dismissed most of them back to their homes, excepting Tyranes of Armenia, and Aristobulus, who he feared might make another insurrection at Jerusalem.

The Jews now passed under the power of the great Roman Empire. Aristobulus, B.C. 56, escaped from Rome, but, like his son, was soon defeated by the Roman pro-consul Gabinius. The Jews were now made thoroughly dependent on the will of Rome. A new form of government was set up. In the words of Dean Prideaux, 'it was reduced from a monarchy to an aristocracy.' 'Five courts, or sanhedrims, were established in as many towns, and the land divided into five provinces.' A great spirit of rivalry now raged between Pompey and Julius Cæsar. Aristobulus and his escaped son espoused the cause of the latter; but Aristobulus was poisoned by the friends of Pompey, and his son was beheaded at Antioch by the order of Pompey. But Pompey never prospered from the day he entered the holy of holies; and being at last, after several vicissitudes, obliged to flee for his life, he was killed while trying to secure the protection of the young king of Egypt, B.C. 48.'

We have found the story of the Jews so much mixed up with the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt, that we may conclude this chapter with observing that at this time Cleopatra ruled Egypt with her brother Ptolemy, whom she was to marry. He, however, despised her, whereupon she raised an army to defend herself, when her brother was drowned in the Nile. She was a woman of great accomplishments, and famed for her licentiousness and beauty, but she debased her high talents and acquirements by her lust. Julius Cæsar, the renowned Roman, was captivated by her. She outlived him, passed through many scenes of political change, and being at last finally vanquished, she poisoned herself in the 30th year of her age, B.C. 30. With her closed the dynasty of the Ptolemies in Egypt.

Universal Providence.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GOD in the high and holy place
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in His providence and grace,
To every eye appears.

In every stream His bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze His Spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers,
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!



On Oil poured on the Hinges of a Door.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D. RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



THE room in which we usually sit has for some time had the annoyance of a badly-creaking door, till, at length, some one has taken the pains to drop a little oil with a feather upon the hinges, and now the door opens and shuts quietly enough.

How a few soft words, timely spoken, will thus turn away wrath, and make the wheels and joints of life work together smooth and harmoniously! But chiefly when we are suffering under some present calamity or bodily pain, and all seems to grate and jar around us, does it



require the gentle infusion of such healing balm, drawn from the sources of religion, to stifle the cry of discontent, and soothe the wounded spirit. And it does the more amaze me that people should rely upon any other application in such a strait, when they must have repeatedly seen how efficacious is this one if properly made, and when all experience teaches how transient is the relief afforded by any other remedy, which may indeed procure a momentary ease, but is quickly followed by an aggravation of the evil sought to be removed.

I bethink me of a scene in one of the Roman comedies, where a lover pours *water* upon the hinges of a door, that, as if of malice, betrayed his clandestine visit to his mistress. The device, indeed, might serve his purpose for that turn, but the thoughtless young man took

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no heed that his very remedy was calculated to make the door offend still worse on the next occasion.

No! Let me seek relief, for all the petty as well as all the more serious troubles of life, in that sweet oil of consolation which the Gospel alone can bestow, and which, as it is a specific for all complaints, so has this great recommendation—that, like charity, it never faileth.

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NOTES FROM THE NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE OF THE SCHOONER
'GRAFTON.'



THE Auckland Islands are a rocky, mountainous, deeply-indented group, and are about 400 miles from Stewart's Island, the most southern island of New Zealand. They were discovered about sixty years ago, by Captain Bristow, commanding the whaler *Ocean*, belonging to the well-known enterprising merchant, Samuel Enderby. Many years afterwards, his firm obtained a grant of the group at which the head-quarters of the Southern Whale-Fishing Company were established. Owing chiefly to the stormy and ever-changeable character of the weather prevailing on the shores of the group, that once promising enterprise was abandoned, and the New Zealanders and others who had gone there to prosecute it were removed. It had become known, however, that the coasts were frequented by vast numbers of seals, and private expeditions were fitted out from time to time to catch them.

With this object the schooner *Grafton*, under the command of Captain Thomas Musgrave, who had for his mate, Mr. Rayner,—names worthy of note,—was fitted out at Sydney and sailed thence early in December, 1863. On the 1st of January, 1864, the schooner stood into a wide, deep harbour, where, after she had anchored, a fearful gale came on and drove her fast on the rocks. The crew reached the shore in safety, but soon discovered that their vessel was a hopeless wreck.

Having landed their scanty supply of provisions, clothes, and such stores as they were most likely to require, their first care was to build a house with flooring, to shelter themselves from the wet. The timber, however, growing on the island being too small to make a log-house, the sailors constructed one chiefly with pieces of the wreck. The seals were very numerous on the island, and went roaring about the woods like wild cattle, so much so, that those ignorant of the creatures' habits expected that they would some night come and storm the tent. The seals, however, were equally ignorant of the habits of their visitors, for they came conveniently up to the very door of the tent, and were killed for food as they were required. The mariners lived, indeed, chiefly on seal-meat at this time, that they might preserve their slender stock of provisions. There was a stream of fresh water close to the house, and there were birds to be shot and fish to be caught, but they had no time to go after either; they had to make preparations for encountering a long, stormy, and almost Arctic winter, as they had reason to expect it would prove. They were badly off for tools; a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet, were the only ones they possessed. Mr. Rayner,

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however, undertook the blacksmith's work, and using a lump of iron from the hold as an anvil, he began by making nails. The weather was still warm, and they had as enemies musquitos and blow-flies, which proved excessively annoying.

Captain Musgrave had all this time much to bear up against; he had left his wife and family at Sydney slenderly provided for, and the thought that they would soon begin to mourn for him as lost preyed greatly on his mind. The house of the shipwrecked seamen was twenty-four feet by sixteen, and the chimney was built of stone, so wide that a roaring fire could be kept up in it during the winter. It was arranged that each man should take his turn as cook for a week; and Mr. Rayner, that he might set a good example of cleanliness and good cookery, insisted on being included in the number, and undertook the task for the first week. An admirable cook he made, and often gave four courses, stewed or roasted seal, fried river-fish, fowl, and mussels.

They had now time to begin laying in a store of provisions. Some of the young seals they salted like bacon, and others they cut up and dried in the sun and the smoke of their fire. They tried dressing the seal-skins without salt, that they might make clothes of them, but for a long time they could not succeed, as the bark they found would not tan. One of their chief difficulties was getting about the island, for in most parts the scrub was so thick that they had to crawl on hands and knees to get through it. Their boat, which was of good size, had been saved, and in her they made excursions round the coast, but were frequently weather-bound for days together, at the risk of being starved or killed by cold and exposure. The captain, fortunately, was a fair shot, and having a good gun and plenty of powder, he supplied the table pretty well with widgeon and other wild fowl till the winter set in, but when these took their departure, the seamen were thankful for gulls or any carrion birds they could shoot, snare, or knock over.

A root was also found which was nutritious, and which during the whole of their residence on the island was their chief food. The captain sometimes shot the seals, but they were generally overtaken some way from the water, when they were knocked on the head with clubs and their throats cut. After a time a way was discovered of dressing the seal-skins to make them fit for coverlids and coats. This was by stretching, scraping, and rubbing them with a strong lye made from ashes till they were perfectly dry. They were then scoured with sandstone, rolled up tight, and beaten till they were soft. The men were constantly well occupied both in and out of doors. The captain kept school every evening, which gave the men something to do, and made them more contented.

Towards the middle of March the *Grafton* began to break up—a sad sight for her crew. There was little prospect of getting her off the rocks now, but they made the attempt, and failed.

In April some dogs were discovered in the boats, an exciting incident, because they did not appear to be wild, and the men anxiously asked each other, Are their masters on the island?

Month after month passed by. Provisions became scarce; even mussels and fish began to fail them. In September they resolved to build a vessel out of the fragments of the wreck, if not relieved during the summer. A year had passed since they landed, and they began

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operations. Rayner succeeded in making saw, chisels, and sundry other tools, but failed in forging an auger, and so they were obliged to give up the ship-building plan. They then resolved to repair the boat, increase her size, and deck her over. To that work they turned all their energies, and Rayner made the iron work, of which much was required. Not till June was the craft ready for launching. Two of the men preferred to stay behind, and the captain promised to send for them if he reached New Zealand in safety.

Captain Musgrave set sail on the 19th of July, 1865, with a fierce south-westerly gale blowing; after a miserable passage of five days and nights, during much of which time he stood on his feet, holding on by a rope with one hand and pumping with the other, he and his companions reached Stewart Island, New Zealand.

Although immediately on his arrival he chartered a cutter, the *Flying Scud*, to fulfil his promise to the men left behind, and went in her himself, it was not till the 24th of August that, owing to heavy gales and baffling winds, she reached her destination. The men were well, but had been at times much pinched for food. During a cruise of the *Flying Scud* round the island the body of a seaman was found, who had evidently died from starvation; and it appears that at the very time Captain Musgrave was residing on the island with no lack of the necessaries of life, the *Invercauld*, of 888 tons, commanded by Captain Dalgarno, with twenty-four other persons on board, was cast away on the other side of the island. Several of the crew were drowned, and nineteen only reached the shore. Either from being less prepared to grapple with the difficulties of their position, or from the coast being more barren and so less frequented by seals, of these nineteen persons only three, the captain, chief officer, and one seaman, survived one year and ten days afterwards, when they were rescued by a Portuguese vessel bound for Callao. Captain Musgrave had observed smoke on one occasion; this, with the dogs and the dead seaman, were thus accounted for. From the mountainous nature of the country, the two parties, though not far from each other, had never met.

It would be unjust to blame Captain Dalgarno, Captain Musgrave probably possessed advantages which he did not; but the account proves that one set of men may exist by care and forethought in a region where others find it almost impossible to support life.



Be Gentle with Them.

BE ever gentle with the children God has given you. Watch over them constantly. Reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, 'Be not bitter against them.'—'Yes, they are good boys,' I once heard a kind father say, 'I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them.' It was a beautiful thought. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them. But amidst all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproofing eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned 'more in sorrow than in anger.'

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KNOWING CHRIST.

BY JOHN HANNAH, D.C.L. VICAR OF BRIGHTON.

St. John, xiv. 9.—'Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?'

THESE words, which Christ addressed to Philip, might have been spoken with equal propriety to every one of the Apostles, up to the moment when the Holy Ghost came down at Pentecost; and when, in that great outburst of the flame of grace, their ignorance and hesitation were for ever swept away. It is remarkable to observe the tenacity of unbelief which, in earlier days, had clung to every member of that favoured band. They had walked with Christ on His journeys; they had witnessed His miracles, and heard His teaching; yet all could doubt, and all could abandon, and one could betray, and the most eager amongst them could deny, that Master who had loved them to the end, with the strongest form of that Divine affection in which He embraces the whole of mankind. Watch them, even at their best, throughout the Gospels, and you cannot fail to wonder at the slow and toiling difficulty of apprehension with which they struggled, as it were, to grasp His meaning, and yet almost invariably failed. It reminds us of the heavy effort to understand, which we may have remarked in some illiterate audience, when it is trying vainly to follow the reasoning of a rapid and unfamiliar speaker; so that one really pities the labouring of the untrained minds which are overtaxed by so unaccustomed a demand. Thus you read of the Apostles, whom a few days more would see transfigured into the greatest and most influential preachers of the truth; how they hesitated, and doubted, and raised difficulties, which only showed the depth of their ignorance, and made answers that proved how completely they had misunderstood the question, and caught eagerly at what they thought a little light; which, after all, was but another phase of darkness. We are really sometimes tempted to fancy that Gentiles showed a more quick alacrity of faith than could be roused by Christ's own close

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companionship in the hearts of these highly-favoured Jews. There is often more intelligence in the answers which Christ received from the most absolute strangers ; from the Roman centurion, from the Samaritan leper, from the Canaanitish woman, or from that other woman of Samaria, who followed Christ's instructions with a livelier apprehension than had been shown just before by a teacher in Israel. I need not draw out the contrast which is presented by the Apostolic preaching through the Acts of the Apostles ; or through those forcible Epistles, instinct with the strongest influence of the Holy Spirit, which throw all uninspired compositions so completely into the shade.

I have said enough for my present purpose : which is, to call your attention to the truth which our Lord announced through this question to Philip, that it is possible to tarry years of time in the very nearest neighbourhood of His sacred presence, and yet, after all, to be ignorant of His true character and nature, and to be utterly unconscious of the real relation which He, as our Redeemer, Lord, and Master, has a right to hold towards every Christian heart. And if this was the case even with the Apostles, whom Christ must have chosen because He saw their capacity to be afterwards exalted into the teachers, and leaders, and rulers of His kingdom ; if there was this possibility of ignorance, this slowness of apprehension, even in those who were to become the first angels of His Church, first stewards of His grace ; what must be the state of those whose hearts are never really kindled with the love of Christ, and to whom the very conception of true faith seems utterly unknown ?

Now, brethren, let us apply this question at once to our own cases. We have all lived a longer time with Christ than any one of His Apostles : and yet, in what worthy sense can we venture to hope and believe that we *know* Him ? To know Christ in any true sense, is to realise His whole character and personality with the same kind of absolute acceptance and conviction with which we realise the presence of the dearest of our friends. You quite understand the difference between a mere name and a reality. You can quite conceive that the mere knowledge of a name is totally different from the knowledge of a person. There are crowds of names that lie dead on every page of history. As names, we know them and can quote them ; and we can connect each one of them with some action or event which it serves to recall. One name reminds us of a great battle ; another name is the symbol of a law : or we link these names together in a system of chronology ; and we can number them up, and synchronise one by another, and perhaps avoid any gross mistakes about their place and order. But they no more represent to our thoughts any living, breathing persons, than those unintelligible royal titles which patient scholars have deciphered on Assyrian ruins, and presented as records of forgotten kings. They are nothing more to us than marks or sign-posts ; the mere *memoria technica* that guides us through the distant roads of history. How unlike the empty notion of these ancient names are the bright, and full, and warm conceptions which are called up by the mention of our personal friends ! In this case our apprehension is vivid, living, and actual ; it is the complete representation of a human character, with all its varieties of light and shadow, of qualities to admire, of faults to regret, of sympathies to love. May I not ask you to try the experiment for yourselves, each one of you ? It is a

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very simple and easy experiment. Try to realise the difference between your knowledge of such individual persons as the members of your separate family circles, and the conception you have formed of some celebrated person of ancient times. You will then see at once what I mean when I say, that you have a *real* knowledge of the one, but only a *verbal* knowledge of the other: that, in short, the one is known to you as a *person*, the other is known only as a *name*.

And then apply this distinction at once to the present subject, and ask yourselves what kind of knowledge you possess of Christ your Saviour: is He known to you only as a bright mark upon the page of history, or is He known as you would know the persons of your dearest relatives and friends? If you have no more knowledge than that which belongs to the former head, then you have walked all these years with Christ, yet have not really known Him. Christ is no mere Person in history, He is your ever-living God! Christ is no mere mark in chronology, He is the tender Saviour who is ever about your path and bed, and ever ready to attend upon your ways. Christ is no distant abstraction, dwelling far away in the recesses of unapproachable light; He is your close and sympathising Redeemer and Friend, who will always help you, even in the sorest of your earthly trials. If you know Him in any true sense, you must have realised to some extent His Divine character, and rounded it out into the living substance of a true and personal friend. You must have realised *who* and *what* it is that is always near you, and always observing you; who hears all your prayers with loving sympathy—who sees your sins and faithlessness with holy sorrow—who is present in the church, but not less present in your chamber; standing by your bedside, as certainly as He is revealed through the means of grace; close to you when you lie down, close to you when you rise up; ready to bless you when you try to do Him service, ready to assist you when you are almost overcome by the assaults of Satan.

And now, brethren, if any of you feel at once that you are defective in this true knowledge of your Saviour, let me remind you that there are only two ways in which you can remove that ignorance, both of which are indispensable: the one way is through a closer study of the Gospels, the other is through more hearty prayer. You must study the Gospels, because there alone you obtain those facts about Christ which, in the case of any ordinary friend, you gather from your personal intercourse. It is sadly too possible to make these Gospel readings very dead and lifeless things, but the abuse does not destroy the use of them; nor is there any other source from which that fundamental knowledge can be gained. So then you should read them in private, over and over again; you should compare them together: you should draw out their finer shades of difference; you should dwell long and lovingly over those sacred pages, till the picture of your Blessed Redeemer rises out round and full before your eyes. This study, then, is indispensable; but you require something more than mere *study* before you can add that second element to your knowledge of Christ which I described as so all-important: I mean, the knowledge that He is not only a character in history, but a personal and ever-neighbouring friend. Now this living conviction of His personal presence can be gained in no other way than by speaking yourselves to Him, and receiving His

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answer. Just as men may call to each other amidst the darkness of the night, and so come to know each other by their voices, and to feel secure of each other's aid and consolation; just so in this night of the soul, when we have no bodily organs which will enable us to pierce through the veil of the flesh, we can learn the presence of Christ only through the voice of the spirit—that voice which cries to Him in prayer, and that spirit which can apprehend His gracious answers in return. You will recollect what a special promise of His presence Christ offered as the reward of earnest, faithful prayer. And all the true saints of Christ will assure you with what a marvellous reality that promise is fulfilled. They will tell you how Christ's presence seems to grow out of the darkness, till, in holy sacraments and services, in answer to their prayers, they could almost fancy that they felt a hand, and heard a voice, and caught the breathing comfort of the nearness of a more than earthly friend. There have been saints who thought that His presence had proved itself upon their very bodies, by producing some shadows of the wounds which Christ received upon the cross. These fancies bear witness, at all events, to the reality which they typify; the reality with which the believer can represent to his convictions the nearness of his Lord. I am simply now dealing with a question of experience, and appealing to the experience which all mature and faithful Christians will combine to corroborate, that this living presence of Christ is a fact of which we can make ourselves as absolutely and unquestionably certain, as we can make ourselves certain of the presence of an earthly friend.

Here, then, is at once your *test* and your *standard*. It is the *test* whether you truly know Christ; it is the *standard* you must aim at, as the proof that your knowledge is genuine and complete. And the practical lesson which is suggested by the subject is as simple and clear as a lesson can be made. You are to learn Christ's features from a closer study of the Gospel, you are to ascertain Christ's presence by actually addressing Him in prayer. The result, when it is completely realised, will produce a change of the same nature as that great miracle of Pentecost: of the same nature, I say, though of course inferior in degree. It is not for us to hope to rival the spiritual rank of the Apostles; and yet even the very least and weakest of ourselves can share, according to his measure, in the change which came over them when at last they reached the proper knowledge of Christ their Lord. And this change will place us altogether on a higher level, and make us citizens in a far loftier world. We shall then learn to see the actual littleness of the interests of time; we shall learn to take more pains in preparing ourselves for the life of eternity. By these means only can we hope to arrive at that actual grasp and personal conviction of the presence of our living Saviour, the Son of God, 'in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life;' 'whom truly to know is everlasting life;' and then, when we thus know Him to be the way, the truth, and the life, we must endeavour, by following the footsteps of His holy Apostles, to walk steadfastly in the way that leadeth to everlasting life, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.





The Sheep Dog.
DRAWN FROM LIFE, BY F. W. KEYL.

The Sheep Dog.



WHENEVER I go into a stable and see the horses continue lazily nursing their favourite leg, remaining dozing in their litter, or, if it is feeding time, answer with a cheerful neigh to the opening of the stable-door, I know what manner of men the grooms are who attend upon them. If I see them all attention, suspiciously watchful, ears in uneasy motion, legs lifted in constant change of position, I also know that one of the most tractable, sensitive, and grateful animals in creation is being shouted at, sworn at, bullied by the man who is paid to treat it well.

A man may feed a horse well, ride a horse well, and yet be a very bad groom, inasmuch as he spoils the animal's temper, to say nothing of the misery and cruelty that he inflicts on his charge.

Is it not the same with man? There are many nurses whose babies look as if they were just turned out of a bandbox, but the after life of these children shows that there has been mistaken treatment of their minds in early life.

What has all this to do with our title and illustration? Why, a great deal, for *like master, like man*; and if I see the sheep not afraid of the dog, but carelessly pressing upon him, in their eagerness to be first in the fresh piece of turnips, which his master is hurdling off for them, I know with what sort of a shepherd I have to deal.

Shepherding differs very much according to the country, and a dog that would be a first-rate one on a Scotch hill-side would be little use in Sussex, where the original sketch for our illustration was taken. The difference between a London drover's dog and a sheep dog, such as the one in the picture, is almost as great as it is between the hireling shepherd and the true one.

Drovers' dogs are generally cruel and savage. They do not get attached to the animals they have to drive, for they see new ones every market-day; in fact, they closely resemble their masters. But here, again, we have great differences, which are always reproduced in the dog. I still remember with pleasure a tall drover, with his blue apron on, whom I used to watch quietly coming along St. John's Wood Road. The sheep went first, then he came, then the bullocks, last of all his old black collie. There was no shouting, no beating; a wave of the arm sent the dog along to stop or turn, as the case might be, the old dog being as chary of his voice as the man. Yet both could be energetic if need be. He never forgot to let them drink at the trough near the canal.

As I am writing, two striking instances of the discrimination of dogs and sympathy with their masters come into my head. One is of a sheep dog at a park in Sussex, where a flock of white-faced Cheviots and a flock of Southdowns were kept. 'Bring me the Downs, Jack!' said the master, and away would the dog go at a gentle trot, and appear after a time with the black-faced flock slowly and steadily. But when it was, 'Jack, bring the Scotchmen!' he first raised himself on his hind legs for a look-out, then away he tore, soon to appear again with the panting flock, for he knew they were not favourites with his master, and so he was much sharper with them.

The History of the Jews.

One day I was in the park at Gosfield, Essex, weeding the worst out of a small flock of St. Kilda Sheep, in which I take a great interest. The shepherd was helping me, but his dog was no use, as he would break away and chase them wildly about. The shepherd took him up and pretended to punish him, but I could well see, and the dog could no doubt feel, that it was not meant. However, he was tied up for the time. The shepherd assured me, and I saw afterwards, that he was perfectly gentle with the common sheep. Now in both cases the dogs found out that they might take liberties with the sheep for which their masters cared *less* than for those of their own country, thereby illustrating the proverb I quoted, 'Like master, like man.'

The History of the Jews,

FROM MALACHI TO ST. MATTHEW.

BY GEORGE VENABLES, S.C.L., VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, LEICESTER.



MOST persons recollect that Julius Cæsar was assassinated at Rome. This occurrence took place B.C. 44. One of his last acts had been to permit Hyrcanus, the high-priest (and almost king of Judea at one time), to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which Pompey had caused to be pulled down. Hyrcanus was not a man of ability or energy, and during the latter part of his days he was much influenced by Antipater, an Idumean. He had rendered Julius Cæsar great service when at Alexandria, and was entrusted in return with a considerable amount of authority in Judea, and made his eldest son, Phasaelus, the governor of Jerusalem, and Herod (afterwards 'the Great'), his second son, governor of Galilee. This was the beginning of the rise of the Herodian family, of whom we read in the Gospels and Acts.

During some internal commotions in Italy, when the Romans were occupied with their home affairs, the Parthians (B.C. 40) made an attack upon Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine, and took Jerusalem; whereupon, having made the high-priest Hyrcanus prisoner, they cut off his ears to incapacitate him from exercising the office any more, and placed Antigonus, the only surviving son of his brother Aristobulus, as king over the Jews. Herod at once betook himself to Rome, where he was well received, and was appointed King of Judea. He returned to that country, and (B.C. 39) laid siege to Jerusalem. Meanwhile Ventidius, a Roman general, gained a third great victory over the Parthians, when 30,000 were slain by him. Herod did not, however, take Jerusalem easily. It did not fall into his hands until B.C. 37. The year before this, he divorced his wife Doris, by whom he had Antipater, and then married Miriam, or Maria, or, as she is often called, Mariamne. She was one of the Asmonean (Maccabees) line, daughter of Alexander, son of the Aristobulus of whom we have heard so much, by a daughter of his brother, Hyrcanus, with whom he was usually so much at variance. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, and was accomplished much beyond most persons of her time.

After this, Herod prosecuted the siege of Jerusalem with vigour, assisted by Sosius, governor of Syria, who was ordered to assist Herod by the Romans. The Jews were finally beaten out of their places of

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defence, and the city broken up, so that the soldiers marched in on every side, and being greatly exasperated by the length of the siege, they filled all the quarters of the city with blood. Herod tried in vain to hinder this, but Sosius encouraged it, saying that 'the spoils of war were the due rewards of soldiers.'

Antigonus surrendered to Sosius, who put him in chains, and sent him to Antony, who at first intended him to grace his triumph at Rome; but Herod so often importuned for his death—as being himself unsafe so long as Antigonus lived—that at last, bribed by the gift of a large sum of money, Antony ordered him to be executed, whereupon he was put to death as a common criminal.

With him ended the reign of the Asmonean princes. The later descendants of them contrast, it will be felt, very unfavourably with Mattathias, and with his sons Judas Maccabæus and his brethren.

Herod now became king over the Jews, subject, however, to the Roman power, and ultimately he was called Herod the Great. Herod immediately put to death all, except two, of the Sanhedrim, or Jewish Council; presently he raised his wife's brother, Aristobulus, to the high-priesthood, who becoming too popular to please Herod, he caused him to be drowned while bathing in a fish-pond.

Antony summoned Herod to defend himself for this iniquity, and the notorious Cleopatra, with whom Antony was then very familiar, hoped, by compassing the conviction of Herod, to obtain his kingdom. In this she failed, and within a few months she thought to win Herod into her snares, but she also failed to do this. The year following, Herod put Alexandra, his wife's mother, to death. At this time, Antony had a serious quarrel with Octavius, who with him ruled the Roman empire for a short time; but soon after Octavius became 'Augustus Cæsar,' or sole Emperor of Rome. The story of the cruel execution of Mariamne is too long to tell, but (b.c. 29) Herod, in a silly and groundless fit of jealousy, caused her to be put to death, but soon afterwards he was filled with remorse, and never recovered his serenity again. His kingdom comprehended Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, on the west of the river Jordan, and Perceæ, Iturea, and Trachonitis on the east. He was fond of displaying magnificence in public works. He rebuilt Samaria, destroyed by John Hyrcanus, high-priest, b.c. 109, and called it Sebaste, in honour of Augustus. A conspiracy was formed against him, chiefly on account of theatres which he erected, and also of some trophies in commemoration of his victories, but it was discovered and thwarted.

On a Smoking Chimney.

A REFLECTION.

BY JAMES HILDYARD, B.D., RECTOR OF INGOLDSBY.



HERE is only one quarter of the wind, the N.W., which so affects the chimney of the room where I usually sit as to cause it to smoke, and that only when the gusts are more than usually violent. To-day it has set in so strong as to cause me not a little annoyance and interruption to my studies. For though by far the greater portion of the smoke goes up the chimney, yet every now and then will come such a sudden puff into

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the room as for a while completely to fill it, and to cover all my books and papers with 'blacks.'

Let this seemingly trifling, though really serious annoyance, serve to remind me how much we are dependent upon God's mercifully preserving the due order of things in the world for our continued enjoyment of the everyday comforts of life.

So long as the smoke rises naturally, little as we regard its doing so, what can be a greater luxury than the warm and quiet fireside at this dreary season of the year, when to leave the house but for five minutes is to be over shoes and ankles in mud? But no sooner does the current of this noisome vapour meet with but a momentary check,



than all our comfort is dissipated, and one would rather forego the fire altogether than be thus almost suffocated by its misdirected fumes.

And yet, what is more trivial and contemptible than smoke! Worthless and inconstant to a proverb, it is yet capable of distressing the eye, distracting the brain, disturbing the stomach, and, in fact, throwing our whole frame into disorder in but a few seconds.

How much greater would be our damage were some of the more formidable elements of creation out of joint! Fire, water, earth, and air are each of them but joints as it were of the vast machinery of the world, held fast to their courses by the skill, the wisdom, and

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the benevolence of an invisible Master Mind ; but which, if let loose, would not annoy only but destroy, not disturb but annihilate.

Let us think on these things with gratitude ; and enjoying as we do for the most part our many blessings in peace, let us not be discomposed if on a slight occasion any one of them be withheld ; nay, rather, let us be more than thankful that such a warning is vouchsafed, to remind us of their possession, and evoke our too tardily bestowed praises to the Giver of all good.

The Rainhill Funeral.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Saturday came, Mr. Porter remembered George's words, and felt they were true. The village people were all standing out at their doors to see the show pass by ; the churchyard was half full of children playing noisily among the graves, a few men leaned against the wall smoking their pipes, and a group of women, fresh from their scrubbing, without bonnets, and with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, gathered at the lynch-gate as the funeral came in sight. Even when it paused at the entrance to the consecrated ground, and the words, ' I am the Resurrection and the Life,' fell on the mourners' ears, they were half drowned by a confused buzz of whispering arising from the bystanders. While the coffin was being placed in the aisle, a rush and patter of footsteps, and a stamping of heavy shoes, a pushing and crowding to the front for the best view of the velvet pall, told of irreverent carelessness, and jarred sharply on the feelings. But worse still was the rush out of church to secure good places by the grave ; the concluding words of the beautiful lesson were lost in the opening of the pew-doors and the shuffling of feet. And then the undertaker, who had planted himself during the sermon in the middle of the aisle, as if mounting guard over the coffin, began to issue his directions in a loud whisper, and to order about the bearers, and summon the mourners to take their places in the procession. Outside the crowd gathered thickly round the open grave, making audible remarks about it, and hardly stopping when the vicar took his place and continued the service. No one joined in the responses ; no one followed the Lord's Prayer ; no one echoed the *Amens*, or seemed to pay the slightest attention to the service. Even the mourners appeared to listen as if the words were not addressed to them, as if they had nothing to do with it, but that the holy words were merely part of the ceremony, and a far less interesting part than the shining coffin-plates, the silk hat-bands, and the new crape. Only George got all about the show ; for even Mrs. Denbigh could not but think anxiously whether everything was right, and listen sharply to the whispered remarks of the bystanders as they left the grave. But George turned for a last look, and as he raised his eyes from the coffin he met the vicar's eye, which was full of sympathy, and remembering the words spoken a few days before, he went away comforted.

He had been used to the Rainhill funerals, and was accustomed to the crowd, to the loud remarks, to the want of reverence, so they did

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not strike him as they struck Mr. Porter, and he had none of the sense of its being all wrong, which weighed so heavily upon the vicar as he re-entered his study.

'To call that a Christian funeral,' he murmured to himself. 'It's nothing but an undertaker's show; a horrible mixing up of pomps and vanities with death; and the mere mockery of a holy rite. Please God, I'll alter it, and there shall be funerals such as the Church meant them to be in Rainhill by-and-bye.' From that day forward, this reform lay near his heart, and he took every opportunity of impressing upon his parishioners how greatly it was needed.

Of course he knew they would not see the subject in the same light as himself, and it was only by slow degrees that he could undo the evil habit. But he felt that it was necessary to take his stand at once, and he was rather glad when the clerk gave him a chance of expressing his opinion.

'A tidy burying, sir, weren't it?' said the old man, as he brought the church-key to the vicarage; 'everything respectable and becoming. In course, if there'd been a brick grave it would have looked better, but a poor widow woman can't be expected to have everything of the best, masonry comes dear, and don't make much show.'

'Are funerals always managed like this in Rainhill, Watson?' asked the vicar, as he turned and walked up the drive with the clerk.

'Mostly so, sir; sometimes there's scarfs, as well as hat-bands, and sometimes there's more followers, and more bearers, it just depends.'

'But is there always the same noise and bad behaviour in church, and at the grave,—that's what I meant?'

'Well, sir, I don't know. It did not seem to me there was anything unusual to-day. In course, where there's anything to see, children will try to see it, and the women folk always takes delight in burings, and notices a deal about them. Did you think it was noisy to-day, sir?' he added, inquiringly.

'Indeed I did. Why, Watson, we don't have that whispering and shuffling on Sundays.'

'Sundays! No, sir, they'd know better, or the master's cane would soon teach them.'

'And we don't have it at the daily service.'

'There's nothing to look at at them times, you see,' replied the clerk; 'if they come, they come to say their prayers, not to see what's being done. Now a burying is different; it haven't nothing to do with nobody, except them as belongs to it, and so naturally the rest comes only to see the sight. You see, sir, in a country place like our'n, where there's not much stirring, a funeral is pretty nigh as good as a wedding, for the folk to look at.'

'Well, I can't help people looking at it as a sight, though I hope we shall be able to teach them better than that, by-and-bye; but I won't have any service in the church made a mockery of. So mind, Watson, I give orders that no children are allowed inside the church-yard at the next funeral. If grown-up people come, we cannot shut them out, but I don't think they will behave as the children did to-day.'

'Very well, sir, in course you know best; but Rainhill burings always have been sights, and always will be, for folk take a pride in them, and would not care to have them done in a corner.'

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'I don't want them done in a corner; I want them to be reverent, impressive services, a comfort to the mourners, and a help to the congregation. I should be willing to see the church full, if people would come to join in the service.'

'Well, to be sure,' muttered the clerk as he went down the street, 'to think as our funerals don't please him; there's no knowing how to content some folks.'

But though he was vexed at first, he could not but own that the children did behave badly, and when at the next funeral they were excluded from the churchyard, the absence of crying babies and noisy boys and girls, struck him as an improvement, and he thought it 'more respectable' that they should be kept in the background.

But with the vicar this was only the first step: he wanted to see not only the manner, but the spirit reformed, and the more he observed, the more reason he saw for the necessity of such a change.

The first visit he paid to Mrs. Denbigh after Mary's funeral showed him an evil which he had not before thought of, and gave an additional spur to the strong desire for change which already existed.

He found her in the little parlour behind the shop, looking weary and dispirited. The house was quiet enough now, for the children were at school, and only Kitty remained to help her mother. A pile of account-books lay on the table, and Mrs. Denbigh sat before them in a state of helpless misery. It had always been Mary's business to keep the books and manage the business, and her mother had known very little of the practical details of the shop. While Mary was ill, and after her death, she had put these matters aside, but now the time had come when she must take them up, and learn to act for herself. But it seemed a hard task; she had no head for business, no method, and hardly knew how to set about her work.

'You see, sir, Mary did it all,' said the widow, after the few first words of greeting to the vicar; 'and being took off so sudden, no one else rightly knows the ins and outs.'

'She seems to have kept your books very neatly,' remarked Mr. Porter, glancing at the open pages.

'Yes, she was always one to do things tidy and regular. Any one as was more used to things would not find it hard to make it out, but I never did take to the shop rightly.'

'Then won't it be very difficult for you to make it pay now?'

'I don't know, sir; I suppose it will: but what else can I do?'

'Should you have kept it on after Mary's marriage with Rollins?'

'Yes, sir; only not so much of it: we'd settled that a while ago.'

'Then I should think it would be a good plan to try and make the change at once.'

'So I will. But I've got to find out how we stand first, sir. There's money we owe, and money owed us, and between the two I'm that puzzled I don't know which way to turn, or what I can call my own.'

'Can't Rollins help you?'

'Well, sir, he could; but I don't like to be teasing him now.'

'Nonsense, I am sure he'll be glad; I'll tell him you want a little assistance in getting things straight. Perhaps by-and-bye when the accounts are made out, you may like to talk over your plans, so I'll look in next week.'

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But before next week George Rollins came to the vicar.

‘Please, sir, I have done that job for Mrs. Denbigh.’

‘Well, and how do things stand?’

‘Why, sir, I’m almost afraid to tell her; they seem a good bit to the bad.’

‘Indeed! I thought the business was doing well.’

‘So it was; but there’s been a deal of money spent in the last month, and in a small corner like that it isn’t easy made up again. The funeral cost a terrible lot, sir.’

‘Ah! I suppose so; but it hadn’t struck me before. That is another evil arising from this custom of making such a show.’

‘From first to last, it will not be paid for with 20*l.*; then there’s the doctor’s bill, and the nursing besides.’

‘They are necessary expenses, and can’t be helped,’ replied the vicar. ‘But do you mean that that funeral cost nearly 20*l.*?’

‘Indeed I do, sir; that’s counting the mourning, of course; but the hat-bands and gloves was nigh 5*l.*; the bearers, they had 2*s.* 6*d.* each, that’s 1*l.*, and the undertaker’s bill, and the feeding of them all—for there was twenty to give to,—took a good bit. I’ve got it down here, sir; perhaps you’d like to look it over?’

Mr. Porter took the paper, and ran his eye down the items. It was all true, and just as George had said. The funeral expenses alone mounted to a few shillings over 20*l.* The doctor’s bill was 3*l.* and the nursing and extra attendance about 2*l.* more. Altogether it was nearly 26*l.* spent. He glanced down at the list of shop debts and liabilities; these were about 10*l.* on the right side. But owing to the large expenditure at the funeral, Mrs. Denbigh was now about 16*l.* in debt.

‘Dear me, what a pity, what a sad pity! If there could be sorrow in Paradise, surely it would grieve Mary to think that her mother has half ruined herself about her funeral?’

‘Ah, poor dear! She was never one to think of herself; many’s the time she has given up a new dress, or pretty ribbon, because one of the others wanted something. I doubt the funeral has cost more than she has spent on herself since she was old enough to have anything to do with money.’

‘Very likely. And now it is spent who is the better for it? Not she, not her mother, not you, or any one except the shopkeeper.’

‘And yet, sir, they wouldn’t have been content to do different.’

‘No, I suppose not; it is so much the custom that no one sees the folly of it; but I hope they will learn better in time.’

‘I suppose I’d better let Mrs. Denbigh see just how she stands?’

‘Certainly; she must be made to understand that she is in debt, and that it will take her best efforts to put things straight.’

‘It will take more than she has got to give, sir. She’s not one to fight through a trouble and win at the end. When I show her that paper, she will just sit down and cry, and then go on as before. The shop will get into a muddle, and in three months she will be worse off than she is now.’

‘How would it do for her to put the business on a smaller scale, as Mary thought of doing when she married?’

George shook his head.

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'It might have been done by degrees, and she'd have seen that it was set about the right way; but it's too late now. It seems to me that Mrs. Denbigh had better give up the concern altogether. She could pay all clear off, and have a little bit of money in hand, if she was to sell the shop at once.'

'But what could she do?'

'She might take sewing. Kitty would be better at that than in the shop; she could use her fingers, though she hasn't much head.'

'Do you think she would agree to this plan?'

'No, I am afraid not, sir; she won't like giving up the shop; but I am certain sure she'll get into worse trouble if she keeps it on, being in debt to start with.'

George was right. Mrs. Denbigh refused to give up the business.

'There's no denying that 16*l.* is a deal of money; but I don't grudge it, and it will be made up to me, I don't doubt, seeing how it was spent.'

'I don't see how,' said George.

'Nor do I; but I spent it on burying my poor dear decent, and how I could have done less I don't see; and you should not be the one, George Rollins, to cast it up against me. If Mary had been your wife you would have had it to do.'

George was silent. It was quite true. If Mary had been his wife all this expense would have come upon him. He knew that, without his consent being asked, matters would have been arranged just as they had been. That it would never have occurred to him to object to them. Nay, that he should have wished to show 'respect,' as her mother called it. Only since that talk with Mr. Porter had his eyes been opened to a true view of the burial-service; till then it meant little or nothing, and the funeral itself was but an outward show, which custom in Rainhill had made even more costly than in many villages.

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR passed away, and one summer day the villagers gathered into groups before the closed shutters of Mrs. Denbigh's shop, to read the bills of sale pasted on the outside.

'Dear, dear, it is a pity now; to think as it should all have to go like this,' said Mrs. Banks to one of the women standing by.

'Ah, poor things! it is a pity; and all through beginning in debt. Mrs. Denbigh has said to me, times and times, as she should not have cared if they could only have started free, when she took to the managing after poor Mary's death. But being as it was she didn't get a chance.'

'No, indeed; and she hadn't got the gift to do as Mary did; Mary had the gift of managing wonderful for so young a thing; while her poor mother could never make up her mind to boil a kettle unless some one told her to put it on the fire. I don't wonder as the shop is broke up; but it is a pity as they've got to sell the furniture.'

'They say it's all took for debts,' whispered another neighbour, 'and that if the sale brings in ever so much, she won't be a penny the better; for that pounds and pounds is owing now in Hanbury.'

'You don't mean it, ma'am!'

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‘I do, though; I had it from a young man in Mr. Dickson’s shop—there’s money owed them now for Mary’s funeral, and it’s money they’ll never get, I’m thinking.’

‘That is bad; but, poor things, what was they to do? funerals costs a deal, and they must be put forward respectable.’

‘Well, I don’t know,’ said Mrs. Treely, the neighbour; ‘but it seems as if folk might be buried decent without such a lot of fuss. This is not the first time in Rainhill that the dead have taken the bread out of the mouths of the living.’

‘Why, Mrs. Treely, how you do talk, it makes me all of a creep—to be talking of poor corpses in that way, it’s enough to make them turn in their graves.’

‘It’s not the corpses as is to blame,’ replied Mrs. Treely. ‘I’ve nought to say against them—as how could I? But I do hold as folk has no right to spend on burying what they want to keep themselves out of debt, and to bring up their children. There’s that Mrs. Denbigh now, if she’d not put such a lot of money on that funeral of Mary’s, they would not have begun in debt. See what it’s come to, herself and four children turned out of house and home, because they could not put one in her grave without all that fuss.’

Mrs. Lane drew herself up; Mary’s funeral had been her own arranging, and she had always prided herself on its completeness.

‘Well, ma’am, we doesn’t all think alike, as is well beknown, but burying poor souls like dogs is not, to my mind, the way to bring the blessings of Providence on those that does it.’

‘But they don’t bury souls, do they, mother?’ put in Jenny Treely, a sharp child of six, who was holding by her mother’s apron. ‘Mr. Porter says that people’s souls go up to live with God directly they are dead. And then they don’t put dogs in the churchyard, or read the Prayer-book at their burying. Our Toby was buried in the garden, and me and Tom have put a rose-bush over him.’

‘Little wenches should not speak till they are spoken to,’ remarked Mrs. Lane, sharply, and then turning to Mrs. Treely, she continued—

‘I hope, ma’am, as there are not many in Rainhill as holds with you. We’ve got a name all the country round for having our funerals respectable, and me and Mrs. Banks, we’ve done our best to act up to it.’

‘Very likely, but you haven’t had to pay the bills as the respectable funerals cost,’ answered Mrs. Treely. ‘It’s not so difficult to help folk to spend money, as it is to help them to get it.’

‘They spends for their own satisfaction, and to show respect for them that’s gone, and I’m proud to say, ma’am, as I’m not the one to hinder them,’ replied Mrs. Lane.

‘It would be a deal better if you did though. When folk is in trouble, they’ll do almost anything they’re told; couldn’t you put in a word now to advise, as they should not spend more than they can afford?’

‘I wish you good morning, Mrs. Treely; I don’t need to be taught my business by no one,’ said Mrs. Lane, angrily. It was not to her interest to quarrel with anyone, but Mrs. Treely had worn out her patience, and she went away in a huff, wondering how some folk could be so ignorant, and yet have the face to hold their own opinion before others as must know better.

Greenwich Pensioners.

Mrs. Lane did not once think herself in the wrong, but, thanks to Mr. Porter's influence, more people than Mrs. Treely were beginning to doubt if it was right to stint the welfare of the living for the sake of 'showing respect' to the dead. Some few, among whom George Rollins was foremost, went farther than this, and had had their eyes opened to see what a funeral really ought to be. They had been taught to regard it as a Christian rite, but to the greater number funerals were still nothing more than a ceremony, and Mr. Porter found that if he could make it the custom for them to be considered a church ceremony rather than an undertaker's ceremony, he would have made one great step towards altering the existing practice, even if he could not change the feeling that prompted it.

(To be continued.)

Greenwich Pensioners.



UNTIL the 'Greenwich Hospital Act' came into force, in 1865, groups like those in our picture were common in Greenwich Park; for there were then 2000 old seamen resident in or near the grand Greenwich Hospital. But by that Act the Admiralty announced that the Hospital would in future receive within its walls only infirm and helpless seamen. Those who were in health had pensions allowed them, instead of residence in the Hospital, and were allowed to go where they chose, receiving from the Admiralty pensions of about two shillings a-day.

Very possibly it is better for the old men themselves to be quartered amongst their relatives, and in their native villages; but it seems sad that one of our grandest national buildings should be standing almost empty, and that passers-by on the great highway of the Thames can no longer point to Greenwich Hospital, and its quaintly-dressed old pensioners, and say, 'That shows that England does not forget the services of her gallant seamen.'

The first idea of the foundation of Greenwich Hospital was suggested by the great naval victory of La Hogue, achieved in the month of May, 1692. The area of the Hospital grounds in the original grant of 1694 was rather more than eight acres, which has been enlarged from time to time, by the purchase of adjacent ground, until it now comprises about forty acres. The buildings were completed between 1694 and 1758, according to the general plan gratuitously given by Wren. The Hospital proper was separated from the park by the road now known as the Romney Road, during the rangership of the Earl of Romney, in 1693. The centre house, appropriated to the use of the schools, under certain Royal Warrants and Acts of Parliament issued and passed between 1805 and 1825, was commenced by Queen Anne of Denmark, 1618, on plans designed by Inigo Jones, and completed by Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1635. The entry of pensioners commenced in 1705 with 100 men, gradually increasing up to the year 1814, when the maximum of 2710 was reached; that is to say, accommodation for that number was provided, although the berths were not all filled. At present, Greenwich Hospital is almost deserted; one part has been

Greenwich Pensioners.

given to the Seamen's Hospital Institution (and is appropriated to merchant seamen of all nations), instead of H.M.S. 'Dreadnought,' which used to lie off Greenwich. Another part of the building is used



as a school, which is under a Commander of the Royal Navy; and where the whole system of teaching and training is as nearly as possible such as it would be on ship-board.

How to Speak to Children.

IT is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishments, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which is little regarded. I refer to the human voice—the soft, gentle, soothing modulations of the human voice; and this seems to be the more excellent way. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its effect; or the parent may use language in the correction of a child, not wrong in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let anyone endeavour to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in Heaven. Her sweet smile and loving eye are brought vividly to recollection; so, also, is her voice—the tones of her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance.

A sweet voice is a great moral power if it be employed wisely. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in mere letters, syllables, and words. It is the sound striking the little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence, to quiet and prepare for repose. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother's voice. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his evil conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it, and so does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings.

Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it. Anger, severity of reproof, harsh words, are of all things the worst. They excite evil passions, lead to resistance, and become the stimulants of disobedience and evil conduct. Speak gently to every one, but especially to children

'Just as I am.'

YES, guilty sinner, thou mayst come,
But thou must leave thy sin;
Thou'rt welcome to thy Father's home,
But ere thou enter in
Thy sin thou must behind thee cast
And say thou'rt sorry for the Past;
Thy Father's self will give thee strength
When thou art come to Him at length;
But thou *must* say, 'I do repent me of the Past,
And by Thy help, I'll try all sin away to cast.'

J. E. C. F.

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

BY WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., VICAR OF HOMERTON.



NOTWITHSTANDING the unreasonable nature of the Presbyterian demands, and their own conviction that, in essential points, the Book of Common Prayer needed no alteration, the Bishops gave an impartial consideration to the concessions required. The discussions lasted long.

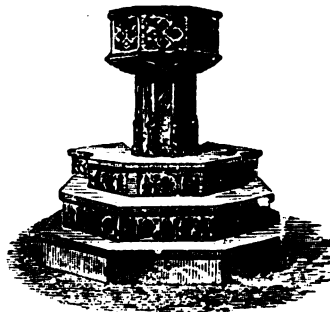
The Bishops replied with temper and good taste to the exceptions taken by the Presbyterians, and, at the same time, were willing to make concessions on mere points of taste not involving any doctrine. When the reply of the Bishops had been received, Baxter answered it at length, and then the Presbyterians claimed that there should be a verbal discussion of the points at issue between three of their number and three of the Episcopal Commissioners. The Presbyterians chose Baxter, Bate, and Jacomb, as their champions. Among the coadjutors of the Episcopal Commissioners were many men of mark, and three of them were selected for the disputation—Peter Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely and Chichester; John Pearson, afterwards Bishop of Chester; and Anthony Sparrow, afterwards Bishop of Exeter and Norwich. Gunning had suffered much for his attachment to the Royal cause, and yet he acted with the greatest moderation in the conduct of this controversy. Pearson, who was Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, won golden opinions alike from friends and opponents for the way in which he bore his part in the discussion. His name has since become a 'household word' in the mouths of English Churchmen, not so much for his work as a Commissioner of the Savoy, or his dignity as Bishop of Chester, as for that precious inheritance which he has handed down to the Church in the form of an 'Exposition on the Apostles' Creed,' originally drawn up for the benefit of his parishioners in St. Clement, Eastcheap. Dr. Sparrow was probably in all liturgical matters the most learned of the three Episcopal disputants; but he seems to have taken little part in the discussion. He is well known as the author of 'A Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer.'* The Bishops earnestly endeavoured to moderate between the disputing parties, and the most active in this work of conciliation was Bishop Cosin, of whose life it may be well to give a brief outline.

John Cosin was born at Norwich, on St. Andrew's Day, 1595, and after receiving the foundation of his education at the Grammar School of his native city, went to Caius College, Cambridge. He was fellow and tutor of his college, and private librarian to Bishop Overall, of Lichfield. In 1634 he was elected Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and in 1640 was appointed Dean of Peterborough. In 1641 he was the first who fell a victim to the decree of the so-called Parliament, and was deprived of all his preferments. He withdrew to France, where he 'officiated as chaplain to the Protestant members of the Queen's household.' At the Reformation his preferments were restored

* There is a curious and rare edition of this book, with a frontispiece representing a priest kneeling at a faldstool to say the Litany. The title-page runs: 'A Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, by Anth. Sparrow, now Lord Bp. of Norwich. Printed for G. Pawlet, at y^e Bible, in Chancery Lane. With pious entertainments for the Great Festivals, being an exposition of the Proper Psalms and Lessons for those dayes.'

The Framers of our Common Prayer.

to him, and as he had been the first to suffer, so he was the first to read the service of the Book of Common Prayer in his own cathedral. In 1661 he was consecrated Bishop of Durham. Sancroft, who was afterwards to bear so important a part in the history of the Church of England, preached the sermon at the consecration. Bishop Cosin's experience of Puritanism at home, and of Romanism abroad, qualified him peculiarly to act as a moderator in controversy. His loyalty to the Church of England was beyond the reach of imputation; his antagonism to Rome was well known; and yet he was felt to be an equally stalwart opponent of Puritan innovation. He is the author, conjointly with Bishop Andrewes and Bishop Overall, of some learned 'Notes on the Book of Common Prayer,' and also of a book of devotion, designed to revive the observance of the ancient canonical hours. While he was himself a strict and conscientious Churchman, there can be little doubt that, beyond all the other Commissioners, he desired comprehension, if it could be purchased on reasonable terms. It has been said that Cosin on the Episcopal side, and Manton on the Presbyterian, were equally determined in their desire for peace, and that but for the sturdy opposition of Richard Baxter some terms might have been arranged. The Bishops were willing to concede that the Epistles and Gospels should be read from the last translation of the Holy Scripture; that when any other part of Scripture is read for an Epistle, the words should be used, '*Here beginneth . . . the portion of Scripture appointed for the Epistle;*' that a longer time should be specified for the signification of the names of communicants in the prefatory rubric to the Communion Service, and the power of excommunication be rendered more exact; that the manner of consecration be made more explicit, by directing the priest to break the bread and lay his hand upon the cup; that in the rubric after the Confirmation Service the words, 'or be ready and desirous to be confirmed,' should be added. Two alterations were proposed in the Marriage Service, and the words, 'sure and certain,' were to be left for optional use in the Burial Office. It is not easy at this distance of time to judge whether the Bishops could have made further concessions; but when we take into consideration the spirit of the age and the attitude of their opponents, it seems to the credit of the Bishops of the Savoy that they were prepared to make any concession at all.



Cumberland Waterfalls.



HE scenery of the English lakes is noted the wide world over—and has been sung by poets like Wordsworth and Southey—who are called the ‘Lake school.’ Cumberland scenery is noted for its lakes, its mountains, and its waterfalls. Of its lakes Ullswater is much the largest, being nine miles in length by a mile in breadth. Wastwater is the deepest,



AIRY FORCE, ULLSWATER.

being 270 feet ; which is the most picturesque it would be hard to say. Of Cumberland mountains the principal is Sea Fell, 3166 feet ; Helvellyn, 3055 feet ; and Skiddaw, 3022 feet above the level of the sea.

Of the waterfalls, Scale Force, near Crummock Water, is the most

The Ways of Providence.

notable, having a fall of 156 feet at one leap, and then of 44 feet more over some rocks. Barrow Cascade has a fall of 124 feet. Lodore, near Keswick, of 100 feet. Sour Milk Ghyll, near Buttermere, of 90 feet. Airy Force, near Ullswater, of 80 feet; and the Nunnery Cascade, near Croglin, of 60 feet. Perhaps the most celebrated of these waterfalls is that of Lodore, as it has been immortalised by Southey's marvellous piece of rhyme, which describes how the water comes down at Lodore, the climax being:—

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and lumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And in this way the water comes down at Lodore.'

The Ways of Providence.



HERE is an old Jewish tradition which is worth repeating. Their great prophet Moses was called by a voice from Heaven to the top of a mountain. While communing there with the Supreme Being he was commanded to look down upon the plain below. At the foot of the mountain was a clear spring of water, at which a soldier alighted from his horse to drink. He was no sooner gone than a little boy came to the same place, and finding a purse of gold which the soldier had dropped, he took it up and went away with it. Immediately after this came an infirm old man, weary with age and travelling, and having quenched his thirst he sat down to rest himself beside the spring. The soldier missing his purse returned to search for it, and demanded it of the old man, who declared that he had not seen it, and appealed to Heaven to witness his innocence. The soldier, not believing him, drew his sword and killed him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement at the sight of this dreadful crime, when the Divine Voice thus prevented his expostulations,—‘Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask the Judge of all the earth why He has suffered this thing to come to pass? The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man has been spilt, but know that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father.’

Hidden Light.

'I heard a man proclaim all men were wholly base,
One such I knew there stood before my face.'—*Trench's Century of Couplets.*

I MUCH mistrust the voice
That says all hearts are cold;
That mere self-interest reigns,
And all is bought and sold.

I much mistrust the man
Who will not strive to find
Some latent virtue in
The soul of all mankind.

Yes! If you say the fount
Is sealed and dry, I know
It needs a wiser hand
To make the waters flow.

If you will still appeal
To Evil rife in all,

I know a demon band
Will answer to your call.

But when the Lord was gone,
The Lord Who came to save,
Two Angels fair and bright
Sat watching by the grave.

And from that blessed hour,
With an immortal mien,
In every tomb of Good
Some Angel sits unseen.

The spell to bring it forth?
With lowly gentle mind,
With patient love and trust,
Go seek—and ye shall find!

Household Words.

Mrs. Godolphin.



THE following are extracts from the Diary of Mrs. Godolphin, who was attached to the profligate court of Charles II. They show us how it is possible to live in the world without being corrupted by it:—

'MY LIFE, BY GOD'S GRACE, WITHOUT WHICH I CAN DO NOTHING.'

Whilst putting on my clothes say the prayer for death and the *Te Deum*. Then presently to my prayers. In dressing I must consider how little it signifies to the saving of my soul. Consider what our Saviour suffered. O Lord, assist me.

'When I go into the Drawing-room, let me consider what my calling is, to entertain the ladies, not to talk foolishly to men. How quiet and pleasant a thing it is to be silent, or if I do speak, that it be to the glory of God. Lord, assist me.

'At Church let me mind in what place I am: what about to ask—even the salvation of my soul; to whom I speak, even to the God that made me, redeemed and sanctified me, and can yet cut me off when He pleases. O Lord, assist me.

'When I go to my Lady Falmouth's I ought to take pains with her about her religion, or else I am not her friend, never speaking ill of anybody to her, but excusing them rather. Go to the Queen always at nine, and then read and let my man wait for me to bring me word before public prayers begin. If I find she dines late, come down, pray and read, and think why I read, to benefit my soul, pass my time well, and improve my understanding. O Lord, assist me.

'As I undress I must say my prayer again, and consider that perhaps I am going to sleep my last. Being in bed, to say my hymn softly, ere I turn to sleep; if I awake in the night let me say my psalm.

'In the morning, on waking, use a short devotion, and then rise immediately to praise Him. Talk as little as possible when I am in the company of men; when they speak evil, look grave, though I be

Rest.

laughed at, remembering that "there will be a time come when the Lord will bind up His jewels."

'Never meddle with others' business: talk not slightly of religion: be humble when commended: is anybody laughed at, say, "It may be my case;" is any in trouble, say, "Lord, I deserve it, but Thou art all mercy, make me thankful."

'Before I speak, Lord, assist me: when I pray, Lord, help me: when I am praised, Lord, humble me. May the clock, the candle, everything I see, instruct me. Lord, cleanse my hands, let my feet tread Thy paths.

'I have vowed, if possible, not to sit up past ten o'clock. On evens I will repeat all the psalms I know by heart: on the days I receive the Holy Communion, I will pray by daylight, and early on Sundays, and dine abroad as little as possible, but perform my constant duty to God and the Queen. Assist me, O Lord.

'Sing psalms now and then out of Sundays: be as much alone as I can: carry my prayer-book in my pocket: endeavour to beg with tears what I ask, and, oh, let my prayers be, O Lord, my only pleasure.

'There are three Sundays to come from this Saturday night, pray one day earnestly to God for love, and against taking His name in vain, pray against intemperance and sensuality; the other day for meekness, and against envy: another for fear and against detraction.'

This excellent lady died in 1678, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. 'O unparalleled loss! O grief inexpressible!' writes her biographer, 'she is gone! This only is my comfort, that she is happy in Christ, and I shall shortly behold her again.' He concludes his narrative of her life thus: 'And here let us leave our saint at rest, but ourselves at none, till, by following her example, we arrive at that blessed repose whither she is gone before.'

Rest.

OLD man, with hoary head and wrinkled face,
Sitting ever in the self-same place,
In quiet garden-ground, where daisies grow,

Whiling the afternoon in sleep away,
A sleep too calm for dreaming—old man, say,

'What is thy greatest happiness below?'

He answered me in accents grave and slow:

'Sure, just to bide a wee bit in the sun
When work is done.'

'And after this, what shall thy pleasure be?'

I put the question half reluctantly,
Unwitting whether he were not half wise,

As the good people have it, nor intent

On thoughts beyond this lower banishment.

He raised and turned on me his mild, grey eyes,

Full of a vague expression of surprise:
'Good sir, sure, 'tis to bide still in the sun

When work is done.'

O worthy answer! whether undesigned
The mere reiteration of a mind

Worn out, incapable of further thought,
Or, as I fain would hold, of purpose given,

The aged Christian's dearest hope of Heaven.

For what more sweet, from earth, its pain and gloom,

To pass the darksome shadow of the tomb,

And then to bide for ever in the Sun
When work is done? R. E.

Short Sermon.

TO BE WIDELY MOURNED YOU MUST BE MISSED.

BY THE REV. SIR LOVELACE T. STAMER, BART., RECTOR OF STOKE-ON-TRENT.

Acts, viii. 2.—‘*And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.*’

THERE are occasions on which the unbought, unsolicited, perfectly spontaneous manifestation of feeling around the grave of a departed Christian, shows unmistakably what the character of his life has been; what an influence—up to that day unsuspected in its extent—he has been exercising; how by deeds and looks of love, and by words spoken in due season, he has been stealing the hearts of those amongst whom he has lived; how much therefore his death is felt to be a real loss; what a gap, to be hardly filled up, his removal out of the world has caused.

Of this sort was the burial of St. Stephen, which the inspired Historian of the Early Church has recorded in the short verse which is our text.

Let us consider, and trace to its true cause, this grief of good men, as they bore St. Stephen's body to the grave, and took their last sad look of him.

Was it, think you, due only to this, that he had shown himself a fearless witness for the truth—that he had sealed this witness with his life—that he had suffered unflinchingly a most cruel death,—that he had been the first to win a Christian Martyr's Crown? If we can suppose it possible that a man, whose end was such, had no other claim to veneration upon his fellows than this, I think he might have been honoured, he might have been admired, he might even have been by some regretted; but never would ‘devout men’ have taken such affectionate care for his remains, and have mourned for him with such genuine sorrow, ‘making (as it is said) *great lamentation over him.*’

My brethren, take this for a certain truth; *for a man to be sincerely mourned in death, he must have done that which has made him beloved in life.* And Stephen could have been no exception to this rule.

Very little, indeed, is recorded of him previous to the time when he was chosen to be one of the Seven Deacons; nevertheless, from that little, we may infer, with tolerable certainty, what sort of man he had been. The very circumstances out of which this new Order in the Church arose, and the special duty to be discharged, are sufficient to show what was the character of him who seemed to the whole body of the disciples, before all other candidates, the best qualified for it. Remember that there had been a ‘murmuring’ on the part of the Grecians, (that is, on the part of those disciples who, though Hebrews or Jews by descent, had been born out of Judæa, and spoke the Greek language) against their brethren, who by descent, and by birthplace, and by language, were Hebrews, because of some neglect, real or supposed, of the poor widows of their portion of the body in the daily distribution of the Church's Alms. Their complaint was laid before the Apostles; and they, feeling themselves unable to give up their own ministry of souls in order to care for the temporal concerns of the poor,

Short Sermon.

recommended the appointment of 'seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom,' to undertake the charge of this business, and to remedy the grievance of which the Grecians complained.

It is clear, I think, that in order to be chosen for such an office, requiring, as it did, in no common degree, powers of conciliation, gentleness of speech, a wise discretion, an integrity above suspicion—a man must have given evidence beforehand of possessing these qualities.

And Stephen seems, by universal consent, to have been second to none in fitness for this responsible office.

Gentle, patient, forgiving, yet bold and fearless in support of the truth—all this we *know* he was: a truly loveable character; 'full of faith'—which is the secret spring of all noble and loving deeds—'and of the Holy Ghost.'

Therefore, we are not surprised to find that he should be *first* chosen to fulfil a Ministry, which, if of a lower order than the Apostleship, must have needed a large measure of wisdom and love for its due discharge; and we can well imagine that in the short time that he was spared to exercise it, he would rise in the estimation of his fellow-believers, and, in a higher station, and with greater opportunities, would gain still more of their confidence and love.

The loss of such a man, come when and how it would, all must feel. And, therefore, when, in the fierce persecution which followed, he fell a victim to the cruel hatred of the Jews; disregarding all personal risk, 'devout men' were forward to show their affection for him. With loving hands they raised up his lifeless body from among the stones which had bruised it; and carrying it forth, they buried it, and (as we are expressly told,) 'made great lamentation over it.'

The scene around the death-bed of Dorcas, recorded in Acts, ix., is another instance of what I am contending for—that to be widely mourned, to be really sorrowed over, when we die, we must have so lived as to be missed. *We must have lived for others, and not for ourselves alone.* When St. Peter went into the chamber of death, the poor widows, gathered around the corpse of their benefactress, 'weeping and showing the garments which Dorcas had made whilst she was with them,' told, far more eloquently than any words could have done, what had been the character of her life. Whether she was rich or not, we do not know: probably not: but certainly she had done a great deal of good. St. Luke says of her, that she was '*full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did.*' Among other things, she used to make clothes for the poor widows of Joppa, where she lived. The *rule* of her life was to be kind, and charitable, and active, and self-denying.

It was impossible that such a friend should not be missed when she died: and the genuine sorrow of those who had been the objects of her loving care, proved how great they felt their loss to be.

Another instance of the same thing I will give you, not taken from the pages of Sacred History, but from a narrative of modern life. The saintly Fletcher, of Madeley, in Shropshire, was a friend of John Wesley. Of him Mr. Wesley says, 'Many exemplary men have I known, holy in heart and life, within fourscore years: but one equal to him I have not known; one so inwardly and outwardly devoted to God, so unblamable a character in every respect, I have not found. Nor do I expect to find another such on this side of eternity.'

Short Sermon.

And his flock at Madeley regarded him with the like veneration and affection. On the day on which he died (a Sunday) 'a supplicatory Hymn for his recovery was sung in the Church; and one who was present says, it is impossible to convey an idea of the burst of sorrow that accompanied it. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness. Hasty messengers were passing to and fro, with anxious inquiries and confused reports; and the members of every family sat together in silence that day, awaiting with trembling expectation the issue of every hour.*

Now, all this anxiety, all this great sorrow, were evidences, the most unquestionable, of the character of Mr. Fletcher's labours at Madeley. 'Not handling the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth,' both by life and doctrine, he had 'commended' himself 'to every man's conscience in the sight of God;' and whether men hearkened or not, they 'esteemed him very highly in love for his works' sake.'

Yet one more illustration of what I mean I will give you; and this time it shall be in the special field of woman's work.

I allude to her who for three years superintended the Nursing department of the great Workhouse Infirmary at Liverpool. †

Of gentle birth, refined, sensitive, highly educated, she felt that she did not possess these advantages for herself alone. Her heart yearned to use them for God, and for the good of her fellows; and what work is there more noble, more suitable to a woman, than that which suggested itself to her, the nursing of the sick? To qualify herself for this, she submitted to a long and trying course of training. When this was complete, she offered herself to the Guardians of the Poor in the Parish of Liverpool to superintend and manage the nursing of their Workhouse Infirmary. Her services were accepted; and in less than three years, by exemplary patience, and dauntless courage, by the exercise of a rare judgment, above all, by the manifestation of the life that was in her, a life intent on doing 'her Father's business,' she succeeded in changing the whole character of that Institution. What she went through in her daily, hourly contact with the lowest depths of human vice and misery, in her endeavour to bind up the wounds, to heal the broken hearts, to bring release to the captives, scarce one but God knows. She over-tasked her strength, and fell in the discharge of her duty at her post. Her body was taken back to her own people, to be buried in her father's vault. Years of previous labour among them had not been forgotten. And so we are told, that 'all the old folk went out to meet her—old men and women of near ninety years of age, who could scarcely move on crutches. Then young men who had been her own Scholars in her big boys' Evening Class, went a distance to meet the funeral, and carried the coffin themselves. The grave was surrounded first by rows of School Children—behind them, on one side, the young women, on the other, the young men of her Bible Classes; and behind these again, the elder women and men with whom she had read and prayed. After all was over the School Children and Mistresses sent a message to her poor sick paupers, that they would be glad to hear that their kind friend had been as gently laid in her grave as an infant laid to rest in its mother's arms.'

* 'Southey's Life of Wesley,' vol. ii. p. 283.

† Miss Jones.

But, alas! of those whom we are called to lay in their graves, how few are there whose deaths affect any beyond their own immediate families! How few are there concerning whom any large number of people can say, 'We have lost a friend.'

It is sad to think how many they are who lead such lives that no loss is experienced out of the narrow circle of their own kindred, when death calls them away. Whereas if they had been earnest workers for God,—as every Christian (whether rich or poor) ought to be,—then their loss would have been felt. Genuine, unbought signs of woe would have accompanied their funerals. 'Devout' men and women would have stood around their grave, and 'made great lamentation over them.'

How comes it that so few comparatively, especially of those who have leisure and ability for the purpose, take any pains to live in such a way as *to be missed when they die*? Oh! think over what it must be,—after all that our dear Saviour has done for us, and said to us,—to come to die with the reflection that we have done no real good to any; that our life has been a selfish and an useless one; that we can think of no mourner comforted, of no poor relieved, of no sick visited, of no ignorant instructed, of no tempted warned, of no faint-hearted encouraged, of none helped forward in their spiritual course.

These are not duties that can be compounded for. Gifts of money cannot be accepted in commutation of *personal* service. Depend upon it there must be *work* for God as the exponent of Christian life. True Christian life must, and will, have its out-come in Christian work for others. And in proportion as it works for others, it will itself be strengthened and confirmed. Yea, on every service done faithfully to God's Church, there ever rests the blessing pledged in these words, 'They shall prosper that love Thee.'

As Sunday School Teachers, as District Visitors, as Readers, Lecturers, and Conductors of Services in Mission Rooms, as Collectors of funds for the spread of Christ's Church throughout the world, and in various other ways, how vast is the field that is before the lay-members of the Church, both male and female!

Dear Reader, suffer me to suggest to you, as flowing from the line of thought we have been pursuing, such questions as these; Were I to die now should I be missed—missed by any besides my own immediate relations and friends? Would my death remove from any single human being, beyond my own kindred, an Instructor, a Guide, a Counsellor, a Friend? When I am carried to my long home, and the mourners go about the streets, will they be any other mourners than those who will *naturally* mourn for me, the members of my own family? Or will there be any for whose good I have laboured disinterestedly in life, who can stand beside my grave, and shed a true mourner's tear, and say, I have lost a friend?





XIII.—12.

Night.

The Song of Christmas.

And this year, when the sceptre was now clean departed from Judah, Shiloh, the Saviour, being twelve years old, came into the Temple. A.D. 14, Augustus died, in the 76th year of his age, and 56th of his reign, and was succeeded by Tiberius, the son of his wife Livia, by a former husband. Between A.D. 23 and 26, many changes occurred in the high-priesthood. Annas, Ismael, Eleazer, Simon, and Caiaphas, were all chosen within this short period by the capricious will of the procurator, Valerius Gratus. He was recalled A.D. 26, and Pontius Pilate was sent in his stead. In A.D. 33 Jesus Christ 'gave His life a ransom for the many,' was 'crucified, dead, and buried,' rose again, and ascended, forty days after His resurrection, into heaven. Jerusalem, within forty-seven years of this time, was besieged by the Romans and taken. Myriads perished in the awful siege, and the city was utterly destroyed. The ritual of the Jews became impossible, and the Jews were scattered, and are still scattered, throughout the world.

What more? Shall the Jews ever return? Will they be converted? I will only say, notice such expressions as are contained in the following list. I will not venture to assert that they still await fulfilment, but only that it seems to me that such is the case.

Deut. xxx. 1—10; Isaiah, xi. 10 to end of ch. xii.; Amos, ix. 14, 15; Zach. x. 10; Zach. xii. 9 to end of the book; Romans, xi. Several learned men think that the time of the general conversion of the Jews is indicated by the introduction of the *Hebrew* word 'Alleluia,' in Rev. xix. 1, 3, 4, 6.

The Song of Christmas.

Transcribed from an old MS. by A. G. H.



CHILDREN of the Earth, young and old, listen to the song of Christmas. I am come among you again with my fresh keen blast, and my holly-bough, and the snow crackling beneath my feet, and the hoar-frost dropping from my hair; and I see again around me the sight I love to see, the bounding step, the merry laugh, the warm-pressing hand, the lip that quivers with remembered blessing, and the heart that glows with good deeds done, kept there for God alone. I see the blazing log, and the plentiful board, and the throng of friendly faces. I hear my name echoed as a watchword of rejoicing. I feel that I am as loved as ever.— And is this all?

Children of the Earth, revellers at the feast, listen to the song of Christmas. Was it only for this I came among you first, only to crown your banquet with jubilee? Was it that the yule-log might burn, and the wassail-bowl might foam, and the table be crowned with plenty; that they who feasted all the year round should feast still higher to-day? Is there nothing nobler in my cheering voice, nothing holier in my song of joy, than the mirth that blazes for an hour, or the dissipation that will weary you to-morrow?

Children of the Earth, triflers with reality, listen to the song of Christmas. When I came among you first, you were a sorrowful race. The winter came, and went again, but brought no blessing with it: the sun looked down in pity, but kindled you not to praise; ye had no Saviour; ye knew no God: I broke this chain of darkness; I let in this

The Song of Christmas.

glorious light. I brought on the wings of my glorious message the blessings of the Father of spirits, and shed them like dew in your path, that ye might be glad in the joy of your salvation. I shed peace on your consciences; comfort in your tribulations; light on the way wherein ye must walk; hope on the bed whereon ye must die. All this I did; when I told you your Saviour was born.

Children of the Earth, Ransomed of the Cross, listen to the song of Christmas. The wilderness and the solitary place are glad because of me. The desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose, fruit has sprung up in the waste places of the earth and well-springs from the rock and stone. There has gone forth a voice like an Angel's trumpet, from which sorrow and mourning flee away; and every note of its thrilling melody repeats the Redeemer's Name. Well then may ye rejoice for whom that Name was given; fill up your cup with gladness; pour forth your voice in song: the utmost ye can give will fall short of the due amount of gratitude and praise He has deserved at your hands. Be glad, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God. He has crowned the year with goodness; He has glorified the earth with deliverance; if ye should 'rejoice in the Lord always,' above all should ye do so now. Only take heed that ye rejoice aright; that Christmas drown not the name of Christ; that in the joy of the Saviour's Birth ye neglect not His great Salvation.

Children of the Earth, probationers for Eternity, listen to the Song of Christmas. Shall the children of the bridechamber feast only when the Bridegroom is not with them? Shall the Prince's Birthday be kept only as a Universal Jubilee, and the Prince Himself be banished from the gladness His Birth has given?

Children of the Earth, exiles from the Bowers of Eden, listen to the Song of Christmas. Is it such a feast as I have chosen, a day for a man to forget his soul, to choke up his gratitude with self-indulgence, and to shackle his religion with worldly bonds? Wilt thou call this a feast, and an acceptable day unto the Lord? Is not *this* the feast that I have chosen, to break off the yoke of sin, to crush the head of evil habits, to lay up comfort against the evil hour, and to gather blessing and gladness that fade not away? to give with both hands liberally, to love with the whole heart fervently, to pass onward, onward still, in the pathway of joyful obedience; bringing heart, and soul, and strength, and intellect, as offerings to the Bridegroom's Table.

Children of the Earth, wild olives of the Gentiles, listen to the Song of Christmas. Yes! there are hearts that love Him, and find their joy in His favour. Who are they that wake the Nativity Morn with the loudest and sweetest carols? that fill the Lord's Courts with beaming faces, and bring the brightest smile, and the happiest laugh, for the meeting of affection at home? Who but they to whom my annual return is a pledge of their purchased security, and who feel, as each year glides away beneath my wing, that they are only so much nearer to Heaven? Who but they who go from house to house, where the poor man is too desolate to smile: lighting up the empty hearth, and covering the starving board, and giving the naked clothing, and finding the destitute a home; that every suffering member of the great redeemed family may be glad on the Birthday of their Brother? Yes! to you I turn, ye sowers and reapers of mercy;

Furness Abbey.

your mirth shall not turn to heaviness, nor your sacrifice be counted a mockery: for the joy of the Lord is your shield and strength, and the God of the poor man is a Guest at your feast of Love.

CHILDREN OF THE EARTH, HEIRS OF IMMORTALITY,
LISTEN TO THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS!



Furness Abbey.

THE Abbey of St. Mary of Furness, in the north-west part of Lancashire, was founded A.D. 1127, and being situated in a remote and well-protected vale, it for the most part escaped the attacks of the Border freebooters, and its pile grew in beauty, and its monks led their contemplative lives undisturbed until the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII. A.D. 1537. The Abbey, and its precincts of sixty acres, were then bought by the Preston family. In the time of George I. it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas

Short Sermon.

Lowther, Bart., who married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, and by his son, who died in 1756, the estates at Cartmel and Furness were bequeathed to Lord George Augustus Cavendish, and thus became eventually the property of the Dukes of Devonshire.

The ruins of Furness Abbey tell of the size and splendour of the original establishment. Beside the church, other conventual buildings, as the chapter-house, scriptorium, refectory, dormitory and guest-hall may be traced more or less distinctly in the piles of masonry which cover the site.

The church must have been one of remarkable beauty. It was 300 feet in length and 65 feet in breadth. The great chancel window is the chief feature of these picturesque ruins.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of a thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fret-work; and oft sings
The owl his anthem where the silenced choir
Lie, with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

Short Sermon.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Psalm cxviii. 24.—' *This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it.*'

IT is a custom, and a very good custom too, for friends on Christmas-Day to wish each other a *merry Christmas*. By the word *merry*, used in this way, we are not, I suppose, to understand the notion of boisterous joy, of high spirits, of unbounded mirth. These things may be good, and may be conducted in such a manner as to be pure and innocent, but they are not the things which are essentially necessary to a merry, a happy Christmas. There may be no external signs of joy, and yet Christmas may be a very joyful time; there may be even much to sadden, and yet the sadness may be unable to obliterate Christmas joy. No, the merriness of Christmas is something which lies lower down than all mere worldly joy, and is incapable of being clouded by worldly sorrow; it consists in the knowledge that on this day God gave His greatest gift to man; that on this day God came in a wonderful manner near to earth; that on this day He gave us a blessing, compared with which creation and preservation are as nothing, even the redemption of the whole human race by the Incarnation of His eternal and most glorious Son.

I do not mean that all people who keep Christmas think of it thus. Many, probably the greater number, of those who rejoice in Christmas, rejoice in it because it is a season for gathering friends together, for healing family differences, for doing kind deeds to our neighbours, for realising, in fact, something of that universal charity which Christ came to establish in the world; and though this is not a sufficient view of Christmas, still it is a view which we would

Short Sermon.

not wish to do away with. There is, to my mind, something inexpressibly wonderful and inexpressibly beautiful in this fact, that the light of Christmas-Day does seem so completely to enlighten the world, and not the Church only. The Church proclaims from Scripture her high doctrine concerning the day; she says, 'This is, indeed, the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice, and be glad in it. This is the day on which a greater marvel happened than the creation of the world; this is the day on which it pleased God to take our nature, to complete the mystery of godliness, to become manifest in the flesh; this is the day on which, therefore, we ought to celebrate the freedom of our race from sin and misery; this is (as it were) the birthday of the human race.'

These are high doctrines, Christian brethren, and not less true than high, and they who can enter into them,—I do not say they who can thoroughly understand and measure them, but they who can take them into their minds and their hearts and feel that the doctrines are just what they need, they who can do this will indeed say that Christmas is a joyful time; and that the words 'merry Christmas' convey a thought too deep, too solemn, too blessed, to be expressed completely in words. But, even without this full perception of the glories of Christmas, there is (as I have said) a bright gleam of light thrown upon the world by Christmas-Day. There is a merriness belonging to Christmas, which is the reflexion of the light of Christ's birth, and yet is not that Light itself; there is a joy in men's hearts at this season, which is not gratitude for redemption, which is not the result of deep thoughts concerning the spiritual needs of man and the love and condescension of Christ; which is, to a certain extent, of the earth, earthy, and yet would never have grown upon earth if Christ had not come as the true Light from heaven; this is the joy which we commonly have in our minds when we speak of Christmas and its festivities. And what I would say about it is this, I would not, if I could, take away this joyful character from Christmas. The joys of Christmas, if they be only innocent and pure, if they avoid the contact of gluttony, and excess, and impurity, and sin, do in reality pay homage to the Majesty of Christ. Little as Christmas merrymakers may think of it in the moment of excitement, and friendly gatherings, and family enjoyment, it is the influence of the Child who was born in Bethlehem that has brought about all this; and the popular belief in the merriness of Christmas is the best tribute that can be paid by the world at large to the joyful tidings, which the heavenly voice sang on the eve of the Nativity,—'To you is born, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.'

No—God forbid that Christmas should ever cease to be a merry season throughout all lands where Christ's name is known! God forbid that rejoicing should be confined to the inside of our churches, and that outside there should be carelessness and neglect, as though Christmas were nothing to the world at large! God grant that Christmas may ever be a merry season, and may preach, even to the careless, and thoughtless, and thankless, something of the doctrine which this day proclaims! But then I would add to you, my dear Christian brethren, do not stop here; do not let this be all that Christmas is to us; do not be content with that merriness which is connected merely with animal spirits, and social enjoyments, and family pleasures, however innocent

Short Sermon.

those pleasures may be; do not be content to see your Saviour merely by that pale and reflected light, of which I have spoken as illuminating the world outside the Church, but come into the Church itself, and contemplate your Saviour in that glorious, and pure, and perfect light which streams forth from the cradle of Bethlehem.

There is a very wonderful picture, which I saw some years ago, by one of the greatest masters of painting. It represents the Nativity of our Lord. It is *night*; in fact, the picture is usually known by the name of 'La Notte,' *The night*; but still the picture is not dark, it is one blaze of light. But the peculiarity of the picture is this, that the light is not represented as coming from candles or torches, or anything of the kind; the light all comes from the holy Child Himself. There lies the Babe in the centre of the picture; and from His blessed Body streams forth light on every side, and this light, and no other, illuminates the whole. This is one of the grand conceptions of genius, and it is very valuable as illustrating, by a representation to the eye, the true doctrine of the Nativity of our Lord; this is that light of which I spoke as coming from Christ Himself. When you are in the same chamber with Christ you need no human candle to guide you to Him, the light streams forth from Himself; and kneeling beside Him, and having your eyes illuminated by this blessed, unearthly light, you understand what the joys of Christmas really are, and why Christmas is in so deep a sense merry and joyful to the whole family of man.

I say, then, come into the Church, prostrate yourselves before the mercy-seat of God, confess your sins heartily and humbly, ask pardon of your Father who is in Heaven, realise, as far as you can, the presence of God, if you would celebrate Christmas as it ought to be celebrated. That message of great joy, which came, as at this time, more than eighteen hundred years ago, is still the message which mankind need; is still the announcement of the only remedy which really meets the deep necessities of the human race. That hymn of the angels, too, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men,' still describes, as accurately as it can be described, the spirit of Christmas, and the results which Christmas has brought about. It is this Nativity which, more than anything else, has brought glory to God. Deep as the humility of the Incarnation is, lowly as Christ became, complete as was the emptying of Himself to which the Son of God submitted, still nothing else has so set forth God's glory, because nothing else has so set forth His compassion and His love.

It is this Nativity, too, which has brought peace upon earth, which has put men at peace with God, and which has made it not altogether hopeless that men may be at peace amongst themselves; and it is this Nativity which has proclaimed, so as nothing else has proclaimed it, good-will towards men; which has shown us that God is not alienated from our race, but that He loves us with a Father's love, and that, because He could save us from our sins only through the sacrifice of His dear Son, He did not hesitate to send that Son into the world. Well, then, this being so, Christian brethren, the feast of the Nativity, the feast of Christmas, must be, ought to be, ever will be, one of our most joyful and happy seasons. And I would impress upon you, that if we feel this then we are right in gathering together in our Church, and showing forth our joy, and proclaiming our gladness, by confess-



VERY few words will suffice to introduce our Parish Magazine.

It will have, in common with a great number of other things, an inside and an outside.

The inside will consist of a certain number of pages edited by the Rev^d. J. Erskine Clarke of Derby, and will contain sundry Articles, grave and gay; the last of which will generally be a Sermon aiming at being, that which a good authority lately said all Sermons should be, viz:—short—sharp—decisive.

The outside, which will vary in the number of its pages according to circumstances, will be devoted to Local matter and will contain amongst other things;

1. A monthly notice sheet of Services in the Minster, Religious Meetings, School or Practice engagements, Days on which Charities may be applied for, etc.
2. A monthly Register of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials.
3. An account of all Alms collected, whether for general or special purposes, and the way in which they have been disposed of.
4. A short notice of anything which may have occurred during the month, affecting the Parish or Congregation.

Besides this, it is proposed, should the circulation be sufficient to cover the additional expense, to insert from time to time short papers upon objects of interest connected with the Antiquities or Natural History of the Parish, in order to bring within reach of the many, information which at present can only be found in expensive and scarce books.

These outside pages will be so numbered as to admit of their being bound up together at the beginning or end of the yearly volume.



A CONFIRMATION was held in the Minster, on the 12th of July, by the Bishop of Gibraltar, at which hands were laid on the following young people of Wimborne and Holt;

Bella Adams	Henrietta Maria Barfoot	Mary Jane Day
Love Dacombe	Marianne Edwin	Ellen Elket
Mary Ann Galpin	Rose Holloway	Sarah Horder
Anne Horder	Frances Ann Knowles	Mildred Ann Low
Adela Stuart Moore	Emma Paynter	Lucie Mary Quick
Amy Watts	Sarah Scott	Sarah White
E. White	Sarah Wallingford	Emma Ford
Ellen Osman	Eliza Osman	Ellen Dymott
Anna Kimber.	E. Wayman	

Sidney George Parkinson
Albert George Barnes
William Oldbury

Henry James Blake
George Cherritt
William Bendal.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL.

GOVERNORS.

J. B. GARLAND, (*Chairman.*)
 C. C. BARRETT
 Wm. DRUITT
 R. P. HOPKINS
 J. W. SHETTLE
 CHARLES WEBB

GEORGE EVANS, (*Official.*)
 CHARLES BOOR
 JOHN HATCHARD
 C. R. ROWE
 F. H. TANNER
 F. POPE

Registrar—T. RAWLINS.

CLERGY OF THE MINSTER.

PRESBYTRES.
 REV. H. GOOD, LL.B.
 REV. C. ONSLOW, M.A.
 REV. LESTER LESTER, S.C.L.
 ASSISTANT CURATE.
 REV. S. S. KEDDLE, M.A.

MASTERS OF THE SCHOOL.

HEAD MASTER.
 REV. W. FLETCHER, D.D.
 SECOND MASTER.
 REV. H. PIX, M.A.
 ASSISTANT MASTERS.
 F. G. E. ASHWORTH, B.A.
 R. EDWARDS
 MONS. D'ABNOUR
 W. TIFFIN

Organist—J. WHITEHEAD SMITH.

LAY VICARS.

J. G. SEWARD, *Clerk.*
 J. EATON, *Clerk.*
 H. S. BLOUNT
 A. ARNOLD
 J. CLARK
 T. LODDER
 H. REEKS

CHORISTERS.

S. HAYTER.
 F. GULLINE
 T. ROBERTS
 H. ROBERTS
 F. SCORE
 R. ADAMS
 A. LEWIS
 A. C. PITT

Corporation Verger—F. WALLINGFORD.

Minster Verger—G. DAVIDGE.

Sexton—G. YEATMAN.

Clerk at Holt—F. STICKLAND.

Schoolmaster at Pamphill—G. FERRETT.

CHURCHWARDENS.

H. S. BLOUNT.
 JOHN BURGESS.

COMMUNION ALMS.

THE Total amount of Alms received at the Holy Communion from Advent Sunday, 1868, to Advent Sunday 1869, has been £46 8 10 This sum has been equally divided between the three districts of Wimborne, Colehill and Holt, it having been agreed that Holt, notwithstanding its separation from Wimborne, should still take a third of the Communion Alms. The Communion Alms of the Wimborne District will in future be distributed by the District Visitors.

COLLECTIONS IN THE MINSTER.

The Collections in the Minster during the year were as follows.

May 9.	“Church Missionary Society” (Rev. J. Stephenson.)	£10	13	3
June 20.	“National Schools”	11	10	9
Aug. 15.	“Diocesan Church Building Society”	9	18	0
Sep. 12.	“Society for Propagation of the Gospel” (Rev. Dr. Barry)..	12	13	11
Sep. 29.	“Dorset County Hospital”—Harvest Thanksgiving	12	11	2
Nov. 14.	“Additional Curates Society” (Rev. R. H. Baynes.)	11	18	10

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

			Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service	
1	S	The Circumcision— [Mor. Gen. 17—Rom. 2. [Eve. Deu. 10—Col. 2.	8	11		5	
2	S	2nd S. after Christmas	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6.
3	M	[Mor. Is. 41—St Mat 1.		9			Coal Com. 9.30—11
4	T	[Eve. Is. 43—Rom. 1		9			
5	W			11		7	Practice at 8.
6	T	The Epiphany—		11		5	Soup given out.
7	F	[Mor. Is. 60—St. Mat 3.		11			
8	S	[Eve. Is. 49—S. Jo 2.		9			
9	S	1st S. after Epiphany	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
10	M	[Mor. Is. 44—St Mat 7.		9			Coal Com. 9.30—11
11	T	[Eve. Is. 46—Rom. 7.		9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
12	W			11		7	Practice 8.
13	T			9			Soup given out.
14	F			11			
15	S			9			
16	S	2nd S. after Epiphany	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
17	M	[Mor. Is. 51—S. Mat 14		9			Mis. M. 7.* Coal C. 9½
18	T	[Eve. Is. 53—Rom 14		9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
19	W			11		7	Practice 8.
20	T			9			Soup given out.
21	F			11			
22	S			9			
23	S	3rd S. after Epiphany	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
24	M	[Mor. Is. 55—S. Mat. 21. [Eve. Is. 56—1 Cor. 5.		9			Coal Com. 9½—11
25	T	Conversion of St. Paul		11		7	S.S. Teachers M. 5
26	W	[Mor. Wis. 5—Acts 22		11		7	Practice 8.
27	T	[Eve. Wis. 6—Acts 26		9			Soup given out.
28	F			11			
29	S			9			
30	S	4th S. after Epiphany	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
31	M	[Mor. Is. 57—S. Mat. 27. [Eve. Is. 58—1. Cor. 11.		9			Coal Com. 9½—11.

It was intended to have had an Evening Communion on the 5th Sunday in the month when one occurred; but it has been thought better, after consultation with the Bishop, to postpone this for the present, and there will be an early Communion instead on those Sundays.

*The Missionary Meeting will be held in the National School Room.

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THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster

and Molt.

FEBRUARY 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, PRINTERS, &c.

HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

MAY I hope that every Subscriber to the Parish Magazine will be present at the New Corn Exchange, on Friday next, at half-past Seven o'Clock.

LESTER LESTER.

MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

QUR monthly Missionary Meeting for January, was held in the National School Room on Monday the 17th, General Maclean R.A. who has but lately returned from the Mauritius, gave a most interesting sketch of the rise and progress of Christianity in the neighbouring island of Madagascar. The room was quite filled, and it is hoped that these monthly Meetings for information upon a subject which ought to be dear to the heart of every Christian may serve to increase missionary spirits amongst us

The next Meeting will take place D.V. on Monday the 21st, when the Rev. R. E. Richards of Corfe Castle, will give an account of the Mission work in the Sandwich Islands.

THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE MINSTER.

OUR old Minster was as usual decorated for the joyous season of Christmas by the kind services and cheerful help of various members of the Congregation. Wreaths of holly, yew, box, and ivy filled the moulding of the arches and upright shafts, ran round the capitals of the pillars, while sprays of trailing ivy hung down the pillars themselves. The sills of the windows, the spandrils of the arches and panels of the low Chancel screen were filled with various devices, of which the principal were as follows:—

In the Chancel

In the three central E. windows, a large white Latin cross between the letters I. N. R. I.*: on the N. and S. Sanctuary windows, the Monograms I. H. S. and I. H. C. † The side walls and back of the Sanctuary were covered with diaper work of fir and holly.

On the side walls and spandrils of the arches

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Cross and Circle.</p> <p>2. Star with sacred monogram.</p> | <p>1. Shield with sacred monogram.</p> <p>2. The Labarum. † [ogram</p> <p>3. A Cross, crosslet.</p> |
|--|---|

Over the choir stalls on either side the word "Alleluia."

* These letters are the initials of the Latin form of that Superscription which was placed upon the Cross, and written by Pilate in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

"IESUS NAZARAEUS REX IUDAEORUM."

† These monograms, which have now-a-days come to signify "Jesus Hominum Salvator" and "Jesus Hominum Consolator" "Jesus the Saviour of men" and "Jesus the Comforter of men," were originally only contractions of the single word "JESUS."

‡ A monogram composed of the first two letters of word "Christ;" the X standing for the Greek letter Ch, and the P for the Greek letter R. This monogram constantly found on the coins of Constantine the Great is said to have been the sign seen by him in heaven in consequence of which he became a Christian

On the Prayer Desk Decani side, "Glory to God."
On the Prayer Desk Cantoris ,, "Praise the Lord."

The whole of the Prayer desks, Choir stalls, Lectern, and low Screen are most tastefully decorated with wreaths of moss and holly, and with designs of lichen and everlastings.

In the Nave and Side Aisles.

Filling the spandrils of the large chancel arches, a diaper work with the emblems Alpha and Omega, and central and side shields with devices.

Along the spandrils of the Nave Arches.

- | N. side. | S. side. |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Circle and Cross fleuris. | 1. Crossed Shepherd's Crooks. |
| 2. Semicircles interleaved. | 2. Quatrefoil. |
| 3. Triangle and Trefoil. | 3. Single Triangle. |
| 4. Latin Cross. | 4. Double Triangle. |
| 5. Double Trefoil. | 5. Single Trefoil. |

Beneath the Side Aisle windows the following texts:

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------------|
| N. side. | 1. Glad tidings of great JOY. |
| | 2. Unto us a CHILD is born. |
| | 3. Unto us a SON is given. |
| S. side. | 1. The Mighty GOD. |
| | 2. Everlasting FATHER. |
| | 3. The PRINCE of Peace. |

Over the N. Door. "This is the Gate of Heaven."

Over the S. Door. "This is the House of God."

The Baptistery Screen is wreathed with ivy, and the font is most beautifully wreathed and panelled out with holly, box, and everlastings.

The Presbyters of the Minster take this occasion of thanking most sincerely all those who in any way assisted in the work of decoration, a work which if done at all should be truly a congregational work.

NOTICE.

In the March number will appear a statement of various Parochial Charities.

DECORATIONS AT HOLT.

The Christmas decorations of the Church at Holt deserve a passing notice. They are executed with much taste, and tend greatly to relieve the extreme plainness, not to say the excessive ugliness of the Building, it sadly needs warmth and colour, which requisites are in some measure supplied by the rich tone introduced at the East end of the Church, by the crimson tapestry hangings, and the lettering of the Christmas text "Unto you is born this day a Saviour," in yellow immortelles on a crimson cloth ground, Over the Holy Table is placed the text, "God with us" worked in white wool on a crimson ground, which is very effective. All the window arches are encircled with evergreens and holly berries, and in each window sill is an appropriate text in white letters on a crimson ground. The font is most elaborately decorated with very pretty devices and sacred emblems, a white cross is floating on the water with which the font is filled, the effect is most pleasing. Over the East window, hooding the arch, are the words "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and over the North and South East end windows are the texts "Hosannah to the Son of David," and "Glory to God in the highest," these texts are formed in good bold characters, in plain English letters which every one can read.

Many thanks, and much credit are due to all those young Persons who so kindly helped in this good work.

A most pleasing addition to these decorations is a well executed plain Cross worked in Portland Stone, which was placed on the Holy Table on the first Sunday in the year, by a few of the Parishioners resident near the Church, and presented to Mr. Onslow, as their new year's offering.

HOLT ALMS.

THE Alms collected in the year 1869, from April 4th, (when Mr. Onslow took sole charge of the District,) to December 31st. are as follows,—

At the Holy Communion, for the sick and needy	£6 3 0
For the National School, collected at the doors on the first Sunday in every month	3 19 3½
For the Diocesan Church Building Society	2 1 6
At the Harvest Thanksgiving for the Propagation of the Gospel	4 5 8
Taken from the Poor Box in the Church	0 7 8

The Alms collected at the celebration of the Holy Communion, are equally divided between the three Districts of Wimborne Minster, Colehill, and Holt. The same order is observed in the distribution of the Sacramental Alms collected in the Minster.

BAPTISMS.

- Jan. 2, Flora, daughter of Stephen and Ann Fry
3, George, son of Alfred and Ellen Archer
6, Frederick, son of George and Charlotte Gill
12, Eleanor Laura, daughter of Alfred William and Betsy Potter
14, William Thomas, son of Thomas and Charlotte Bourne
19, Frederick Festus, son of John and Hannah Fry
19, Arthur Fitzroy Courtenay, son of Samuel and Annie Caroline Kelly Vosper-Thomas
21, Alfred Robert, son of James and Jane Smart
25, Henry Thos, son of Henry and Elizabeth Adams.

BURIALS,

- Jan. 1, Percy Jonathan Kent, infant
17, Martha Goodall, aged 92
19, Ann White, aged 72
19, William Thomas Bourne, infant
25, Eliza Jane Holloway.

EDUCATION.

To many of us I have no doubt the subject of Education seems a very dry subject, and one with which, after we ourselves are educated, we had best have as little to do as possible. But there are times when it becomes our duty to force ourselves to think for a while upon even dry subjects, and such a time is upon us now. The State-aided Education of the Country is threatened with a complete revolution. A very strong party in the Nation wish such education to be entirely secular, in other words, that no religion at all shall be taught in our National Schools. Under such circumstances it becomes the duty of every citizen to weigh well *for himself* the difference that there is likely to be between a system of National Education from which religion is excluded, and a system of Education of which religion forms an essential part. I feel quite sure of this, that if so radical a change be ever introduced, it will not be because it is the wish of the greater part of the Laity of the Country, but because the Laity generally have not taken the trouble, first, to make themselves acquainted with the state of the case: and secondly, to make their opinions on the matter known.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service		
1	T		9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.	
2	W	The Purification—	11	7		Practice at 8.	
3	T	[Mor. Wis. 9--St. Mar 2.	9			Soup given out.	
4	F	[Eve. Wis. 12--1 Cor 14.	11				
5	S		9				
6	S	5th S. after Epiphany	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
7	M	[Mor. Is. 59—St Mar 6.	9				Coal Com. 9.30—11
8	T	[Eve. Is. 64—2. Cor. 2.	9				S.S. Teachers M. 5.
9	W		11	7			Practice 8.
10	T		9				Soup given out.
11	F		11				
12	S		9				
13	S	Septuagesima Sunday	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
14	M	[Mor. Gen. 1--S. Mar 13	9				Coal Com. 9½—11
15	T	[Eve. Gen. 2--2 Cor. 9.	9				S.S. Teachers M. 5.
16	W		11	7			Practice 8.
17	T		9				Soup given out.
18	F		11				
19	S		9				
20	S	Sexagesima Sunday	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6.
21	M	[Mor. Gen. 3—S Luke 3	9				Mis. M. 7½ Coal C. 9½
22	T	[Eve. Gen. 6—Gal. 3.	9				S.S. Teachers M. 5.
23	W		11	7			Practice 8.
24	T	St. Matthias.	11	7			Soup given out.
25	F	[Mor. Wis. 19--S. Luke 7.	11				
26	S	[Eve. Eccles. 1--Eph. 1.	9				
27	S	Quinquagesima S.	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Service 6
28	M	[Mor. Gen. 9--S. Luke 10. [Eve. Gen. 12--Eph. 4.	9				Coal Com. 9½.

The Sacrament of Holy Baptism will be administered *during* the afternoon Service on the 1st Sunday in every month, and at any other time after a Service except Wednesday. It is particularly requested that when children have been privately baptized, they may only be brought to be received into Church on the 2nd or 4th Sundays in the month, or on any Wednesday, as it is very inconvenient to receive and baptize Infants at the same time, the services being different. Notices to be given to the Clerk before the Morning Service,

SERVICES AT HOLT.

MORNING SERVICE AT 11. AFTERNOON SERVICE AT 2.30.

The Lord's Supper is administered on the last Sunday in each month on which morning there is no Sermon.



PARISH

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Wimborne Minster
and Molt.

MARCH 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, PRINTERS, &c.

HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.





“COME YE YOURSELVES APART, AND REST AWHILE,” Mark VI.

THE words which follow are only meant for those who are in earnest about their Soul.

In earnest about their Soul? And who is not in earnest about his Soul?

Many a one I fear; ay, many and many a one even of us who live in this little town of Wimborne: that is to say, if earnestness about one's Soul is the same thing as earnestness about anything else: and for such, these words of invitation are hardly meant. for they would be only misunderstood: for such, the extra Lenten Services which we announce are hardly intended, for they will not be valued.

But there are some, ay many, many more too than their neighbours perhaps know of, who are in earnest about their Soul: who have come to feel that though the Salvation of that Soul is a free gift purchased for them by the Son of God Himself, and needing only acceptance by themselves, yet still for all that, the laying hold of, and the keeping hold of that blessed hope is also something which, owing to the malice and power of the devil, to the cares and enticements of the world, to the infirmity and corruption of a nature not yet wholly renewed, needs continued exertion on their own parts,—who have come to understand that though they may indeed work in confidence and hope inasmuch as it is God who worketh in them both to will and to do His good pleasure, yet still for all that, they themselves have to work out their own Salvation with fear and trembling, making use of any help which the Providence of God may put in their way. And it is to such, these words of invitation are addressed, for such the Lenten Services are provided.

To you, my friends, the season of Lent once more speaks

O come and *mourn* with me awhile, it says,

O come and *pray* with me awhile,

O come and *meditate* with me awhile;

Come and mourn with that sorrow,—that sorrow for sin which must go before comfort and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Come and pray for that grace so ready to be outpoured if only rightly sought.

Come and meditate—come and think earnestly a while on things which this world of sense so hides, and which though themselves more real than any of earth's realities seem too often like visions called up for a few short moments by Sunday Services and vanishing again in week-day bustle and toil.

Lent is ready to be to us just that which we choose to make it. God grant that neither to you or to me it may be an unobserved Lent, unobserved inwardly as well as outwardly; God grant that neither to you or to me it may be only one of those blessed helps to Christian life which God puts before us, but of which we, it may be from lack of earnestness, it may be from mistaken prejudice refuse to avail ourselves.

LENTEN SERVICES.

ON Wednesday Evenings during Lent, the following course of Sermons will be preached, D.V.

March 2. SIN, or that which makes *life in Christ* (Ash Wednesday) a necessity.

THE VENERABLE THE ARCHDEACON OF DORSET.

March 9. REPENTANCE, or that in which the need of *life in Christ* is felt.

THE REV. PREBENDARY CAENEGIE, Rural Dean.

March 16. CONVERSION, or that in which we consciously begin to seek *life in Christ*.

REV. ED. FIENNES TROTMAN, Rector of Langton Matravers.

March 23. JUSTIFICATION, or that in which lies the peace and security of *life in Christ*.

REV. J. STEPHENSON, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Weymouth.

March 30. RENEWAL, or that in which consisted the power of *life in Christ*.

REV. J. G. BRINE, B.D., Vicar of All Saints, Chardstock.

April 6. SANCTIFICATION, or that by which *life in Christ* is characterized.

REV. W. FLETCHER, D.D. Head Master of the Grammar School.

April 16. REST, or that in which *life in Christ* results. (Easter Eve.)

REV. H. PIX, M.A. Second Master of the Grammar School.

On Friday Evenings there will be a course of Sermons on the Beatitudes, by the Parochial Clergy; and in Passion Week, a course of Lectures on our Lord's Words during His Passion.

Cottage Lectures will be held at half-past Seven
On Mondays, at the Boy's National School Room
On Tuesdays, at Mr. Shaw's School Room, East Borough.
On Thursdays, at the Cricketer's Arms, at Eastbrook.

Those held on the *Monday Evenings* will have more especial reference to the Holy Communion, and it is earnestly hoped that those who have never yet been Communicants, but whose conscience tells them they *ought* to be Communicants, will take this opportunity of being reminded of what Jesus their Lord really meant when he said

“DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.”

PENNY BANK.

It is proposed to open a Penny Bank on Saturday, March 26. The object of which will be to encourage young people to open accounts in a Savings Bank.

Any number of pence under a shilling will be received and as soon as the sum belonging to a depositor amounts to a shilling, an account will be opened for him at the Post Office Saving's Bank, and after that all succeeding sums as they successively amount to a shilling will be passed on to their account.

A member of the Committee will attend at the Rev. Lester Lester's Parish Room in Poole Road every Saturday night from 8 to 9 to receive deposits.

THE COAL FUND.

This Fund has become almost exhausted, but still enough remains in hand to allow of Coal being distributed after the usual manner for one week more. It is proposed however to retain this for the present, in case hard weather might again come upon us in the early spring.

The Committee have decided upon allowing any of the present recipients of cheap Coal to pay in if they prefer it, 1d or 2d a week during the summer months, and those who do this will have the amount so paid in deducted from the 6d which they have to had to pay this winter for each hundred weight.

A member of the Committee will attend at the Rev. Lester Lesters Parish Room in Poole Road, every Monday morning from 10 to 11, to receive deposits.

BAPTISMS.

- Feb. 2, Amy, daughter of Henry and Anne Welstead.
6, George Henry Tom, son of Henry and Fanny Mary Pottle.
6, Thomas, son of Frederick Charles and Elizabeth James.
8, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Albert and Eliza Dacombe.
8, Tom, son of William and Martha Coakes.
9, Mary Ann, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Elizabeth Hart.
9, Laura, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Elizabeth Hart.
11, Emily, daughter of William and Emily Smart.
15, Henry Spranklin, son of Ann Ball.
21, Charles Nasmyth Harry Edwin, son of Charles and Minnie Webb.
24, John Adam Thomas, son of John Edward and Sarah Pearce Taylor.
25, Laura, daughter of Joseph and Harriet Elizabeth Wayman.

MARRIAGES.

- Feb. 17, John Matcham of Milton Abbas, and Caroline House of Wimborne.
23, Daniel John Haylett of Wimborne, and Susan Jane Barrett of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- Feb. 8, Henry Thomas Adams.
12, George Osman.
12, Harry Page.
15, Mary Jane Aplin.
16, Elizabeth White Cooke.
18, Michael Whiffin.
19, Jane Soper.
25, Thomas Shiner.



SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	T		9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
2	W	Ash Wednesday*	11	7		Lenten Sermon.
3	T	[Pro. Ps. Mor. 6. 32. 38.	9			
4	F	[Eve. 102. 130. 143.	11	7		Lenten Lecture.
5	S		9			
6	S	1st S. in Lent	12	10.45	36.30	Pamphill Service 6.
7	M	[Mor. Gen. 29-S Lu. 17	9			
8	T	[Eve. Gen. 22-Col. 1.	9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
9	W	Ember Day	11	7		Lent Sermon. Special
10	T		9			[Mis S 9 a.m
11	F	Ember Day	11	7		Special Mis S 9 a.m
12	S	Ember Day	9			Special Mis S 7 p.m
13	S	2nd S. in Lent	8.45	10.45	36.30	Pamphill Service 6
14	M	[Mor. Gen. 27-S. Lu. 24	9			
15	T	[Eve. Gen. 34-1 Thes. 4	9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
16	W		11	7		Lenten Sermon.
17	T		9			
18	F		11	7		Lenten Lecture.
19	S		9			
20	S	3rd S. in Lent	12	10.45	36.30	Pamphill Service 6.
21	M	[Mor. Gen. 39--S John 7	9			Mon. Mis. M. 7½
22	T	[Eve. Gen. 42--1 Tim. 4	9			S.S. Teachers M. 5.
23	W		11	7		Lenten Sermon.
24	T	The Annunciation	9			
25	F	[Mor. Ecclus. 2-S John 12	11	7		Lenten Lecture.
26	S	[Eve. Ecclus. 3-2 Tim 3	9			
27	S	4th S. in Lent	8.45	10.45	36.30	Pamphill Service 6.
28	M	[Mor. Gen. 43--S. John 14.	9			
29	T	[Eve. Gen 45--Titus 1.	9			Dis. Vis. M. 4½.
30	W		11	7		Lenten Sermon.
31	T		9			

*On Ash Wednesday, Morning Prayer at 9, Litany and Communion Service at 11.

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MORNING SERVICE AT 11. AFTERNOON SERVICE AT 2.30.

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NOTICE.

THE Bishop of the Diocese has signified his intention of holding a Confirmation in the Minster, on Tuesday, June 14.

Those persons who are desirous of being confirmed are requested to give in their names to the Clergy of the Minster before Easter Sunday, as immediately after that date Confirmation Classes will be formed.

HYMN BOOKS.

On and after Easter Sunday next, "Hymns Ancient and Modern with the Appendix" will be used in the Minster.

The various specimens of Hymn Books are lying at the Parish Room, Poole Road, and the members of the Congregation are requested to put down their names as soon as possible.

By the kind manner in which our friends have already responded to our proposal, we are already enabled to offer 200 Hymn Books at 6*d.* instead of 10*d.*

BAPTISMS.

- March 8, Frank, son of Francis Keeping and Jane Barnes.
11, Ellen Francis, daughter of James and Ellen Maria Gulline.
17, John Tregonwell, son of Wilson Wm. and Ann Maria Beale.
17, Walter William, son of Charles and Jane Ivamy.
22, Alfred George, son of George and Mary Ann Read.
22, Arthur Edward, son of Thomas and Emma Lodder.

BURIALS.

- William Galpin, of Wimborne, aged 20.
William Penny, of Wimborne, aged 77.
Ann Edwards, of Wimborne, aged 84.
John Burden, of Wimborne, aged 52.
Henry Keralake, of Wimborne, infant.

HOLT, MARCH, 1870.

Hours of Divine Service 11 A.M. 3 P.M

BAPTISMS during the Quarter ending March 25th.

- Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Charles and Mary Jane Bennett.
Joseph, son of John and Elizabeth Prince.
Elizabeth, daughter of John and Elizabeth Prince.
Susan Ann, daughter of Charles and Sarah Poore.
Charlotte, daughter of George and Emma Prince.
Ebenezer Charles, son of Daniel and Hannah Rachel Wilkins.

MARRIAGES during the Quarter ending March 25.

- George Frampton to Sophia James. William Osman to Mary Ann Cobb.

BURIALS during the Quarter ending March 25th.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Frank Tubbs. | Elizabeth Prince. | George Shiner. |
| Joseph Prince. | Elizabeth Prince. | William Thompson. |
| Charlotte Prince. | Jane Bowring. | |

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	F		9 11			Lenten Lecture.
2	S		9 11			
3	S	5th S. in Lent	12	10.45	3 6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
4	M	[Mor. Exod. 3-S Jn. 21		9 11		Lecture, Nat. Sc.
5	T	[Eve. Exod. 5-Heb. 5.		9 11		Do. Mr. Shaw's Sc.
6	W			9 11	7	Lenten Sermon.
7	T			9 11		Lecture, Eastbrook.
8	F			9 11	7	Lenten Lecture.
9	S			9 11		Penny Bank 8 p.m
10	S	6th S. in Lent*	8.45	10.45	3 6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
11	M	Mon. before Easter		11	7	Lenten Lecture.
12	T	Tu. " "		11	7	Ditto
13	W	Wed. " "		11	7	Ditto
14	T	Maundy Thursday		11	7	Ditto
15	F	Good Friday.†		10.45	7	
16	S	Easter Eve		11	7	Lent Ser. P Bank 8
17	S	Easter Day.	8.45	10.45	3 6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
18	M	Mon. in East. week	& 12	11	7	Coal Fund 10
19	T	Tu. " "		11	7	
20	W			11	7	
21	T			9		
22	F			11		
23	S			9		Penny Bank 8,
24	S	1st S. after Easter	8.45	10.45	3 6.30	Pamphill Ser 6 30.
25	M	St. Mark Eve & Mor.		11	7	Coal Fund 10,
26	T	[Mor. Ecelus. 4, -Acts 22.		9		
27	W	[Eve. Ecelus 5.-1 John 1		11	7	
28	T			9		
29	F			11		
30	S			9		Penny Bank 8.

*The Lectures on the Evenings of Passion Week will be on the Words of
Our Lord during His Passion.

*Mor. Num. 16--Acts 21.
Eve. Num. 27--2 Peter 3.

†Mor. Gen 22--St John 19.
Eve. Is, 53--1 Peter 2.

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MAY, 1870.

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HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of this Society will be held (D.V.) on Wednesday May 18th at 2½ P.M. The Reverend C. J. Down, Association Secretary, will attend as deputation.

At the Service in the Minster the same evening a Missionary Lecture will be given for the sake of those who may have been unable to attend the Afternoon Meeting.

The Annual Sermons in behalf of the Society will be preached the Sunday following, May 22nd, by the Reverend Mark Cooper, Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton.

THE EDUCATION QUESTION.

At a meeting held in Dorchester on Thursday April 7th, it was resolved that addresses should be sent up from the Archdeaconry and County of Dorset, to the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council upon Education deprecating any alteration in the Bill now before Parliament, which might affect its main principle of allowing to the Teacher perfect liberty of giving religious instruction and to the Parents perfect liberty of withdrawal from such teaching. The following address was agreed upon, and it has since then been circulated throughout the County and signed by persons of all ranks, professions and denominations.

"To the Right Honourable W. E. Forster, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education."

"We the undersigned clergy and laity of the archdeaconry and county of Dorset, accepting the principal of the Elementary Education Bill now before Parliament, by which in existing schools perfect liberty of religious teaching is guaranteed to the managers, together with perfect liberty of withdrawal from such teaching to the parents of the children, do earnestly deprecate any alteration in the Bill which may affect such principle.

"At the same time we are prepared to concede, if necessary, the substitution, for the so-called Conscience Clause, of an enactment which shall confine the teaching of the formularies of any denomination to the first part of the school hours."

ALMS received at the Offertory during the last four months.

		Brought forward ...	7 14 11½
January 1, E	1 0 10	March 6, L	2 4 8
„ 2, L	1 10 11	„ 13, E	0 16 11
„ 9, E	0 12 10½	„ 50, L	0 18 7
„ 16, L	0 13 10	„ 27, E	0 9 5
„ 23, E	0 10 1	April 3, L	1 6 8
„ 30, E	0 6 0	„ 10, E	0 12 1
February 6, L	1 7 3	Easter Day E	8 3 11
„ 13, E	0 6 5	„ „ L	2 13 1
„ 20, L	0 14 9	April 19, E	2 13 6
„ 27, E	0 12 0	„ 23, E	0 10 9
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£ 7 14 11½		£ 28 4 1½

The letter E and L denote respectively early—late Communion.


THE COAL FUND.

The following sums have been deposited during the last two months.—

March 7	0 5 1	April 4	1 5 1
„ 14	0 18 3	„ 11	1 6 2
„ 21	1 6 7	„ 18	1 3 3
„ 28	0 17 10	„ 25	1 10 2

The members of the Committee will attend as follows during the ensuing month:—

- May 2,—Mr. Boor. May 23,—Mr. Geo. Chislett.
 May 9,—Mr. Whitehead. May 30,—Rev. S. S. Keddle.
 May 16,—Captain Barrett.

 After May 2, The Coal Fund and Penny Bank will be removed from the Poole Road to Mr. Lester's room in Redcotts Lane.

BAPTISMS.

- March 26, Mary Emma, daughter of Arthur and Emma Golding.
 29, Arthur, son of William Beale and Alice Fanny Bugden.
 April 3, John, son of George and Sarah Victoria Woodland.
 3, Ellen, daughter of Samuel and Ann Cherritt.
 8, Sarah Anne, daughter of Henry and Mary Scott.
 14, Ellen Eliza, daughter of William and Louisa Frampton.

MARRIAGES.

- March 28, Charles Norman Pashen and Leonora Evans, both of Wimborne.
 April 13, Edward James Collins and Eliza Hayter, both of Wimborne.
 18, James Holloway and Sarah Bugden, both of Wimborne.
 19, Henry Hoste Swinny, of Maidenhead, Berkshire, and Frances Augusta Garland, of Wimborne.
 24, Thomas Joy and Emma Austin, both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- 8, Elizabeth Steel.
 18, Ellen Eliza Frampton.
 20, Evelyn Peel Mulock.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.		
1	S	SS Philip & James.	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
2	M	[Mor. Num 22-S Jn 1 45		9			Coal Fund 10.
3	T	[Eve. Num 24-S Jude		9			Dis Visitors M. 5.
4	W			11		7	
5	T			9			
6	F			11			Clothing Club 10.
7	S			9			Penny Bank 8 p.m.
8	S	3rd S. after Easter	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
9	M	[Mor. Deu 4-S Matt 6		9			Coal Fund 10.
10	T	[Eve. Deu 5-Rom 7.		9			
11	W			11		7	
12	T			9			
13	F			11			
14	S			9			Penny Bank 8.
15	S	4th S. after Easter	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
16	M	[Mor. Deu 6-S Matt 14		9			Coal Fund 10.
17	T	[Eve. Deu 7-Rom 14.		9			
18	W			11		7	Church Missionary
19	T			9			[Annual Meeting 2 ¹ / ₂
20	F			11			
21	S			9			Penny Bank 8,
22	S	5th S. after Easter	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
23	M	[Mor. Deu 8-S Matt 20		9			Coal Fund 10,
24	T	[Eve. Deu 9-1 Cor 5.		9			
25	W			11		7	
26	T	The Ascension Day.		11		7	Pamphill Ser 7.30.
27	F	[Mor. Deu 10-3 Lu 24.44		11			
28	S	[Eve. 2 Kings 2-Eph 4.		9			Penny Bank 8.
29	S	S. after Ascension Day	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	
30	M	[Mor. Deu 12-S Matt 27		9			
31	T	[Eve. Deu 13-1 Cor 12.		9			

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

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HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	W		11		7	
2	T		9			
3	F		11			
4	S		9			Penny Bank 8.
5	S	Whitsun-Day.	12	10.45	3.6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
6	M	Whitsun Monday		11	7	Coal Fund 10.
7	T	Whitsun Tuesday		11	7	Athletic Sports Fête
8	W			11	7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
9	T			9		
10	F			11		Ember Ser. 7 p.m.
11	S	St. Barnabas		11	7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
12	S	Trinity Sunday.	12	10.45	3.6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
13	M	[Mor. Gen 1-8 Matt 3		9		Coal Fund 10.
14	T	[Eve. Gen 18-1 John 5.		9		Confirmation 11.45.
15	W			11	7	
16	T			9		Dis Visitors M. 5.
17	F			11		
18	S			9		Penny Bank 8.
19	S	1st S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3.6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
20	M			9		Coal Fund 10.
21	T			9		
22	W			11	7	
23	T			9		
24	F	St. John Baptist.		11	7	
25	S	[Mal 3-8 Mat 3. [Mal 4-8 Mat 14.		9		Penny Bank 8,
26	S	2nd S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3.6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
27	M			9		Coal Fund 10.
28	T			9		
29	W	St. Peter.		11	7	
30	T	[Ecclus 15-Acts 3. [Ecclus 15-Acts 4.		9		

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,

- June 6, GENERAL MACLEAN and CAPTAIN BARRETT,
- „ 13, REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. LLOYD JONES.
- „ 20, MR. BOOR and MR. GEORGE CHISLETT.
- „ 27, GENERAL MACLEAN and CAPTAIN BARRETT.

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HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

WIMBORNE CHORAL FESTIVAL,

July 5th, 1870.

THE following arrangements have been finally made for this Festival.

I. Trains.

IT is proposed that those Choirs who come by rail should arrive by the South-Western and Somerset and Dorset trains reaching Wimborne at about half-past one.

They will return by the South-Western ordinary train leaving at 9, and by a *special* Somerset and Dorset train leaving at the same hour.

Return tickets will be issued to all Choirs taking part in the Festival at single fares.

The Choirs who come by road are requested to arrange their departure as to reach Wimborne before 2.

II. Order of Festival.

ON arriving, all the Choirs will proceed to the Corn Exchange. It is particularly requested that there may be *some person in charge of each Choir*, who is to put himself in communication with the District Secretary immediately on arrival.

There will be a Rehearsal in the Minster at half-past two *punctually*, all Choirs are therefore requested to be in their places before that hour.

The Service itself will be at 4.

The Surpliced Choirs will robe in the Crypt: the unsurpliced Choirs taking their places under the central Tower at a quarter to four.

The Service will commence by the surpliced Choirs passing from the Crypt towards the Western end in single file, one half passing down the N. side-aisle, the other half down the S. side aisle, on meeting the two halves will unite and pass together up the centre of the nave to their places in the Chancel, singing the Processional Hymn on

page 3. As soon as they are in their places, the 2nd Hymn on page 4 will be sung by *all the Choirs*.

This will be immediately followed by the Te Deum.

EVENING PRAYER.

(The Congregation are requested to sing only the first half of each verse in the Psalms.)

Hymn before the Sermon—Page 29.

The Sermon by the Rev. W. R. Clark, Rector of S. Mary, Taunton.

Hymn after the Sermon—page 30, during which a collection in aid of expenses will be made.

THE BLESSING.

The Surpliced Choirs will then leave the Chancel and return as they came (both sides together down the nave and afterwards separating,) to the Crypt singing the Recessional Hymn—page 31, all the other Choirs joining from their places.

Service being ended, each Choir will proceed under its own leader to the National School, where tea will be provided.

The Grace, page 32, will be sung before and after Tea. After Tea, the Choirs will adjourn each under its own leader to the Corn Exchange for the Glee-singing which will commence at 7.

Admittance to the Glee-singing for those not actually belonging to the Choirs will be ONE SHILLING, and the funds so gained will go towards defraying the expenses of the Festival.

BAPTISMS.

- June 5. Clara Anne daughter of Henry and Sarah Anne Joy.
" 10. Ada daughter of George and Maria Monk.
" 16. Herbert Evelyn son of Frederick and Susannah Ellis.

MARRIAGES.

- June 26. Frank Albert Allen to Matilda Emma Cornell both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- June 2. Jane Coombs aged 43 years.
" 2. George Elton, 44 years.
" 3. Eliza Hooper Bryant, 61 years.
" 4. Philip Hargrave.
" 4. Mary Manuel, 72 years.
" 4. John Pay.
" 11. Eliza Ford, 45 years.
" 18. Mary Elizabeth Hillier, 1 year.

CONFIRMATION.



THE Lord Bishop of the Diocese held his first Confirmation in this Parish, on Tuesday, June 14th. The Service in the Minster commenced at 12 by the Choir singing the Hymn "Come Holy Chost, eternal God," from the Form for the Ordering of Priests.

In the course of the Confirmation Service the Bishop gave a plain practical address to the newly Confirmed, with a few words to their Parents and Masters.

The numbers of the Candidates were—Wimborne M. 15, F. 24; Holt M. 7, F. 5; Wimborne Grammar School M. 4; Lytchett Matravers M. 2; Hinton Martell F. 1; Wareham M. 1; Canford F. 1;—Total 60. The names of the Candidates from this Parish were:—

FEMALES.

Abbott, Louisa.	Hanham, Amy.
Bannister, Mary Bertha.	James, Jane.
Barnes, Kate Janet.	Maclean, Elizabeth Frances.
Bennett, Ellen.	Marchant, Mary.
Burt, Elizabeth Louisa.	Martin, Mary Fanny.
Clarke, Ellen Augusta.	Morgan, Emma.
Cox, Mary Ann.	Munden, Sarah.
Diamond, Fanny.	Page, Annie.
Fry, Julia.	Page, Fanny.
Galpin, Mary Ann.	Pashen, Sarah.
Giles, Agnes Emma.	Phillips, Anna Mary.
Gillingham, Amelia.	Poor, Emily Elizabeth.

MALES.

Bannister, William Joseph.	Knight, Lancelot.
Barnes, Benjamin William Stark.	Newbury, William.
Budden, Frederick.	Pope, Francis John.
Dowding, Alfred.	Pottle, John Henry.
Elmes, William Henry.	Roberts, David.
Hayter, Stanley Charles.	Wallingford, Sidney Ernest.
Hooper, Ralph.	Waterfall, Edward Thomas.
Ivamy, James.	

BAPTISMS.

June 22. Patience Jane Cull.
July 3. Emma Jane, daughter of George and Hester Kearslake.
,, 23. William Henville, son of Albert and Mary Anne Lowman.

MARRIAGES.

July 5, Henry David Smith, of Canford Magna, to Sarah Hopkins Devenish, of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

June 30. Maria Osman, aged 62. July 13. William Baker, aged 90.

CHORAL FESTIVAL.

ON Tuesday July 5th the District Choral Festival took place in the Minster; the Order of the Festival as published in the last number of the Magazine was fully and successfully carried out. The Music was simple but effective. A slight lack of precision in the Te Deum observable at the Rehearsal, was not to be noticed in the Service itself, for all went well. The whole number of voices was 237. The Prayers were intoned by Reverend L. D. W. D. Damer, Vicar of Canford, the Reverends Prebendary Carnegie and H. Good reading the lessons: in the unexpected absence of Reverend W. R. Clark, Vicar of Taunton, Reverend Lester Lester preached the Sermon. The sum collected in the Minster towards defraying the necessary expenses was £7 18s. this was supplemented by £9 1s. collected personally, while many persons liberally provided trays for tea, thus there will be, it is expected, a surplus to go to the Parent Association.

The Glee singing in the Corn Exchange was so great a success in every way that it is to be hoped so useful an experiment will be repeated on any subsequent occasion. That the Programme was worked so successfully is due to the labours of the Reverend Lester Lester, aided as he was by so many lay helpers, who willingly gave of their thought, time and substance to further the proceedings.

The day has gone by—it is for the future to see whether the aim and object of such gatherings be attained, viz: a more Congregational singing by the body of the people, and (while incidentally a good but simple form of singing is encouraged in the Choirs) an increased reverence in each Choir, as it learns to feel itself not an isolated body but members of that whole body who are being trained themselves to sing, and to lead others in, their praises to our King.

Know ye, who hath set your parts!
He Who gave you breath to sing,
By Whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you to lead
His Hosannas here below.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.		
1	M		9			Coal Fund 10.	
2	T		9				
3	W		11	7			
4	T		9				
5	F		11			Clothing Club.	
6	S		9				
7	S	8th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
8	M	[Mor. 1 Kings 13-Acts 5.		9			Coal Fund 10.
9	T	[Eve. 1 Kings 17-Heb 10		9			
10	W			11	7		
11	T			9			
12	F			11			
13	S			9			
14	S	9th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
15	M	[Mor. 1 Kings 18-Acts 12		9			Coal Fund 10.
16	T	[Eve. 1 Kings 19-Jam. 4		9			
17	W			11	7		
18	T			9			
19	F			11			
20	S			9			
21	S	10th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
22	M	[Mor. 1 Kings 21-Acts 19		9			Coal Fund 10.
23	T	[Eve. 1 Kings 22-2 Pet. 1		9			
24	W	S. Bartholemew		11	7		
25	T	[Mor. Ecclus 24-Acts. 22		9			
26	F	[Eve. Ecclus 29-1 S. Jo. 1		11			
27	S			9			
28	S	11th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.30.
29	M	[Mor. 2 Kings 5-Acts 26		9	7		Coal Fund 10
30	T	[Eve. 2 Kings 9-1 S. Jo. 5		9			
31	W			11	7		

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows.

August 1. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.

8. REV. S. S. KEDDLE. MR. BOOR.

15. CAPTAIN BARRETT. MR. G. CHISLETT.

22. REV. S. S. KEDDLE.

29. REV. LESTER LESTER.



PARISH

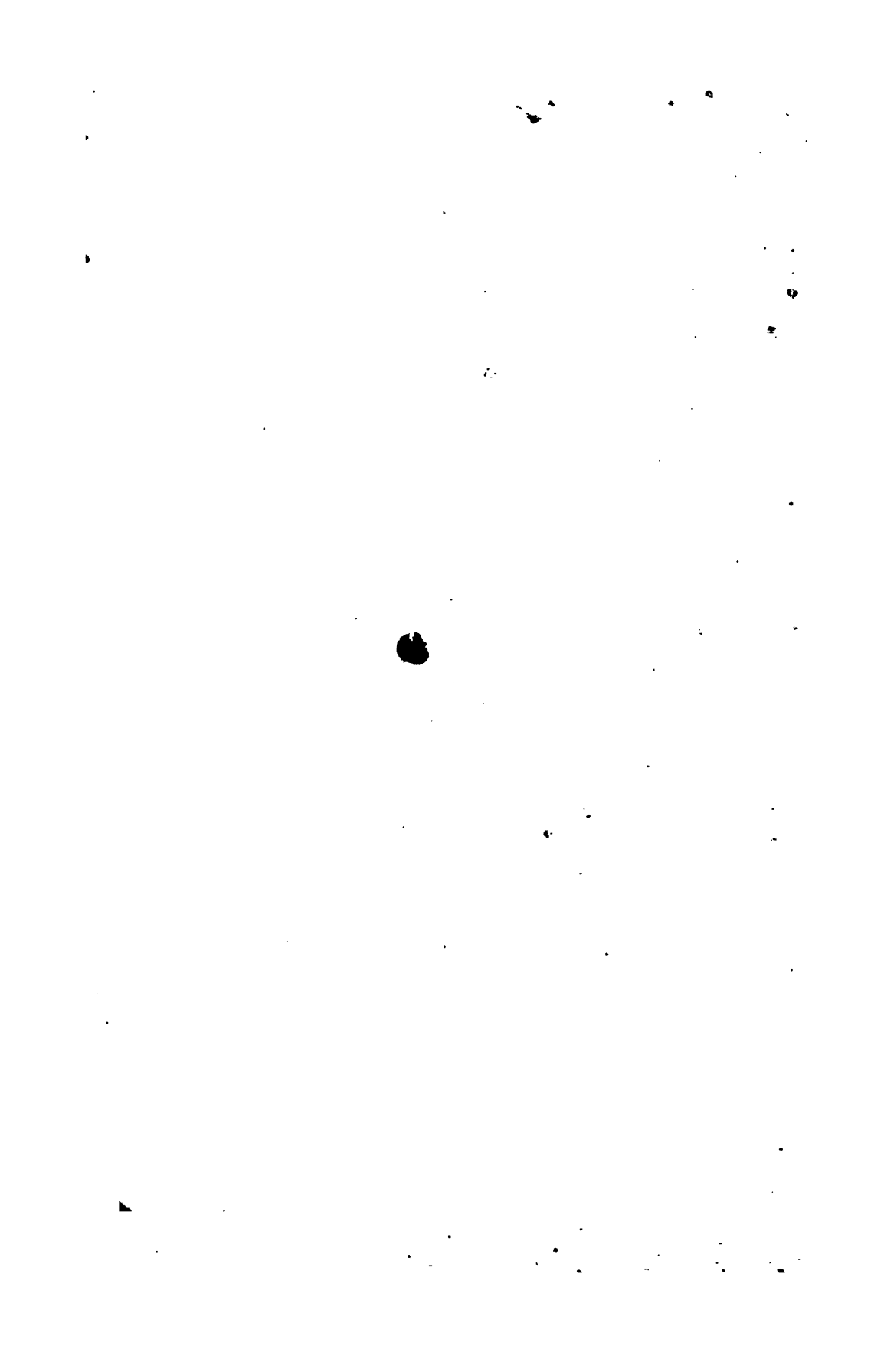
MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster
and Holt.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.



CHORAL FESTIVAL TEA.



HE following is a Statement of the money received on account of the Tea at the Choral Festival, and the way it has been expended.

RECEIPTS.

Collected in the Minster at the Service £7 18s. 0d. Contributions in aid of the expenses of the Tea £10 2s. 8d. Taken at the doors at the Corn Exchange £3 16s. Total £21 16s. 8d.

PAYMENTS.

Hire of Corn Exchange £3 3s. Mr. Dew's Bill for Tables and Seats in the National School £4 3s. Hire of Chairs for both Rooms and labour 19s. 3d. Sundries 3s. Total £8 8s. 3d. Leaving a balance of £13 8s. 5d.

It was resolved by the Committee that this should be handed over to the District Choral Association.

SOCIETY FOR THE SICK & WOUNDED IN WAR.



Committee in aid of the above Society was formed this month in Wimborne, consisting of the following Ladies

MRS. CLARKE,	MRS. CLOGSTOUN,	MRS. W. DRUITT,
MRS. FLETCHER,	MRS. KEDDLE,	MRS. LESTER,
MISS MACLEAN,	MRS. MULOCK,	MRS. PARKINSON,
MRS. WHITEHEAD.		


General Maclean acts as Secretary and Treasurer. A work Room has been established, in which lint bandages, etc. are prepared and packed for transmission to the Central Office in London.

Three large packages have been already sent off, the receipts of which has been acknowledged with the satisfactory information that all the Articles contained in them were "*most Valuable.*"

Upwards of £30 has been contributed in money, but this does not in any way give a fair idea of the way in which the appeal has been responded to, so much has been and is still being sent in in the required materials themselves.

THE Village Green at Holt, and the recently made Garden at the Vicarage were the scenes of much Joy and Festivity on Thursday, 28th July, when the Annual Tea was given to the School Children through the kindness of the Inhabitants of Holt, all willingly subscribing for this object.

At 2.30. p.m. the hour appointed for Divine Service, about 130 Children put in an appearance. The Service was short and well selected for the occasion, the Psalm was chanted by the Choir and the Children, the Hymn was well rendered, and altogether the singing at Holt is hearty and Congregational, which after all is the chief object to be obtained. The Rev. G. V. Garland kindly gave an address to the Children from the Pulpit appropriate the occasion. Service being ended, the Children proceeded to the Vicarage Field, where Tea and Cake was ready for them, to which they soon did ample justice, and being dismissed to amuse themselves, the Village Green was quite



covered with merry faces. Swinging, Racing, and Jumping, being the favourite Amusements. At 5 o'Clock the School Room (tastefully decorated) was thrown open to the Public, when about 150 Persons partook of a Shilling Tea, the Trays being kept by those Inhabitants of Holt and its immediate neighbourhood who so kindly lend their aid on this annual Festive occasion. After Tea the Company assisted in amusing the School Children, and in distributing Prizes to successful competitors in the Games. The Band from Wimborne kindly gave their services gratuitously, and at 9 o'Clock they concluded a series of well selected Pieces by playing the National Anthem, and in a quarter of an hour the Village Green assumed its wonted quiet appearance, the large Company having retired to their Homes after spending a very pleasant Evening.

BAPTISMS.

- August 2. Fanny, daughter of James and Mary Anne Woodford of Corfe.
 „ 7. Clifford Nelson, son of William and Jessie Bennett of Wimborne.
 „ 7. Edwin George, son of Mary Parfit of Colehill.
 „ 7. Fanny Clara, daughter of Emily Cole of Colehill.
 „ 15. William Charles, son of Robert and Sarah Coombes of Wimborne.
 „ 19. John Frederic, son of Charles Carter and Louisa Samina Barrett of Wimborne.

MARRIAGES.

- August 6. Charles Parsons to Anne Seeviour both of Wimborne.
 „ 14. William Long to Maria Wayman both of Wimborne.
 „ 15. John Barnes to Rosa Ellen Samways both of Wimborne.
 „ 21. Charles Brake to Priscilla Pounds both of Wimborne.
 „ 23. Edwin Henry Hann of Wilton, to Louisa Elizabeth Lewis of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- August 5. Lucy Tory.
 „ 13. Thomas Middleton from Surrey, aged 68 years.
 „ 20. Maria Ursula Copland aged 73 years.
 „ 20. William Charles Coombes aged 21 months.

ALMS received at the Holy Communion during the last four months.

		Brought forward...	13	14	1		
May 1, L	June 26, E	0	11	0	
„ 8, E	July 3, L	1	11	0	
„ 15, L	„ 10, E	1	2	7	
„ 22, E	„ 17, L	1	2	3	
Ascension Day L	„ 24, E	0	8	3	
May 29, E	„ 31, E	0	3	3	
Whitsun-Day E	August 7, L	1	2	4	
„ L	„ 14, E	0	14	2	
Trin. Sunday L	„ 21, L	1	16	10	
June 19, E	„ 28, E	0	9	0	
		<u>£13</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>1</u>			
					<u>£22</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>9</u>

THE LATE BISHOP HAMILTON.

Our Bishop delivered his first charge to the Clergy and Churchwardens of this district at his Visitation at Blandford, on Tuesday, 23rd. We cannot forbear inserting in our Parish Magazine, his testimony to the character of him who was his predecessor in the See of Salisbury. Walter Kerr Hamilton.

“That which under any circumstances is at once usual and graceful: that the first topic in a primary charge should be the respectful mention of the man who on the last occasion met the assembled clergy and lay officials of the diocese at visitation: is in the present case most absolutely and touchingly necessary. I do not think that the feelings of a certain person here present would be satisfied—I cannot believe that they would be otherwise than most deeply wounded—if I could enter on the various matters of ecclesiastical and diocesan interest that must occupy us to-day without making, in the first place, most respectful and affectionate reference to the man whose place at this moment I unworthily hold—the man so long known and loved, the late Bishop of Salisbury, Walter Kerr Hamilton. It would not be right for me, a comparative stranger, to dwell long on his memory; for not only have his character and work been most fully and eloquently described by the one man who was probably more deeply in his confidence and love than any man living, but both have been so long and experimentally known to every person in the diocese of Salisbury, during the many years he lived in it as canon and bishop, that it would be hardly possible by any words of mine to describe that which all know already. I will only venture to say this much:—It is about 40 years since I myself knew Bishop Hamilton first.—At that time—strange as it sounds for one to say who succeeds him after an episcopate of so many years—I myself examined him for his bachelor’s degree at Oxford, when he obtained a first-class in classical schools. I have known him ever since as one of the truest, most holy, most conscientious and most earnest and generous of mankind; and since I have been in the diocese I have found that to be true in fact which in belief I was sure of before—that the affectionate love and the personal attachment of the clergy of the diocese towards him are entirely without limit. That love and confidence entirely outweighed all diversity of view, all difference in detail of doctrine or usage. Men of all sorts knew that in Walter Hamilton they had a holy Christian bishop, and as such they loved him as earnestly in his life as they have deeply and universally mourned over him in his death. It is no slight task to come after such a man, and thankful shall I be if at the close of such an episcopate as God may be pleased to allot to me I can believe that I have won any part of that love and confidence, that respect and attachment, which cling to his honoured name and memory. It has been a most happy and appropriate thought to restore to its original design and beauty the choir of this cathedral, as a memorial of his goodness and of the love which that goodness won. And, large as has been the response already made to the appeal for that purpess, I earnestly trust it will be much larger still, so that the work may be completed in a manner worth of the object in view and of the noble church which he loved.”

WIMBORNE MINSTER NATIONAL SCHOOL, (BOYS AND GIRLS.)

Receipts.

Grant from Committee of Council	112	14	2
Voluntary Contributions	76	15	6
Collections in Church	16	4	11
School Pence	78	9	7
Received for Materials sold to Scholars	1	10	11½

£284 15 1½

Payments.

Salaries to Teachers, including one third of Annual Grant	141	2	10
Articled Pupil Teachers	47	0	0
Monitors	2	8	0
Books, Apparatus and Stationery	17	2	8½
Fuel	6	11	7
Furniture, Repairs and Cleaning	19	19	1
Rates, Taxes and Insurance	1	5	6
Grant to Holt, part of Voluntary Contributions for one year	27	19	11
Other Expenses	0	4	4
Balance in hand June 30th, 1870	22	1	2

£284 15 1½

HOLT NATIONAL SCHOOL, (MIXED.)

Receipts.

Grant from Wimborne, being a portion of Voluntary Contributions	27	19	11
Grant from Committee of Council	42	6	4
Collections in Holt Chapel	7	0	11½
School Pence	15	16	10
Materials sold to Scholars	2	7	1
From other sources	2	8	6
Balance due to Treasurer June 30th, 1870	8	3	2½

£106 2 10

Payments.

Paid Treasurer, balance due June 30th, 1869. Salary to Master, including one third of Annual Grant	3	9	10½
Ditto to Monitor and Needle Woman	54	2	1
Books, Apparatus and Stationery	11	2	0
Fuel	11	14	11
Furniture, repairs, and cleaning	2	1	10
Rates and Taxes	11	9	5
Other expenses, House Rent, &c.	0	13	4½

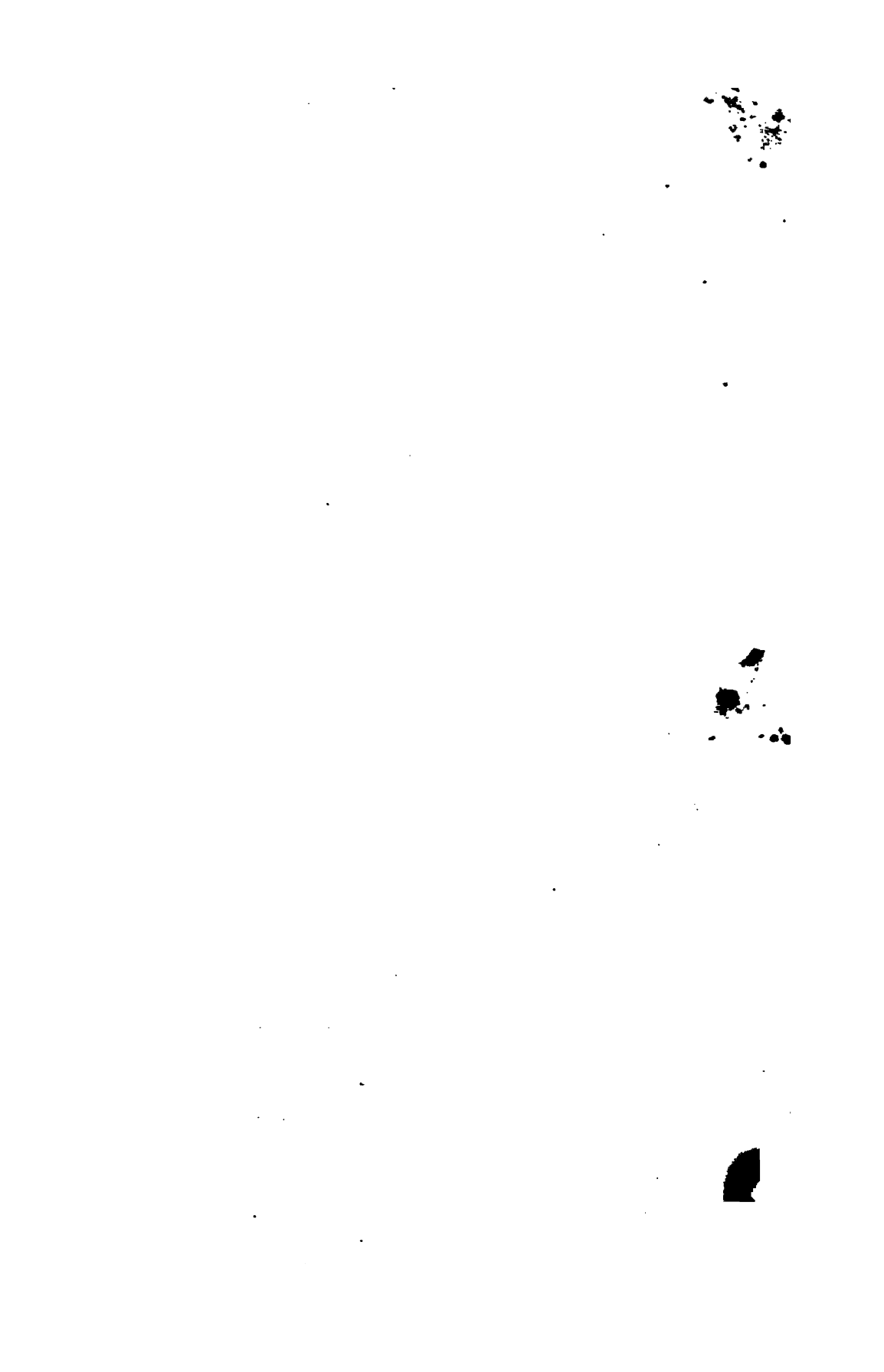
£106 2 10

HOLT.

The first Sunday in September is fixed for the Harvest Thanksgiving. The hours of Divine Service at present are 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Before the end of September the second Service will be at 3 p.m.

August 28th. The Offertory Collection in Holt Church "in aid of the Sick and Wounded in the present War," was £3 14s.

Examined and found Correct—FRANK H. TANNER, Auditor.



SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	T		9			
2	F		11			Dis. Vis. Meeting 5
3	S		9			
4	S	12th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30 Pamphill Ser 6.30.
5	M	[Mor. 2 Kings 10-S Mat 5.		9		Coal Fund 10.
6	T	[Eve. 2 Kings 18-Rom 5.		9		Teachers M. 5:
7	W			11	7	
8	T			9		
9	F			11		
10	S			9		
11	S	13th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30 Pamphill Ser 6.30.
12	M	[Mor. 2 Kings 19-S Mat 12		9		Coal Fund 10.
13	T	[Eve. 2 Kings 23-Rom 12.		9		
14	W			11	7	
15	T			9		
16	F			11		
17	S			9		
18	S	14th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30 Pamphill Ser 6.30.
19	M	[Mor. Jer. 5-S Mat 19		9		Coal Fund 10.
20	T	[Eve. Jer. 22-1 Cor. 3		9		
21	W	S. Matthew. Em. Day		11	7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
22	T			9		
23	F	Ember Day.		11	7	Ember Ser. 7 p.m.
24	S	Ember Day.		9	7	Ember Ser. 7 p.m.
25	S	15th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30 Pamphill Ser 6.30.
26	M	[Mor. Jer. 35-S Mat 19		9	7	Coal Fund 10.
27	T	[Eve. Jer. 36-1 Cor. 10		9		
28	W			11	7	
29	T			9		
30	F	S. Michael. All Angels		11	7	

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 September 5. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 12. REV. S. S KEDDLE. MR. BOOR.
 19. CAPTAIN BARRETT. MR. G. CHISLETT.
 26. REV. LESTER LESTER. MR. LLOYD-JONES.



THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster


and Most.

OCTOBER, 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,

HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

CHORAL FESTIVAL.

T will give those who so kindly contributed to this Festival in July pleasure to know, that owing in a great measure to the liberality with which Wimborne then came forward, the District Association has been able to pay the expenses both of Music and of transit for all the Choirs who attended.

ADDITIONAL CURATES SOCIETY.

THE Annual Sermons in behalf of this Society will be preached (D.V.) on Sunday, October 9th, by the Rev. H. Everett, the Rector of Holy Trinity, Dorchester.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

THE Annual Meeting in behalf of this Society will be held (D.V.) in the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday, October the 25th, at 7½ p.m. The Rev. H. Rowley will attend as deputation. Mr. Rowley was one of those Missionaries who were with Bishop Mackenzie in the Central African Mission on the River Shire, and is the Author of the work called "The Central African Mission," which so graphically describes the work and vicissitudes of that Mission.

It is requested that all Boxes belonging to the Society may be returned to the Secretary, the Rev. Lester Lester, on or before Saturday October the 22nd.

The monthly Missionary Meetings for Information will be again resumed this winter: the first taking place (D.V.) on Monday, Nov. 7.

The following letter has been received by the parents of a young man who lately emigrated to Queensland, being assisted in his passage by sundry freinds in Wimborne; I have been allowed to insert it in our Parish Magazine, in order that it may be seen that the interest taken in him has not been thrown away.

L.L.

"My dear Mother and Father, Brothers and Sisters,"

"I now embrace the opportunity of writing for the first time for four months. I daresay that you have been longing to hear from me as it must seem a long time to you at home since I left, but it does not seem long to me; for my part I never spent three more lively months. On the first starting I was busy tailoring, so you see that I earned a good many shillings while on Board till some of them would not pay me and then I stopped. One of our sailors fell sick and I took his place for the rest of the passage, which passed away the time wonderfully. Then we had plenty of games on board between watches; such as cards, leaping, dancing, and penny readings twice a week; and then the excitement of passing ships. The Captain of one, the Nevada from London to Hobart Town dined with our Captain on board the Planet. It was one day when we were in a calm; he stopped on board till it was nearly dark. It was a lot of work to keep tacking to keep handy to his vessel; some of our sailors swam to the Nevada and one was very ill the rest of the voyage, we never expected that he would see Brisbane. Tell Father that I wished I had not brought any tobacco with me as I could buy plenty on board at 2/6 a pound, and when I took that sailors place I was allowed a pound a month, so that I had plenty and it was good. We had a splendid voyage; we never experi-

enced any rough weather worth speaking of; we only had to reef sails once and that was one Saturday night about six o'clock in the evening; but it did not last long, about three hours. I can tell you I found it very rough up aloft that evening. I could hardly stand on the riggings, and when we were reefing the sails they shook and flapped so that it split one in two: it was the mizen gallant Royal, but that was nothing. We had a thorough good Captain, but a bad Doctor. I don't suppose you will believe me when I tell you that I slept on deck in February, it was so hot that we could not sleep in our bunks, and I could scarcely stand at the wheel to steer. We had a very quick voyage too; we were but 94 days from Gravesend to Morton Bay.

Tell—that the notes I was to deliver are directed to a place some seven hundred miles by water from me, on the Melbourne side. I will post them as I brought them so far, it will only cost me a shilling. And now I suppose I must tell you how I am getting on. I suppose you remember the letters that—gave me the one to the Harbour Master, the other to A. B. Esq. I went to the Harbour Master on the Monday as we arrived on the Saturday and he got me a job at the Queensland Foundry as foreman at 30s. a week to start with; the other gentleman I cannot find out. Get father to call at—'s and thank him for me and tell him I cannot find out the other; and to go at the same time to tell C. that I am getting on tidily, and give my love to all inquiring friends. We lost one life on board and had one birth; the life we lost was a pig, before we crossed the line; one morning the pig died and the same night a little girl was born; do you not think she ought to be named Planet after the ship? I started for work at the Queensland Foundry on Wednesday, the 4th of May; that you know was my birthday, I was 21 years old that day. There were about 400 of us altogether; about 47 girls, 40 married people and the rest of us were single young men. I had very good messmates; there were 8 of us in a mess; one of them was laid up in the hospital nearly all the voyage with swelled legs.

* * * * *

So what with Tailoring, Sailing, and becoming foreman of a Iron Foundry our friend will get on. Who wishes to follow his example? L.I.

BAPTISMS.

- September 1. Sarah Ethel Mary, daughter of Charles Thomas and Mary Carlisle Clarke.
 „ 4. Alfred, son of Charles and Elizabeth Julia Austin of Canford Magna.
 „ 27. Arthur Charles, son of Thomas and Jane Quartley Laing.

MARRIAGES.

- August 27. William George Preece to Frances Manns both of Wimborne
 September 3. Richard Foot to Louisa Shave both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- Sep. 5. William Young aged 14. Sep. 9. Keziah Cobb aged 36.
 „ 15. John Dufall aged 20. „ 21. Jane Green aged 49.

HOLT. The Entertainment which was postponed, is now fixed to take place in the National School Room, on Thursday October 6th, Doors open at 7.30, to commence at 8 o'clock. 47

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service		
1	S		9				
2	S	16th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
3	M	[Mor. Eze. 2-S Mark 5.		9			Coal Fund 10.
4	T	[Eve. Eze. 13-1 Cor. 16.		9			Night School opens.
5	W			11		7	
6	T			9			
7	F			11			Mission Service 7.
8	S			9			
9	S	17th S. after Trinity*	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
10	M	[Mor. Eze. 14-S Mark 12		9			Coal Fund 10.
11	T	[Eve. Eze. 18-2 Cor. 8.		9			
12	W			11		7	
13	T	*Annual Sermons for the		9			Dis. Vis. Meeting 5.
14	F	Additional Curates Society.		11			Mission Service 7.
15	S			9			
16	S	18th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
17	M	[Mor. Eze. 20-S Luke 2.		9			Coal Fund 10.
18	T	[Eve. Eze. 24-Gal. 2.		11		7	
19	W	St. Luke.		11		7	
20	T			9			S. School Meet. 7.
21	F			11			Mission Service 7.
22	S			9			
23	S	19th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
24	M	[Mor. Dan. 3-S Luke 9		9			Coal Fund 10
25	T	[Eve. Dan. 6-Eph. 3		9			S. P. G. Meeting 7½.
26	W			11		7	
27	T			9			
28	F	S.S. Simon & Jude.		11		7	
29	S			9			
30	S	20th S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3	6.30	Pamphill Ser. 6.
31	M	[Mor. Joel 2-S Luke 16.		9			Coal Fund 10.
		[Eve. Mic. 6.-Phil. 4.					

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 October 3. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 10. GENERAL MACLEAN and CAPTAIN BARRETT.
 17. MR. BOOB and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 24. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 31. REV. S. S. KEDDLE and MR. WHITEHEAD.

THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster
and Holt.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.



Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held, as last year, in the Minster on the festival of S. Michael and all Angels, the commemoration day of the re-opening of the building in 1857. Service commenced at 3 o'clock; Rev. L. Dawson Damer of Canford Magna preached from S. Matthew XIII. 29. (a text which well joined together the two subjects of the day) a powerful Sermon on the reality of spiritual agencies, as against the rationalistic tendencies of the present day. After the service a collection, in behalf of the Dorset County Hospital, amounted to £13 15s. 10d.

ADDITIONAL CURATES AID SOCIETY.

OCTOBER 6th Sermons were preached in the Minster in behalf of this Society. The day before the Rev. H. Everett, the new Vicar of Holy Trinity, Dorchester, Local Sec. to the Association, sent word that he was prevented from coming; his place was supplied in the morning by Rev. W. Fletcher, D.D. who took his text from Revelations XXI. 22. and in the evening by Rev. Lester Lester whose subject was S. Luke x. 31-33. The two Collections amounted to £10 15s. 4d.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

ON Tuesday, October 25th, the annual Meeting of this Society was held in the Corn Exchange; Lieutenant-Colonel L. Paget in the chair. After a short statement of the local accounts by Rev. Lester Lester, and a few words from Rev. C. Onslow, Rev. H. Rowley, the Deputation, formerly of the central African Mission under Bishop Mackenzie, gave a most interesting account of his own experience, lamenting that the sphere of that Mission has been changed. The Meeting clearly shewed their appreciation of his address, following him as he passed from anecdote to description of scenery, and thence to an earnest appeal that they should shew their zeal in upholding Mission work. The collection at the doors was £7; in the Minster, September the 11th, when Sermons were preached by Rev. Wharton B. Marriott, the sum of £13 5s. 2½d. was collected in behalf of the Society, both collections are an advance on last year's.

THE Annual Meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, will be held, on Wednesday, November the 16th, at half-past Two, p.m.

BAPTISMS.

- September 30. Jane, daughter of Charles and Sarah Allen.
" 30. Ellen, Jesse, Edward, children of Frederick and Frances Eliza Shiner.
October 2. Austin George, son of Thomas and Emma Joy.
" 19. Walter Bayly, son of William and Maria Short.

MARRIAGE.

- October 2. Marsden Yeatman to Henrietta Eaton, both of Wimborne.

HOLT.



UNDAY, September 4th was set apart as a day of Thanksgiving for the bountiful Harvest. The Church was very beautifully decorated, especially the Eastern end, where the Chancel *ought* to be. A fine collection of choice plants in pots were arranged inside the Altar rails, and on the steps outside. Sheaves of Wheat and Barley rested on the Holy Table encircled with chaplets of flowers. The text "the Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" worked in yellow and white Immortells extended the whole length of the Eastern wall, above in the sill of the Eastern window the word "Alleluia" formed of white Immortells gave a good finish to the whole. Around the vase of the Font on the floor, on a carpet of moss was displayed a collection of the Fruits of the Earth of various sorts, the greater portion of them being presented by the Villagers who took much interest in the arrangements.

The whole of the Decorations were executed with great taste, and many thanks are due to all who so kindly aided in the work.

The singing and chanting was very good, the Services throughout being heartily joined in by a large and attentive Congregation.

The sum of £6 18s. was collected at the Offertory and at the Evening Service, £4 of which was sent to the Dorset County Hospital. £2 13s. to the Eye Infirmary at Weymouth.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

September 30th at 7 o'clock in the evening, the annual Missionary Meeting for the Propagation of the Gospel was held in the National School Room at Holt. The Room was well filled, and the sum of £3 4s. 2d. was collected.

The Revs. C. Onslow, Lester Lester, J. M. Truman, and the Rev. G. L. Towers (the Deputation.) addressed the Meeting.

ENTERTAINMENT.

ON October 6th, The Evening Entertainment at Holt which had been unavoidably postponed took place under the most favourable auspices, and the programme was carried out to the letter. The "Amateur performers" vocally and instrumentally executed their parts so effectively that they must be "celebrated" henceforth, if they were not so before. The room really *was* "brilliantly lighted," the Audience were highly pleased, which was manifest by the rapturous encores which arose from every part of the large but crowded room. The Holt people declared they never saw the like before, and the more fastidious part of the Company, who arrived in various Carriages from the Metropolis of Wimborne bore testimony to the skill and taste which pervaded the whole of the performance; where everybody did their best, it would be invidious to particularize.

The sum of £5 2s. 6d. was taken at the Doors, which defrayed the expenses, paid the debt due on the Harmonium and left a balance of £1 17s. 4d. to be laid by for some other good object.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	T	All Saints Day.	11		7	
2	W	[Mor. Wis. 3.-Heb. 11	11		7	
3	T	[Eve. Wis. 5.-Rev. 19.	9			Mission Service 8.
4	F		11			
5	S		9			
6	S	21st S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
7	M	[Mor. Habak. 2-S Luke 22	9			Coal Fund 10.
8	T	[Eve. Prov. 1-1 Thes. 2.	9			
9	W		11		7	
10	T		9			Mission Service 8.
11	F		11			
12	S		9.			
13	S	22nd S. after Trinity	8.45	10.45	3.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
14	M	[Mor. Prov. 2-S John 5.	9			Coal Fund 10.
15	T	[Eve. Prov. 3-1 Tim. 1.	9			
16	W		11		7	Pastoral Aid Soc. 2½
17	T		9			{ Dis. Vis. Meet. 5.
18	F		11			{ Mission Service 8.
19	S		9			
20	S	23rd S. after Trinity*	12	10.45	3.30	Pamphill Ser 6.
21	M	[Mor. Prov. 11-S John 12	9			Coal Fund 10.
22	T	[Eve. Prov. 12-2 Tim 3	9			
23	W	*Collect &c. for 25th S. after Trinity.	11		7	
24	T		9			{ S. School Meet. 7.
25	F		11			{ Mission Service 8.
26	S		9			
27	S	1st S. in Advent.	8.45	10.45	3.30	Pamphill Ser. 6.
28	M	[Mor. Isai. 1-S John 19.	9			Coal Fund 10.
29	T	[Eve. Isai. 2-Heb. 3.	9			
30	W	S. Andrew, Ap & M.	11		7	

HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 November 7. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 14. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 21. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. BOOR.
 28. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. LLOYD-JONES.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster
and Holt.

DECEMBER, 1870.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

NOTICE OF ALTERATIONS IN SERVICES.

IN consequence of the present hour of Early Communion not meeting the convenience of many who are desirous of attending it, being somewhat too early for some, and too late for others, there will be in future early Communion every Sunday instead of on alternate Sundays as heretofore. Whenever there is a late Communion as well, the early Communion will be at eight, but on all other Sundays it will be at nine.

DURING the seasons of Advent and of Lent, there will be daily evening Prayers at five, except on those days when owing to other circumstances there is evening Service at seven.

DURING the winter months, there will be a morning Service at Pamphill School Room at 10.45, as well as the evening Service.

SERMONS AND MEETINGS.

IN accordance with our Bishop's request, Sermons were preached in the Minster on Sunday, November 20th on the subject of the present position of Education in the Country, and on the Sunday following Collections were made in behalf of a Fund which has been formed in the Diocese for the purpose of assisting poor Parishes to build Church Schools where needed, and to improve such Schools where they not efficient: the sum collected was £10 14s. 5d.

THE annual Meeting for the Church Pastoral Aid Society was held in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, November 16. The Rev. Reginald Smith, Rector of Stafford, and Rev. C. J. Down, Association Secretary attending as Deputations. The amount collected was £6 10s.

MISSION WORK.

OUR first monthly Missionary Meeting for information was held in the National School Room on the 4th of last month, and fairly attended. The next will be held (D.V.) on December 18th, when a sketch of a remarkable Mission in the north of British Columbia, will be given.

THE Bishop of Mauritius will give a Missionary Address (D.V.) in the Minster on Wednesday evening, December 7th, at the evening Service. He will be better known to Wimborne people by the name of the Rev. H. C. Huxtable, formerly organizing Secretary in the Archdeaconry of Dorset, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He gave up his living of Bettiscombe some three years back, going out to the Mauritius as Missionary, and returned last month in order to be consecrated Bishop of that Diocese.

NATIONAL SOCIETY IN AID OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.

THE Committee formed in Wimborne in August last, in connection with the above Society, having closed their operations, beg to make known to all who so kindly and liberally responded to the appeal made on behalf of the Sick and Wounded in the Franco-Prussian War, the result of their labours.

Eight large packages of Hospital Material have been forwarded to the Central Depôt, the contents being acknowledged as most useful and valuable. A few articles recently received have still to be forwarded.

The Subscriptions, all of which have been paid into the two Local Banks, and forwarded from time to time to the Central Office, or to the London Banks of the Society, reach the handsome sum of £105 13s. in addition to which £10 2s. was retained by the Local Committee and in the purchase of Material, which was made up by the willing hands of many, who were thus enabled to show their sympathy with, and assist in the Samaritan work of the Society.

The thanks of all interested in sending aid to the Sick and Wounded are due to many persons in the town, especially to the Managers of the Local Banks, and indeed to all who could in any way forward the operations of the Society. One and all lent a ready and willing co-operation, to which must be attributed in a great measure the success which has attended the labours of the Branch Committee.

The following subscriptions, included in the amount stated above, are now acknowledged, having been received since the publication of the former lists :—

Parish of Kinson, by the Rev. E. F. Daniell	11	5	6
A Friend (at National Bank)	0	5	0
Collections at Cranborne Church, 11th September, 1870, by the Rev. J. H. Carnegie	7	0	0
Captain J. Carr Glyn...	1	0	0

P. MACLEAN,

On behalf of the Committee.

BAPTISMS.

- October 30. Emma Laura, daughter of Frank Albert and Matilda Allen.
 November 6. Walter George, son of David and Sarah Jane Scott.
 „ 6. Clara, daughter of Henry and Maria Wiltsher.
 „ 6. William Henry, son of Henry and Fanny Maria Head.
 „ 15. Charles William James, son of Andrew and Lucy Erskine Orr.
 „ 21. Harry, son of David and Hannah White.

MARRIAGES.

- November 5. Hubert Henry Hoare, of Portland, to Edna White of Wimborne
 „ 10. Charles Henry Warr to Jane Orman, both of Wimborne.
 „ 27. George James to Mary Ann Allen, both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- November 14. John Pitt aged 68. November 16. John King aged 82.
 „ 18. George Butler aged 78. „ 21. Jane James aged 75.
 „ 22. Walter Jvamy 9 months. „ 24. Shirley Hart aged 40

NOTICE.—THE PARISH MAGAZINE will be continued D. V. another year, and it is proposed to give in each number a brief abstract of one of the various Charities in the Town. *Subscribers should fill up the form enclosed and send it in as soon as possible.*

HOLT. During Advent there will be Morning Prayer in Holt Church on Wednesdays and Fridays at 9.30, a.m., and a full Service on Wednesday Evenings at 6.30, with a short sermon.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	T		9		5	
2	F		11		5	
3	S		9		5	
4	S	2nd S. in Advent	{ 8	10.45	3 6.30	
5	M	[Mor. Isai 5.-Acts 5.	{ 12	9	5	Coal Fund 10.
6	T	[Eve. Isai 24.- Heb. 11.		9	5	
7	W			11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
8	T			9	5	School Service 8.
9	F			11	5	
10	S			9	5	
11	S	3rd S. in Advent	9	10.45	3 6.30	
12	M	[Mor. Isai 25-Acts 11.		9	5	Coal Fund 10,
13	T	[Eve. Isai 26-James 4.		9	5	Monthly Mission M.
14	W			11	7	{ Ember Ser 7½ a.m.
15	T			9	5	{ Teachers Meet. 8.
16	F	Ember Day		11	5	Ember Ser 7½ a.m.
17	S	Ember Day		9	5	Ember Ser 7½ p.m.
18	S	4th S. in Advent	{ 8	10.45	3 6.30	
19	M	[Mor. Isai 30-Acts 13.	{ 12	9	5	Coal Fund 10.
20	T	[Eve. Isai 32-2 Peter 1.		9	5	Dis. Vis. Meet. 4.
21	W	S. Thomas		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
22	T			9	5	School Service 8.
23	F			11	5	
24	S			9	5	
25	S	Christmas Day	{ 8	10.45	3 6.30	
26	M	S. Stephen	{ 12	11	5	Coal Fund 10.
27	T	S. John		11	5	
28	W	Holy Innocents		11	5	
29	F			9		School Service 8.
30	F			9		
31	S			9		

PAMPHILL SERVICES, 10.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 December 5. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 12. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 19. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. BOOR.
 26. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. LLOYD-JONES.

PARISH

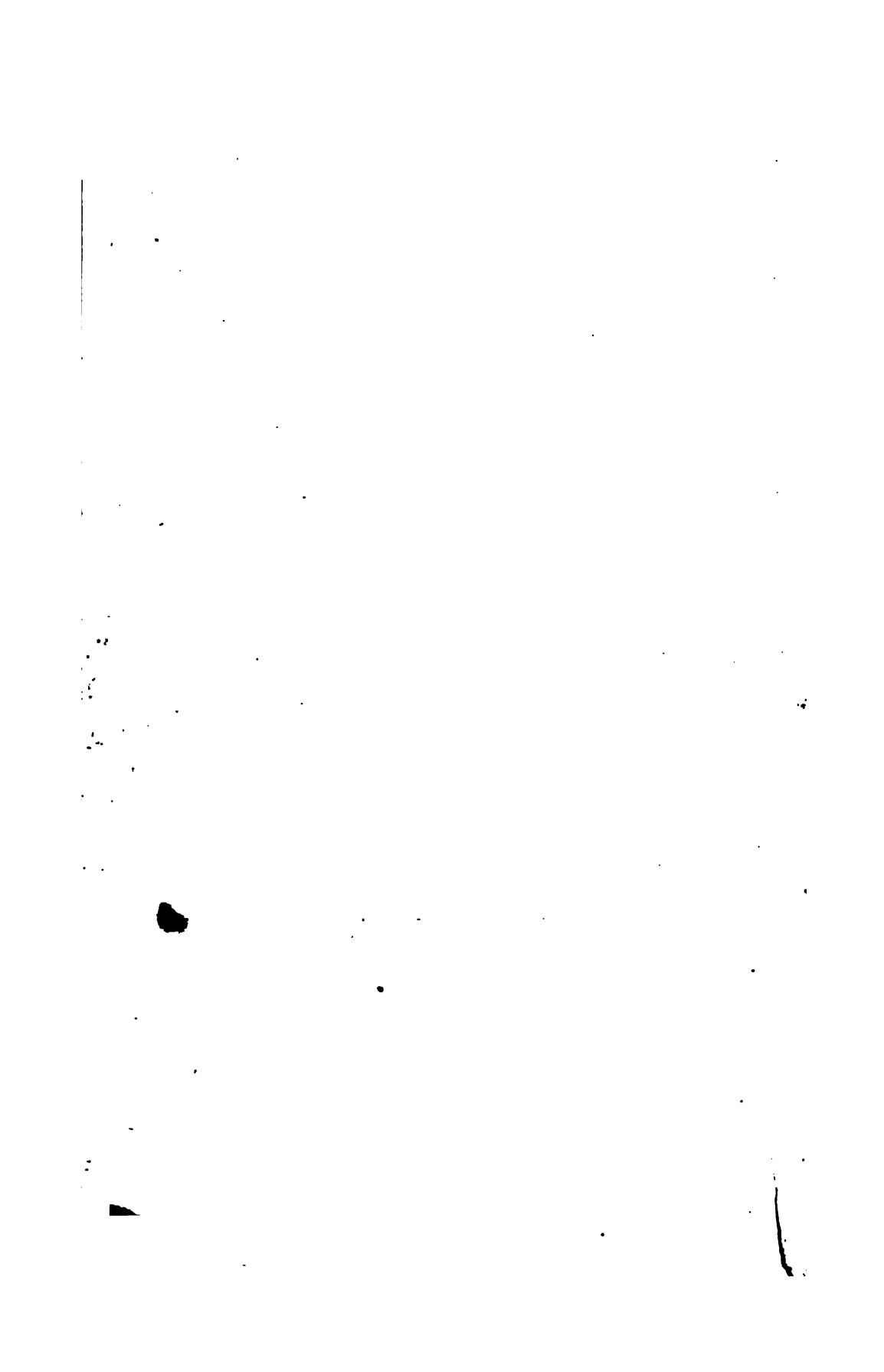
MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

JANUARY, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.



OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

1.—*Roger Gillingham.*

Roger GILLINGHAM, of the Middle Temple, London, Esq., by Will, dated 2nd July, 1695, devised his annual fee-farm rent of 7*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*, and all other rents whatsoever belonging to him issuing out of the Manor of Shitlington, or elsewhere, in the County of Bedford, which he had purchased of Dr Peter Barwyke, to his cousin, Roger Gillingham, in tail, with remainder to his cousin, Roger Bramble, in tail, with remainder to his cousin, Roger Thurborne, in fee, charged with an annual sum of 10*l.* to a schoolmaster in the town of Luton, in the county of Bedford, to be appointed as therein mentioned; and he also gave and devised to his said cousins, for the like estates, all his messuages or tenements in Curriers' Alley, alias Stone-cutters' Street, near Shoe Lane, in the parish of Saint Bride's, alias Bridget's, London, then in lease, under the yearly ground-rent of 40*l.*; and he also gave to his executors thereafter named, and their heirs, his thirty-sixth part or share of the moiety of the New River water brought from Chadwell and Amwell to London, called the King's moiety; and also his copyhold farm in the parish of Hackney in the county of Middlesex, held of the King's Manor there, and also his copyhold tenement, and a field containing three acres, in the hamlet of Bednal Green, held of the manor of Stepney, in the said county of Middlesex, (and which copyholds has been surrendered to the use of his Will,) and also his meadow at Bednal Green, aforesaid, containing five acres, held for three lives, under the Dean of Saint Paul's; and he also gave to his said executors the several actions or shares and stock, and other personal estate or effects therein mentioned; upon trust forthwith to dispose of the said real and personal estate so devised and bequeathed to them, and to stand possessed of the proceeds in trust, to lay out not exceeding 400*l.* in enclosing as much of one of the closes lying next to Pamp-hill Green, in the parish of Wimborne Minster, where he was born, containing half an acre, or thereabouts, as his said trustees should think fit, for building thereon a convenient school-house, with a chamber over it for a schoolmaster to reside in, whom he desired should be a widower or single person, and also in building on one side of the said school-house contiguous thereunto four convenient ground rooms or almshouses for four poor indigent men, widowers or single persons, and on the other side thereof four other ground rooms or almshouses for four poor indigent women, widows or single women, to inhabit, to be well and completely finished with bricks, tiles and timber, for the comfortable habitation of the master and almsfolks. And he thereby directed that the schoolmaster, who should receive the benefaction thereafter mentioned, should teach to write a good legible secretary hand, and to read English well and cast accounts well, and should instruct in the church catechism, all such male children of the inhabitants of the said parish, dwelling westward of the town of Wimborne, between the river Stour and the river Allen, commonly called the Brook, along the ham-

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL.

:o:

GOVERNORS.

J. B. GARLAND, (*Chairman.*)
C. C. BARRETT.
WM. DRUITT.
R. P. HOPKINS.
J. W. SHETTLÉ.
CHARLES WEBB.

GEORGE EVANS, (*Official*)
CHARLES BOOR.
JOHN HATCHARD.
C. R. ROWE.
F. H. TANNER.
F. POPE.

REGISTRAR—T. RAWLINS.

CLERGY OF THE MINSTER.

MASTERS AT THE SCHOOL.

PRESBYTTERS.

HEAD MASTER.

REV. H. GOOD, LL.B.
REV. C. ONSLOW, M.A.
REV. LESTER LESTER, S.C.L.
ASSISTANT CURATE.
REV. S. S. KEDDLE, M.A.

REV. W. FLETCHER, D.D.
SECOND MASTER.
REV. H. PIX, M.A.
ASSISTANT MASTERS.
F. G. E. ASHWORTH, B.A.
R. EDWARDS.
MONS. D'ABNOUR.
W. TIFFIN.

ORGANIST—J. WHITEHEAD SMITH.

LAY VICARS.

CHORISTERS.

J. RATON, *Clerk.*
W. H. RATON, *Clerk.*
H. S. BLOUNT.
A. ARNOLD.
G. CLARK.
W. H. REEKS.
T. JOYCE.
C. JOYCE

T. ROBERTS.
H. ROBERTS.
F. SCORE.
R. ADAMS.
A. LEWIS.
H. CLARK.
F. FREEMAN,
W. KERRIDGE.

Corporation Verger—F. WALLINGFORD.

Minster Verger—G. DAVAGE.

Sexton—G. YEATMAN.

Clerk at Holt—F. STICKLAND.

Schoolmaster at Pamphill—G. FERRETT.

CHURCHWARDENS

H. S. BLOUNT.

T. MUNCKTON.

BAPTISMS.

- November 30. Ethel Cranstone, daughter of William James and Maria Richards.
December 4. Eli Henry, son of William and Lavinia Ricketts.

MARRIAGE.

- December 13. George Dawe of Wimborne, to Sarah Sophia Buckland of Misterton.

DEATHS.

- December 17. George Best aged 81 years.
" 22. Charlotte Cousins aged 87 years.
" 22. Anne Marsh aged 46 years.
" 24. Stephen Wilkinson Dowell, Clerk in Holy Orders 68.
" 26. Hezekiah West.

COMMUNION ALMS.

THE Total amount of Alms received at the Holy Communion from Advent Sunday 1869, to Advent Sunday 1870, has been £72 12s 2d.



SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.		
1	S	The Circumcision.	{ 8	10.45	3	6.30	
2	M	[Mor. Gen. 17-Rom. 2.	{ 12	9			Coal Fund 10.
3	T	[Eve. Deut. 10-Col. 2.		9			
4	W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
5	T			9			School Service 8.
6	F	The Epiphany.		11		7	
7	S			9			
8	S	1st S. after Epiphany	9	10.45	3	6.30	
9	M	[Mor. Isai 44-S Mat 6.		9			Coal Fund 10.
10	T	[Eve. Isai 46-Rom 6.		9			
11	W			11		7	Teachers Meet. 8.
12	T			9			
13	F			11			
14	S			9			
15	S	2nd S. after Epiphany	{ 8	10.45	3	6.30	
16	M	[Mor. Isai 51-S Mat 13.	{ 12	9			Coal Fund 10.
17	T	[Eve. Isai 53-Rom. 13.		9			Dis. Vis. Meet. 4.
18	W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
19	T			9			Monthly Miss M. 7½
20	F			11			
21	S			9			
22	S	3rd S. after Epiphany	9	10.45	3	6.30	
23	M	[Mor. Isai 55-S Mat 20.		9			Coal Fund 10.
24	T	[Eve. Isai 56-1 Cor 4.		9			
25	W	The Conversion of S Paul		11		7	
26	T	[Mor. Wis 5-Acts 22.		9			School Service 8.
27	F	[Eve. Wis 6-Acts 26.		9			
28	S			9			
29	S	4th S. after Epiphany	9	10.45	3	6.30	
30	M	[Mor. Isai 57-S Mat 26.		9			Coal Fund 10.
31	T	[Eve. Isai 58-I Cor 10.		9			

PAMPHILL SERVICES, 10.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 January 2. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR BOOR.
 9. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 16. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 23. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 30. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minister.

FEBRUARY, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

2.—*Joseph Collett.*

BY deed of feoffment, with livery of seisin endorsed, bearing date 5th December, 1621, Joseph Collett granted to William Ettricke and five others, and their heirs, a messuage, or tenement and garden; a messuage or plot of ground, containing by estimation half an acre; a messuage, or tenement and close, called Bushbarn Close, containing one acre; a messuage and plot of pasture in the Middle Hawes, containing three-quarters of an acre; a garden-plot containing one yard of land; a close of pasture containing three acres; five acres of land, part of a close called Millcroft; a messuage, burgage, and close of pasture, called Skull's Close, containing six acres; all situate in Corfe Castle; and all other his lands and tenements within the precincts thereof; to be holden of the chief lord of the fee by the accustomed chief rents and services, reserving to the said Joseph Collett, and his heirs the yearly rent of *1d.*; upon trust to employ the rents and profits thereof towards the yearly relief and maintenance of such 10 poor persons, of whom five should be men and five women, as should be chosen by the said feoffees, or a majority of them, payable in equal portions, at the four usual feasts, in the north aisle of the parish church of Wimborne Minster. And he appointed that such of the said poor persons as should be so nominated should be of good and honest fame and report, and have been painful and honest labourers for their living, and not have been convicted to be the reputed father or mother of any bastard child, and should after their election orderly and duly upon Sundays, holidays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays, attend divine service in the parish church in the morning and afternoon, if not hindered by weakness, sickness, or other sufficient cause, to be approved of by the said feoffees, and in case of absence without such cause allowed, that the party so absent should lose *4d.* out of his or her contribution, which should be paid towards the relief of the poor not so offending, and that the said poor persons should be chosen from the inhabitants of the town and borough of Wimborne Minster and of the tithing of Leigh, in the said parish. And it was declared that if any two or three of the said feoffees should die, or dwell out of the said parish, the surviving and resident feoffees should enfeoff two other honest and sufficient persons of the said premises, upon trust, to reconvey the same to the said survivors and to such two or three other inhabitants of the said parish as should be nominated by the said other feoffees, to make up the number of six; but none of the said feoffees was to be an attorney-at-law, or clerk of the King's Bench; and the said feoffees were allowed *6s. 8d.* for a dinner at their meeting at Wimborne Minster; and they were forbidden to grant any other estate in the said premises, but at the full and reasonable yearly value thereof; with directions that if any dead body should, after burial of the said Joseph Collett, be buried in the tomb of Emma, his late wife, adjoining the north side of the parish church, all the said trusts should cease, and

the said feoffees should reconvey the said tenements to the heirs of the said Joseph Collett for ever. And the said indenture contained a power to the said trustees to remove any of the said poor people so elected who should misbehave themselves, and to appoint others in their room.

The property comprised in the original grant has been transmitted to new trustees from time to time.

————:o:————

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR AID TO THE SICK AND WOUNDED IN WAR.

“2, St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.

“To the local Committees and to the Subscribers to the National Fund for aid to the Sick and Wounded in War.”

“The arrangements for the distribution of the fund which has been placed at the disposal of the central Committee for the relief of the Sick and Wounded, have frequently been detailed in Reports and Letters to the Public Press.”

“The wide spread circulation which has been given by the English Newspaper Correspondents abroad, to the proceedings of the Society, has it may be supposed, left none of the subscribers unacquainted with what has been, and still is being done for the Sick and Wounded, by those who are engaged in their service on the Continent.”

“The large amount to which the National Fund has risen £ 290,000, must be attributed in the first instance to the publicity given by the Press to the events of the War, and secondly, we may hope to a feeling of confidence on the part of the Public, that the great trust reposed in the Committee has been faithfully and carefully administered.”

“The events of the War have been brought home to the knowledge of every one in this Country, English people could not have endured to hear of the sufferings incidental to those events, without endeavouring to do something themselves towards relieving them.”

“At the present time, and although the demands on the Fund have continued for little more than six months, nearly three quarters of the whole amount has been expended, and yet this large outlay has been incurred under a management which has been most careful and cautious in its expenditure. The disposal of the remaining quarter of the Fund is unfortunately a matter of no difficulty, altho' it is doubtless one of anxiety. The residue must be spent in the partial alleviation of want and suffering so wide spread and extended in its grounds that we cannot fail to reach it in some, we may hope in many, of its centres.

“The machinery which has been established abroad, for the administration of the Fund, and for the disposal of the Stores, is as complete as broken railway communications and disturbed districts can permit it to be. The maps which has been circulated by the Society

shows 150 places receiving aid in money or kind, and from many of these places we have received letters which show that no jealousy or bitterness interferes with the gratitude and kindness which has grown up between England and those who have been forced by circumstances to accept her aid."

"Of the total disregard of personal convenience which has been exhibited in the prosecution of their laborious task by the agents of the Society abroad we cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise. The benevolent way in which both men and women have devoted themselves to the service of the Sick and Wounded have secured the thanks of both French and Germans alike, and both have acknowledged that many thousands of men have been largely benefitted by our exertions. The success which has attended those exertions is due to the liberality of the English people; and if the central Committee have refrained during all these months from expressing any words of thanks to their fellow workers, the local Committee, and to the Public generally it has been from a consciousness of the inadequacy of their position to assume to themselves such a privilege.

"But for the confidence reposed in them, and for the unlimited trust placed in them, for the disposal of the Fund, they have a right to express their gratitude, both to the Local Committee and to the Subscribers in general and this they most cordially do."

"In the report which was published on the 24 Oct. last there was set forth both the out-standing demands and liabilities of the Society, and an estimate was attached to each one of the undertakings, I am happy to say that in no case has the estimate hitherto been exceeded, nor is their any probability of such being the case."

"The Ladies' Committee at St. Martin's have been in frequent communication with their colleagues distributed throughout almost every town and village in the Country, and these latter therefore knew well the high estimation in which their exertions have been held. Womens work has truly shone out most brightly, both at home and abroad during this unfortunate War."

"The local Committees have now in a measure closed their labours. The central Committee has yet many days of steady employment to look forward to, before they can be relieved of their task."

"The war does not terminate, and a portion of the Fund happily still remains; should the local Committees still retain any Funds at their disposal for the sick and wounded Soldiers, they cannot do better than expend a portion in warm clothing (especially flannel shirts) which may be forwarded to the now empty stores in St. Martin's Place."

"A brief report showing the work being done by the Society's agents abroad accompanies this paper."

"By order of the Committee"

"R. LOYD-LINDSAY,"

"Lt.-Col. and Chairman."

"Jan. 12, 1871."

*As an example of what is being done, we quote the following from
Colonel Loyd-Lindsay's Report.*

"The English army ambulance from Woolwich, which at first displayed itself at St. Germain in all the perfection of smartness and cleanliness which belongs to an English hospital, has since been engaged in the rough work of a rapid campaign. On the 12th November a division of the ambulance, under Surgeon Manley, V.C., of the Royal Artillery, started in the direction of Chartres, where they joined the 22nd Division of the Prussian army, by whom their horses were foraged and their men rationed. With this division they continued to march in a westerly direction, and on the 18th November they were present at the engagement which took place at a village named Forçay the waggons were taken forward and the stretchers brought out and the wounded collected. The ambulance waggons were then ordered to proceed to Chateaufort, where an hospital had been established. It was nine at night before the ambulances were cleared of the wounded, and the following day they were again engaged in carrying in wounded, the Prussians putting their serious cases into the English waggons, as being steadier and less liable to jolt than their own. On the 20th the division moved on, and on the 21st they were again engaged near Bretoncelles, where the ambulances again did good service. On the 2nd December a general action took place at the village of Bagneux; an English hospital was formed at a farmhouse in the village of Auneux, which was soon filled with wounded, even to the stables and out-houses. Dr. Manley caused the canteen to be prepared, and coffee and milk was served out to every man in the village before his wounds were dressed. The fight had been long and exhausting, and the cold extreme and this treatment was most beneficial. After this refreshment the wounded were attended to, and the more important operations proceeded with in the farmhouse kitchen.

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

THE Bishop of the Diocese has signified his intention of holding a Confirmation in the Minster, on Saturday, March 11.

Those persons who are desirous of being confirmed are requested to give in their names to the Clergy of the Minster, as Confirmation Classes will be formed immediately.

BAPTISM.

January 25. Constance Sarah, daughter of George and Mary Davidge.

MARRIAGES.

January 5. Tom Pitt of Ringwood, to Georgina Fall of Wimborne.
" 19. James George Keeping to Leah Small, both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

December 30. Barbara Ricketts.
January 16. Thomas Laing, aged 54 years.
" 20. Jane James, aged 82 years.



SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	W		11	7		Teachers Meeting 8.
2	T	The Purification	11	7		
3	F		11			
4	S		9			
5	S		Septuagesima S.	{ 8	10.45	3 6.30
6	M	[Mor. Gen. 1-S Mar 5.	{ 12	9		Coal Fund 10.
7	T	[Eve. Gen. 2-2 Cor. 1.		9		
8	W			11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
9	T			9		
10	F			11		
11	S			9		
12	S	Sexagesima S.	9	10.45	3 6.30	
13	M	[Mor. Gen. 3-S Mar 12.		9		Coal Fund 10.
14	T	[Eve. Gen. 6-2 Cor. 8.		9		
15	W			11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
16	T			9		Monthly Miss M. 7½
17	F			11		
18	S			9		
19	S	Quinquagesima S.	{ 8	10.45	3 6.30	
20	M	[Mor. Gen. 9-S Luke 2.	{ 12	9		Coal Fund 10.
21	T	[Eve. Gen. 12-Gal. 2.		9		Dis. Vis. Meet. 5.
22	W	Ash Wednesday.		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
23	T			9	5	
24	F	S. Matthias.		11	7	Lent Lecture
25	S			9	5	
26	S	1st S. in Lent.	9	10.45	3 6.30	
27	M	[Mor. Gen. 19-S Luke 9.		9	5	Coal Fund 10.
28	T	[Eve. Gen. 22-Eph. 3.		9	5	

PAMPHILL SERVICES, 10.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 8 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 February 6. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 13. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 20. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 27. REV. S. S. KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

MARCH, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

WIMBORNE MINSTER.



LENT SERVICES, 1871.

Daily Morning Prayers at 9; on Wednesdays, and Fridays at 11.

Daily Evening Prayers at 5; on Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.

On Wednesday Evenings there will be a course of Sermons on the following subjects:—

Ash Wednesday. *Sin, its nature, its effects, and its hold.*

- March 1. "*Self examination.*" Rev. R. S. HUTCHINGS,
Vicar of Alderbury Wilts.
" 8. "*Fasting as a Christian Duty.*" Rev. L. DAWSON DAMER
Rector of Canford.
" 13. "*Systematic Private Prayer.*" Rev. S. R. WADDELOW,
Curate of St. Peters, Bournemouth.
" 22. "*Daily Public Prayers.*" Rev. G. WILLIAMS, B.D.
Vicar of Ringwood.
" 29. "*Habitual Communion.*" Rev. E. FIENNES-TROTMAN,
Rector of Langton Matravers.

On Friday Evenings there will be the following Lectures—

- February 24. "*St. Matthias.*"
March 3. "*The Repentance of David.*"
" 10. "*Address to Candidates for Confirmation.*"
" 17. "*The Repentance of Peter.*"
" 24. "*The Repentance of the Thief on the Cross.*"
" 31. "*The Repentance of the Corinthians.*"

PASSION WEEK.

The Services during this week will be at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; and there will be a Sermon at the Evening Service.

- Monday April 3, Rev. F. G. ASHWORTH.
Tuesday " 4, Rev. H. PIX.
Wednesday " 5, Rev. W. FLETCHER, D.D.
Thursday " 6, Rev. S. S. KEDDLE.
Friday " 7, (at 10.45 & 3) Rev. H. GOOD, L.L.B.
Saturday, " 8, Rev. LESTER LESTER.

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COTTAGE LECTURES.

MONDAYS. At the National School Room, at 7½.

TUESDAYS. At the Cricketer's Arms, at 7½.

On Thursday March 16. and the three following Thursdays there will be a Communicant's Lecture at the National School Room at 7½, more especially intended for those who will then have been just Confirmed.

OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

3.—*Saint Margaret's.*



HE origin of this hospital has been attributed to a Duke of Aquitaine and Lancaster; but as it would appear, without sufficient grounds. All that is known with certainty is, that it was in existence during, if not before the 14th century. No early deeds belonging to it are extant; and the principal information has been derived from an ancient book of minutes and accounts, commencing in the year 1661, produced by the steward of the manor of Kingston Lacy, and stated to be the only one now existing, and from some memoranda dated in 1746, in the hand-writing of John Bankes, Esq., one of the former proprietors of that manor, (with whom the entire control of the hospital has long rested,) purporting to be extracted from the book above alluded to, and from an earlier book, commencing in the ninth year of Queen Elizabeth.

We found a copy of an entry on the court-rolls of the manor of Kingston Lacy, dated 10th March, 22nd Richard II., 1398, (inserted in the book to show the connexion between the manor-court and the hospital,) which records that one William Sharpe, having been by the steward of the manor, admitted to the hospital, and, after residing there above seven years, maliciously expelled therefrom by one John Tripet, appeared at the manor-court and petitioned to be reinstated; and that, the facts being found to be true, he was reinstated accordingly.

The hospital was managed sometimes by one and sometimes by two wardens or governors, of whom one was appointed for the town, and one for the country; but how they were appointed nowhere appears. Mr. Bankes's memoranda state orders to have been entered in the earlier minutes, enjoining decent behaviour upon the inmates of the hospital, on pain of expulsion; and that to marry after admittance to the hospital, or to receive any young person in the house was prohibited under a like penalty: also that it was ordered that no timber-trees should be cut but for necessary repairs; and that none of the estates should be let but at the general account and at an improved rent. Between the years 1617 and 1648 the lettings seem to have been with the consent of the poor people, and occasionally by a person styled "visitor;" but the admissions, with very few exceptions, seem to have been made by the steward of the manor of Kingston Lacy, alone, who has acted in, and for the most part directed the affairs of the hospital for the last 230 years. This is stated to appear from entries in the years 1617, 1627, 1628 and 1642.

The lord of the manor of Kingston does not appear in the minutes, as governor of the Hospital in that capacity, until 1775, when the late Henry Bankes, esq., caused his name to be inserted as joint governor with his steward, Mr. Dean; and this practice has been since uniformly adopted.

(This Charity will be continued next month.)

out, port wine and brandy being also given when needed. For some days after this the English ambulance was working in the surrounding villages, where as many as a thousand wounded men were congregated. Surgeon Manley calls attention to a great defect in the German medical service, viz., that no arrangements are made for giving nourishment to the wounded, either on the field of battle, or immediately after they are brought in. In his opinion this ought to rank in importance before the dressing of wounds. The work during all this period was most severe, and Surgeon Manley gives great credit to all there, both officers and men, who worked under him. The message which he received on one occasion from General Von Wittisch shows that the services rendered by his ambulance were thankfully received and appreciated by the Prussian Commanders. "Receive," said the General, "our heartfelt thanks for your most valuable aid, given to us in the moment of our great need, when our own ambulances were not forthcoming."

. We cannot let the present number of the Parish Magazine go forth, without an expression of thankfulness to Almighty God for having stayed the hand of the Combatants, and once more restored peace to Europe. And inasmuch as true thankfulness can never be well separated from thank offerings of some kind or other, what more appropriate way of meeting such an offering can we have than by contributing towards that Fund, which has for this object, the alleviation of some portion at least of the suffering caused by the War.

BAPTISMS.

- January 27. Grace Harriet Warner, daughter of Eliza Wort.
 February 5. Dorothea Deborah Margaret, daughter of Lester and Julia Eliza Lester.
 " Caroline Edith, daughter of Richard and Louisa Foot.
 " Florence, daughter of Frederick and Anne White.
 " Frederick Charles, son of George and Ellen Cull.
 " Selina Jane, daughter of Charles and Priscilla Brake.
 " 8. Emily Louisa, daughter of Frederick and Agnes Carvel, of Poole.
 " Edward Henry, son of William and Amelia Hooper.
 " 9. Fanny Jane, daughter of Cornelius and Martha Hiscock.
 " 15. Blanche, daughter of Edward James and Eliza Collins.
 " Elizabeth Kate, daughter of William and Agnes Jane Bailey.
 " 22. Lavinia Cordelia, daughter of Charles and Martha Chinn.
 " 24. Emma, daughter of Henry and Mary Bool.
 " Thomas George, son of Harry and Sarah Hellier.

MARRIAGES.

- February 8. William Seabrook to Martha May.
 " 14. Edward John Thompson to Elizabeth Cutler.
 " 21. Leir Woolmington to Annie Carter.

BURIALS.

- February 3. Harry White, aged 3 months.
 " 11. William Low, aged 84 years.
 " 22. John Carlton, aged 57 years.



SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

			Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service	
1	W			11		7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
2	T			9		5	
3	F			11		7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
4	S			9		5	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
5	S	2nd S. in Lent.	{ 8	10.45	3	6.30	
6	M	[Mor. Gen. 27-S Lu. 16.	{ 12	9		5	Coal Fund 10.
7	T	[Eve. Gen. 34-Phil. 4.		9		5	
8	W			11		7	Lenten Sermon.
9	T			9		5	
10	F			11		7	Lent Lecture.
11	S			9	3		Confirmation.
12	S	3rd S. in Lent.	9	10.45	3	6.30	
13	M	[Mor. Gen. 39-S Lu. 23.		9		5	Coal Fund 10
14	T	[Eve. Gen. 42-1 Thes. 3		9		5	
15	W			11		7	Lenten Sermon.
16	T			9		5	
17	F			11		7	Lent Lecture.
18	S			9		5	
19	S	4th S. in Lent.	{ 8	10.45	3	6.30	
20	M	[Mor. Gen. 43-S John 6.	{ 12	9		5	Coal Fund 10.
21	T	[Eve. Gen. 45-1 Tim. 2.3		9		5	Dis. Vis. Meet. 5.
22	W			11		7	Lenten Sermon.
23	T			9		5	Communicants L. 7½
24	F			11		7	Lent Lecture
25	S	The Annunciation.		11		7	
26	S	5th S. in Lent.	9	10.45	3	6.30	
27	M	[Mor. Ex. 3-S John 18.		9		5	Coal Fund 10.
28	T	[Eve. Ex. 5-2 Tim. 4.		9		5	
29	W			11		7	Lenten Sermon.
30	T			9		5	Communicants L. 7½
31	F			11		7	Lent Lecture.

PAMPHILL SERVICES, 1.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,

March 6. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.

13. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOE.

20. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.

27. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

APRIL, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Rite of Confirmation was administered by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese on Saturday March the 11, when the following young persons of the Parish were Confirmed.

FEMALES.

Mary Bendall.	Mary Bennett.	Emma Mary Cherritt.
Elizabeth Cull.	Mary Ann Dacombe.	Georgina Selina Davis.
Mary Adela Davis.	Susun Frampton.	Susan Hall.
Florence Hayter.	Ellen Jane Hibdage.	Jane Isaacs.
Elizabeth Jacobs.	Mary Joy.	Kate Maria Eliza Kent.
Annie Latimer.	Martha Light.	Emma Monday.
Emily Moxon.	Marian Boulstby Parkinson.	Sarah Ann Page.
Mary Redhead.	Jane Shears.	Amelia Fanny Cherritt.
Sarah Stickland.	Lydia Elizabeth Vincent.	

MALES.

Robert Arthur Andrews.	Henry Thomas Cooper.	John Corbin.
John Cull.	Robert Ellis.	Augustus Evans.
Isaac Sims Frampton.	George Habgood.	Charles Kiver.
John Loader.	Charles Meade.	James Newlyn.
Charles William Reeves.	Henry Abden Roberts.	Edward Smith.
Alfred William George Score.		Charles Waters.

BAPTISMS.

February	8.	George Leonard, son of George and Sarah Ann Baker.
March	2.	Marp Ann daughter of Frank and Sarah Anne Mason.
"	5.	Edith Ellen, daughter of George Isaac and Sarah Cross.
"		Alfred John, son of George and Mary Anne James.
"		Ada Kate, daughter of Elizabeths Bartlett.
"	15.	Mary Augusta, daughter of Edmund and Annie Elizabeth Ivamy.
"	23.	Adah Gertrude Marie, daughter of George and Eliza Crapp Elford.

MARRIAGES.

March	19.	Lionel Lewis, to Jane Jewer.
"	25.	George Frampton to Elizabeth Osman.

BURIALS

February	25.	Charlotte Jewer.
"	28.	James Keeping, aged 50.
March	14.	Henry Summers, aged 47.

CANFORD.

THE rite of Confirmation was administered by the Bishop of the Diocese on Saturday, March 11th, to 113 candidates from the Parishes of Canford, Kinson, Hampreston and West Parley.

There is now an early celebration of Holy Communion at Canford on the third Sunday of each month.

The Rev. C. L. Kennaway, ordained Deacon at the last Salisbury ordination has been licensed to the Curacy of this Parish. The Reverend gentleman entered on his duties on the 11th March.

OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

3.—*Saint Margaret's.* (continued.)

IT is found in the second minute book, that in 1683 Robert Russell, steward of the manor of Kingston Lacy, was appointed governor, jointly with another person; that in 1689, he is styled sole governor, and so held the office till 1719, when his son Nicholas Russell, succeeded him in both capacities, and acted alone until 1763; that William Deane also held both offices from 1766 to 1803, when Mr. William Castleman, the present steward of the manor, was appointed. The lord of the manor of Kingston Lacy does not appear in the minutes, as governor of the hospital in that capacity until 1775, when the late Henry Bankes, esq., caused his name to be inserted as joint governor with his steward, Mr. Dean; and this practice has been since uniformly adopted.

The present rental of the hospital lands, (as distinguished from those which are derived under the endowment by William Stone, hereafter mentioned,) amounting according to the Parliamentary Papers ordered to be printed in 1839 to 104*l.* 3*s.*

Besides the real property, there was, standing in the names of Henry Bankes and William Castleman, 370*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, New Three-and-a-half per Cents., part of a sum of 474*l.* 7*s.*, producing annual dividends to the amount of 12*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

The Hospital is situate adjoining the high road from Wimborne to Blandford and consists of seven thatched tenements, in good repair, each comprising two rooms, with other accommodations, and a small garden. The chapel of the Hospital adjoins at the east end of one of the tenements; the whole containing about half an acre.

The inmates are five men and two women, who have been always named by the owner of Kingston Lacy estate. They have been generally decayed domestic servants of the Bankes family, or labourers upon Mr. Bankes estate, resident in the parish, or, in default of such, have been selected by him from the most deserving and distressed inhabitants of Wimborne Minster.

They receive the following payments, which are made quarterly partly from the original endowment of the Hospital, and partly from the funds derived from the charity of William Stone, next mentioned :

At Lady-day, to the five men, 2 <i>l.</i> 12 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each	13 2 6
" to the two women 2 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> each.....	4 4 0
At Midsummer, to the seven men and women, 1 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each	11 0 6
At Michaelmas, to the five men 2 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> each	12 10 0
" to the two women, 1 <i>l.</i> 11 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> each.....	3 3 0
At Christmas, to the seven men and women, 2 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>s.</i> each...	14 14 0
Of which sum 40 <i>l.</i> 19 <i>s.</i> is charged to the account of the hospital estate and 17 <i>l.</i> 15 <i>s.</i> to Stone's charity. (<i>The account of this Charity will appear next month.</i>)	

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service	
1	S		9		5	
2	S	S. next before Easter.	{ 8 10.45	3 6.30		
3	M	Monday " "	{ 12 11	7		Coal Fund 10.
4	T	Tuesday " "	11	7		Lenten Sermon.
5	W	Wednesday " "	11	7		" "
6	T	Maundy Thursday.	11	7		" "
7	F	Good Friday.	10.45	7		" "
8	S	Easter Eve.	11	7		" "
9	S	Easter Day.	{ 8 10.45	3 6.30		
10	M	Easter Monday.	{ 12 11	7		Coal Fund 10.
11	T	Easter Tuesday.	11	7		
12	W		11	7		
13	T		9			
14	F		11			
15	S		9			
16	S	1st S. after Easter.	9	10.45	3 6.30	
17	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
18	T		11	7		Dis. Vis. Meet. 5.
19	W		11	7		
20	T		9			
21	F		11			
22	S		9			
23	S	2nd S. after Easter.	{ 8 10.45	3 6.30		
24	M		{ 12 9			Coal Fund 10.
25	T	S. Mark.	9			
26	W		11	7		
27	T		9			
28	F		11			
29	S		9			
30	S	3rd S. after Easter.	9	10.45	3 6.30	

PAMPHILL SERVICES, 10.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 April 3. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 10. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 17. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 24. REV. S. S. KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.

THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

MAY, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

NOTICE.



ON the 18th of this month will be The Ascension Day. That such a day is intended to be observed by the members of the Church of England much in the same way as they observe Christmas Day or Good Friday is very evident, if we only look at our Book of Common Prayer. Proper Psalms, Proper Lessons, a Special Preface in the Communion Service, all these are appointed for Ascension Day just as they are for Christmas Day, and Easter Day, and Whitsun Day, and the greatness of the event in the History of Our Blessed Lord commemorated at that time is thus marked out.

There will be therefore Three Services on that Day in the Minster; Holy Communion at 9, Morning Service at 11, Evening Service with Sermon at 7. There will be also a Service with Sermon on the Eve preceeding.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Sermons for this Society were preached on April the 23rd, by the Rev T. T. Perowne, Rector of Stalbridge, and the sum of £9 6s. 8d. was collected.

The following letter has been received by the Clergy in this Diocese, and as it is on a subject which affects the whole Body of the Church, it has been thought well to insert it in our Parish Magazine.

“Palace, Salisbury,
“March 2, 1871.

“Dear Sir,

“I beg to request your presence at a Conference of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese which I propose to hold, by the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter, in the Chapter-House of the Cathedral, on Wednesday, the 9th of August, at 11 a.m., in the present year.

“I am addressing this invitation to all the Clergy of the Diocese; to the Churchwardens, the Magistrates, the Mayors, and other principal persons residing in the Diocese, being members of the Church of England.

“My object in summoning this Conference is to obtain, if possible, the sanction of the Diocese in constituting a permanent Synod, elective both of Clergy and Laity, to take, by means of Committees, the management of various Ecclesiastical affairs within the Diocese, and to be of Counsel to the Bishop.

“It is proposed at the Conference, that besides the following official members, the Dean of the Cathedral, the three Archdeacons, the Chancellor of the Diocese, and the two Lords Lieutenant, and the two High Sheriffs, being Members of the Church of England, [four] Clergyman, and [four] Laymen shall be elected Members of the Synod from every Rural Deanery, to serve for three years.

“That the Clergymen shall be elected by the Clergy at a Ruridecanal Meeting, and the Laymen (Communicants) by the Laymen (Churchwardens or others, being Communicants) sent up to the Ruridecanal Meetings, two for each Parish, by the Churchmen of the separate Parishes.

“That the Synod shall meet regularly once in every year to receive the reports of the various Committees, and for other business. That extraordinary Meetings shall be held at the summons of the Bishop, or at the request of not less than [twenty] Members, conveyed in writing to the Bishop.

"That the Clergy and Laity in the Synod shall ordinarily vote together: but at the desire of not less than [twenty] Members, signified in writing to the Bishop, the vote may be taken by orders. That the assent of the majority of the whole body voting together, or of the majority of both bodies voting separately, and that of the Bishop singly shall be in every case necessary to constitute an act or decision of the Synod.

"That measures be taken immediately after the Conference for the election of the Members of the Synod, to meet for business, if possible, in the first week of October.

"These are the main outlines of the scheme which I propose to lay before the Diocese. I ask the help of the wisdom, the counsel, and the authority of the Clergy and Laymen in carrying it into effect. Not designing to abdicate in any degree the powers, or to evade the responsibilities which the law of the Church, and of the Land imposes upon me as the Bishop, I desire the free and cordial advice and support of the Diocese, Clergy and Laity, in the discharge of them.

"It is obvious that so far as the Synod will act in counsel to the Bishop, I have no power to give it any permanence, or authority beyond the term of my own holding of the See. Its further continuance will, of course, depend upon the determination of my successor, guided, I have no doubt, by the experience of the effects that may have attended its earlier operations. "I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,

"Your faithful and obedient Servant,
"GEORGE SARUM."

BAPTISMS.

- April 12. Charley, son of Edward and Sophia Smith.
 " 13. Edward Russell, son of Edward Lionel Alexander and Lorina Alice Clarke, of Kensington.
 " 24. Henry Fred, son of Charles and Emma Ellen Wayman.
 " 25. Ethel Mary, daughter of William and Annie Druitt.

MARRIAGE.

- April 9. Thomas Bason to Mehetabel Thirza Harris.

BURIALS.

- March 27. Charles Peter King, aged 52.
 April 3. Thomas Hicks, aged 77.
 " 4. James Humby Wheeler, aged 27.
 " 4. Herbert James Scott, aged 2.
 " 15. Mary Cox, aged 46.
 " 17. Anne North, aged 8 months.
 " 24. Catherine Churchouse, aged 62.

CANFORD. At the Annual Vestry held March 27th, the following were elected to hold office for the ensuing year.

CHURCHWARDENS.—Messrs. J. Pyne and J. W. Luff.

SIDESMEN.—Messrs. Petty and Wallace.

OVERSEERS.—Messrs. Ford, Wallace and Austen.

It is contemplated through the liberality of Sir Ivor Guest, to build a School Chapel for the heath district in this Parish known as Broadstone, Corfe Hill &c. The population here has now become considerable, while no provision of a Church character has yet been made to meet the wants of the people.

BAPTISMS. April 5. Walter Kent. April 9. Arthur Stephen Dukc.

April 9. George James Durant Barnes. April 16. Walter Dean.

BURIAL. April 10. Walter Kent, aged 3 days.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
2	T		9			
3	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
4	T		9			
5	F		11			
6	S		9			
7	S	4th S. after Easter.	9	10.45	3.6.30	
8	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
9	T		9			
10	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
11	T		9			
12	F		11			
13	S		9			
14	S	5th S. after Easter.	{ 8	10.45	3.6.30	
15	M	Rogation Day.	{ 12	9	5	Coal Fund 10.
16	T	Rogation Day.		9	5	Dis. Vis. Meet. 5.
17	W	Rogation Day.		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
18	T	The Ascension Day.	9	11	7	
19	F			11		
20	S			9		
21	S	S. after Ascension Day.	9	10.45	3.6.30	
22	M			9		Coal Fund 10.
23	T			9		
24	W			11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
25	T			9		
26	F			11		
27	S			9		
28	S	Whitsun Day.	{ 8	10.45	3.6.30	
29	M	Whitsun Monday.	{ 12	11	7	Coal Fund 10.
30	T	Whitsun Tuesday.		11	7	
31	W	Ember Day.		11	7	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.

PAMPILL SERVICES, 10.45 A.M. 6 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 May 1. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 8. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 15. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 22. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 29. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.

THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

JUNE, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

4—William Stone's

IN the April number of the Parish Magazine, in speaking of S. Margaret's Charity reference was made to another called "William Stone's Charity," from which the inmates of the S. Margaret's Almshouses receive a portion of their maintenance. The following was the state of that Charity in the year 1836.

BY the Will of William Stone, clerk, bearing date 12th May 1685, (proved in the Prerogative Court,) gave to Stephen Fry and his heirs all his lands, tenements, houses, and reversions, within the parish of Wimborne in the county of Dorset, upon trust, to settle the same upon four or five honest inhabitants of the said parish, or living near it, that, after the death of the testator's brothers and sisters, the profits of the said lands and houses might be employed by them for the use and benefit of the almsmen who should live in the hospital of Saint Margaret's, in the said parish of Wimborne Minster.

This charity, being merely an addition to the foundation of the hospital above mentioned, has been always managed by the governors of that establishment.

The property derived from this testator is not known to have undergone any alteration. It now comprises the following particulars:—

A garden and fuel-house in Wimborne at a yearly rental of...	£1	0	0
A house, garden and out-houses in Wimborne yearly rental...	9	7	3
A garden in Wimborne, yearly rental	1	10	0
Two cottages, garden and Shop, in West-street, Wimborne...	1	10	0
A house and garden in King-street, Wimborne	8	8	0
Poole Corporation, a fee-farm rent for the parsonage.....	9	16	0
A garden in West-street, Wimborne at a yearly rental of.....	2	2	0

In addition to the real estate, there is, standing in the names of Henry Bankes and William Castleman, esqrs., a sum of 104*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, New Three-and-a-half per Cent. stock, being the residue of the sum of 474*l.* 7*s.* mentioned in our account of the hospital. This sum has arisen entirely from savings out of the income.

The income is appropriated in the payments formerly mentioned to the inmates of the hospital, being 17*l.* 15*s.*, and two payments, of 7*l.* 10*s.* each, at Michaelmas and Christmas.

A sum of 1*l.* 1*s.* is paid to the receiver, annually; and a small sum has been expended in repairs of the tenement in the occupation of Richard Morris. In November 1835 a balance of 14*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* was due to the receiver. The accounts of this charity also have been examined and signed by Mr. Bankes.

MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Church Missionary Society was held on Wednesday May 10, General Maclean, R. A., in the Chair, Colonel Martin attended as deputation and the sum of 6*l.* 6*s.* was collected afterwards.

NOTICE

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts is desirous that a day should be set apart by those who support it, for special prayers that it may please God to dispose the hearts of men fitted for Mission work to offer themselves for it, and also to dispose the hearts of members of the Church generally to give in their substance towards the maintenance of such labours in God's land.

The day fixed upon is June 29th, S. Peter's Day, and on that day Missionary Services will be simultaneously held in a large number of Parishes in England.—It is proposed to do the same in the Mission here and accordingly there will be full Service in the morning with a Sermon followed by celebration of Holy Communion, the offertory at which will be devoted to the Society.

BAPTISMS.

March	29	Montague John, son of Thomas and Emily Bella Manckton
April	2	Fanny Jane, daughter of John and Janet Osman.
"	2	William Henry, son of Henry and Sarah Joy.
"	2	Bertie Evelyn William, son of Robert and Sarah Coombes.
"	4	Leah Jane, daughter of Thomas and Jane Baker.
"	5	Christopher, son of Joseph and Jane Brown.
"	5	Charles Augustus, son of John and Sarah Page.
"	5	Harry, son of George and Susan Burden.
"	7	Melvin Charles, son of James and Martha Williams.
"	28	Mary Grace, daughter of Eli and Eliza Elton.
May	4	Jane Cecilia, daughter of Thomas and Jane Corbin.
"	7	Lot, son of James and Ruth Jewer.
"	7	Mary Anne, daughter of Joseph and Charlotte Jewer.
"	7	William Arthur, son of Harry and Clara Kate Gollop.
"	8	Caroline Augusta, daughter of Henry Thomas Edward and Mary Finley.
"	17	Nellie, daughter of Frederick James and Mary Anne Pearce
"	19	Mary Jane, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Crocker.
"	24	Beatrice Sarah, daughter of Solomon and Louisa Harris.

MARRIAGES.

May	2	Eli Osman, to Elizabeth Bartlett.
"	20	George Edwards, of the Army Hospital, Hound, Hants to Phillis Wiffin.

BURIALS.

May	16	Mark Plomer, aged 54.
"	20	Mary Oxford, aged 45.
"	26	Eliza Green, one day.

CANFORD

BAPTISM. April 30. Jane Elizabeth Emily Griffin.

MARRIAGE. April 29. Jonathan Andrews, to Mary Shepard.

BURIAL. May 14. Elizabeth White aged 29.

THE CENSUS. Since the last Census the population of Kinson (formerly a part of this parish) has increased to the large extent of about 700 persons. Canford remains as in 1860, something under 1100.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	T		9			
2	F	Ember Day	11		5	
3	S	Ember Day	9		5	
4	S	Trinity Sunday	12	10.45	3 6.30	
5	M		9			Coal Fund 10
6	T		9			
7	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
8	T		9			
9	F		11			
10	S		9			
11	S	1st S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3 6.30	
12	M	[S. Barnabas.		9		Coal Fund 10.
13	T		9			
14	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
15	T		9			
16	F		11			
17	S		9			
18	S	2nd S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3 6.30	
19	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
20	T		9			
21	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
22	T		9			
23	F		11			
24	S	S. John Baptist		11	7	
25	S	3rd S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3 6.30	
26	M			9		Coal Fund 10.
27	T			9		
28	W			11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
29	T	S. Peter's	12	11	7	Special M. Service
30	F			11		

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 6.30 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 3 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 June 5. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 12. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 19. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 26. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

JULY, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

THE FOLLOWING IS A STATEMENT OF THE COAL FUND DURING THE PAST WINTER.

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
1870.		1870.	
Balance of last account	3 9 7	Dec. 19. Cash returned to weekly subscribers whose Cards exceeded 5s.....	20 0 0
By Cash from weekly payments of the poor, Subscriptions and boxes in the Minster, including Sixpenny Tickets	128 6 4	" 27. Mr. Clark for Coal	11 0 2
		1871.	
		Jan. 2. " " "	12 7 10
		" 10. " " "	26 11 7
		" 16. " " "	11 8 8
		" 30. " " "	14 17 4
		Feb. 16. " " "	18 12 7
		" 28. " " "	16 15 8
		Mar. 15. Clarke and Son, Printing	1 7 0
		Cash in hand.....	3 15 1
	<u>£131 15 11</u>		<u>£131 15 11</u>

CHARLES BOOR, *Treasurer.*

COAL FUND.

Weekly Payments are again being received during the Summer, but on the following conditions only.

1. That the total amount so paid in does not exceed five shillings, equal to ten hundred weight of cheap Coal.

2. That the being allowed to pay in during the summer does not of itself give a right to receive cheap Coal, but each case will be enquired into at the beginning of the winter and if not deemed a suitable case for such assistance, the money paid in will be returned at once.

3. That the amount of Coal distributed will depend upon the amount of subscriptions collected and in case such subscriptions do not allow of ten hundred weight being distributed to each person, the surplus money will be returned. For instance, a person has paid in five shillings, but should the subscriptions only allow of eight hundred weight being distributed, he will receive back a shilling in addition to his eight coal tickets.

BAPTISMS.

May	27	Charles George, son of George and Jane Miller.
"	31	Arthur Lionel, son of Lionel and Jane Lewis,
June	4	Ellen Maria, daughter of George and Elizabeth Frampton.
"	4	Ernest Edward, son of Eunice Frampton.
"	4	William Tom, son of Tom and Angelina Allen.
"	17	James, son of William and Jane Foster.
"	23	William James, son of William and Maria Long.
"		Edith Beatrice, daughter of Samuel and Martha Wills.

MARRIAGE.

June	3	Waring Hurl, to Mary Anne Shave.
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BURIALS.

June	6	George Griffin, aged 86.
"	9	Elizabeth Wheeler, aged 74.
"	15	Sarah Ridout aged 78.
"	22	James Foster, one month.

CANFORD.

Early celebration of Holy Communion on the 3rd Sunday in each month at 9, a. m.

BAPTISMS. June 18. Alice, daughter of George and Sarah Allen.

June 18. Alice Emily, daughter of George and Emma Horder.

BURIAL. June 6. Thomas Balston, aged 35.

THE plans and specifications for the New School Chapel have been definitely accepted by Sir Ivor Guest, at whose sole expense it will be built, It will consist of School and Teachers house and an apsidal end to the School, from which it will be separated by a moveable partition to be withdrawn when the Building is used for Divine Service. The Site chosen is the lower or Western end of a wild bit of Heath known as the Turbary, near to the Railway Bridge, on the Poole and Blandford road. The Contract has been taken by Mr. Sharland, and it is hoped that it will be completed by the end of the present year.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	S		9			
2	S	4th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3.6.30	
3	M		9			Coal Fund 10
4	T		9			
5	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
6	T		9			
7	F		11			
8	S		9			
9	S	5th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3.6.30	
10	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
11	T		9			
12	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
13	T		9			
14	F		11			
15	S		9			
16	S	6th S. after Trinity	12	10.45	3.6.30	
17	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
18	T		9			Dis. Vis. M.
19	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
20	T		9			
21	F		11			
22	S		11			
23	S	7th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3.6.30	
24	M		9			Coal Fund 10.
25	T	S. James	11		7	
26	W		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
27	T		9			
28	F		11			
29	S		9			
30	S	8th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3.6.30	
31	M		9			Coal Fund 10.

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 6.30 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 June 3. REV. LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 10. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 17. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 24. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 31. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.

PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

AUGUST, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

5—*Higden's Charity*

HLIZABETH HIGDEN, by Will bearing date 7th March 1823, gave to three ministers, the master and the under-master of the grammar-school of Wimborne Minster, and their successors, 2000*l.* Three per Cent. Consols, on trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of coals and clothes, to be distributed on Midsummer and Christmas days, yearly, amongst 20 poor persons resident in the parish of Wimborne Minster, in such manner as the trustees should think proper.

The sum of 1800*l.* Three per Cent. Consols (200*l.* having been sold to pay the legacy-duty) now stands in the names of Rev. Henry Good, Rev. Charles Onslow, Rev. Lester Lester, Rev. William Fletcher, D.D. Rev. Henry Pix.

The dividends (54*l.* per annum) are received half-yearly and are paid to the five trustees, in separate shares, at Midsummer and Christmas, amounting to 10*l.* 16*s.* per annum to each.

6—*Williams's Charity*

BY Indentures, bearing date 21st November 1829, and enrolled in Chancery, between Jane Williams, widow, of the one part; and the Rev. Sir James Hanham, bart., the Rev. Charles Bowle, and the Rev. Phelips Hanham, ministers of the parish church of Wimborne Minster; the Rev. James Mayo, master of the free grammar-school, and the Rev. William Oldfeld Bartlett, vicar of Great Canford, of the other part; reciting that the said Jane Williams had purchased the sum of 350*l.* Three per Cent Consols, in the names of the said Sir James Hanham, James Mayo, and William Oldfeld Bartlett,—it was declared and agreed that they, the said Sir James Hanham, James Mayo, and William Oldfeld Bartlett, and their successors, should stand possessed of the said sum upon trust, to keep the same in the names of one of the ministers of the parish church of Wimborne Minster, the master of the free grammar-school, and the vicar of Great Canford, for the time being respectively, and to pay the annual dividends of the said stock to the said Jane Williams during her life, or distribute the same as she should direct; and after her death permit one moiety of the said dividends to be distributed by the said ministers and master of the free grammar-school of Wimborne Minster, for the time being, on Christmas Day, or between that time and the 1st of January, yearly, amongst three men and two women, of the most deserving poor inhabitants of the parish of Wimborne Minster, of the Established Church, those not receiving parochial relief to be preferred; and in such payments the trustees not to be bound in any one year by the choice of objects made in the preceding year; and to permit the other moiety of the said dividends to be distributed by the vicar of Great Canford for the time being; at the same time to be distributed by him, under the like recommendations, amongst three men and two women, poor inhabitants of the tithing of Kinson, in the parish of Great Canford, of the Established Church, with power to the trustees to change the securities, and out of the dividends to pay such expenses as they should incur in the execution of the trusts.

Bernard Mitchell's Charity

BERNARD MITCHELL of Melcombe Regis, by Will dated 22d March 1646, proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on the 25th May 1647, gave to the poor of Weymouth, 33s. 4d. yearly for ever; to the poor of the borough of Wareham, 20s. yearly; to the poor of the borough of Bridport, 20s.; and to the poor of Wimborne, 20s.; to the poor of Milborne St. Andrews, 20s.; to the poor of Bere Regis, 20s.; to the poor of Abbotsbury, 20s.; and to the poor of Fleet parish, 13s. 4d.; and to the poor of Langton Herring, 13s. 4d.; to be paid for ever to the several poor of the several places, yearly, out of the rents of his freehold lands, or as his executors should appoint; also he gave ten bushels of sea coals to the poor of Weymouth and Wyke Regis, yearly, and to six poor widows of Melcombe six bushels of coals yearly.

These several payments are charged upon the King's-head Inn, in the Market place, Melcombe Regis, and paid to the Churchwardens of the different Parishes and by them distributed in the same manner as other charities under their control.

BAPTISMS.

June	30	Richard, son of Frederick and Eliza Shiner.
July	2	William Henry John, son of John and Anna Maria Palmer.
"	5	Jessie Grace, daughter of Benjamin John and Jane Catherine Kerridge.
"	12	Anne Maria, daughter of Ferderick and Mary Jane Poor.
"	14	Laura Anne, daughter of Charles and Jane Ivamy.
"	14	Esau Philip, son of Esau and Ellen Peninnah Bartlett.

MARRIAGES.

July	15	William Henry Bartlett, to Hannah Weeks.
"	25	Edwin Manuel, to Lucretia Lambert.
"	29	Benjamin Cheney, to Ruth Chaffey.

BURIALS.

June	30	George Hanning, aged 13.
July	4	Eliza Jane Hart, 13 months.
"	6	Richard Shiner, 2 months.
"	7	Mary Anne King, of Canford aged 21.
"	7	Lucy Dufall, aged 48.
"	21	Agnes Habgood, aged 14.
"	26	Sarah Gosling, aged 27.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service
1	T		9		
2	W		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
3	T		9		
4	F		11		
5	S		9		
6	S	9th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3.6.30
7	M		9		Coal Fund 10.
8	T		9		
9	W		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8.
10	T		9		
11	F		11		
12	S		9		
13	S	10th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3.6.30
14	M		9		Coal Fund 10.
15	T		9		
16	W		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8
17	F		9		
18	F		11		
19	S		9		
20	S	11th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3.6.30
21	M		9		Coal Fund 10.
22	T		9		Dis. Vis. M. 5
23	W		11	7	Teachers Meeting 8
24	T	S. Barthlomew	11	7	
25	F		11		
26	S		9		
27	S	12th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3.6.30
28	M		9		Coal Fund 10.
29	T		9		
30	W		11	7	
31	T		9		

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 10.45, 6.30 P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 August 7. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 14. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 21. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 28. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.

THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

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OUR PARISH CHARITIES.

8.—*Gundry's Charity.*

MARY GUNDRY by Will, bearing date the 23rd February 1617, devised a house and garden adjoining the Churchyard in Wimborne Minster, in trust for the maintenance of the services and repairs of the church of Wimborne Minster, and after giving amongst other things, 2*l.* yearly to the poor of Blandford Forum, she gave to the collectors for the poor of Wimborne Minster, and their successors, to the use of the poor people that should be honest and fear God, in the said town and parish, a yearly rent of 2*l.* to be paid out of her lands and tenements within the realm of England, with a power of entry and distress in case of non-payment; and she directed that the overseers of her Will, and their successors, should join with the said collectors in the distribution of the said annuity.

The sum of 2*l.* is usually paid annually by the tenant of a farm at Walford, belonging to the Dean's Court Estate, in the Parish of Wimborne, to the four overseers of Wimborne, 10*s.* being paid to each. They distribute it at their own discretion, in sums varying from 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*, amongst the poor indiscriminately.

NOTICE.

THE Annual Sermons in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will be preached (D.V.) on Sunday, September 10, by the Rev. Lionel Dawson Damer, Vicar of Canford.

The Annual Meeting for the same Society will take place during the week beginning September 24, one of the Missionaries of the Chota Nagpure District, in India, will attend as Deputation.

COLLECTIONS IN THE MINSTER DURING THE MONTH.

Alms at Holy Communion.			
August 6.	£2 2 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>	August 20.	£1 2 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>
„ 13.	0 16 <i>s.</i> 11 <i>d.</i>	„ 27.	0 11 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>
August 20.	For the National Schools after Sermons by Rev. Dr. Fletcher and Rev. H. Good...		£8 7 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>
„ 27.	For the Organ Fund	£4 3 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>

HAVING been asked in what way the Sacramental Alms are distributed, it may be stated that this is done by means of certain ladies who have kindly undertaken to act as district Visitors as follows :

1. Leigh Road Mrs. W. Webb.
2. Eastbrook Miss Fletcher.
3. High-street, Dean's Court Lane and King-street
as far as the Grammar School Lane ... Misses Maclean.
4. The remainder of King-street Miss Thomas.
5. Old-Road and Half-Moon Misses Tanner.
6. West-street, West-Row and Corn Market ... Miss E. Ellis.
7. West Borough and Redcotts Mrs. Wm. Drutt.

8.	East Borough	Miss Allen.
9.	S. side of Pamphill and Cowgrove	Miss Parkinson.
10.	Hillbutts	Miss A. Ellis.
11.	N. side of Pamphill and Abbots-street	
12.	Chilbridge and Tadden	

It will be seen that there are two districts without a Visitor ; they are at some distance from the town, but the Clergy would feel grateful to any lady who would be willing to take charge of either of them. At the same time they take this opportunity of expressing their sincere thanks to those who are already engaged in this work of charity.

IT is not yet nine months ago since one whom we had long known in Dorsetshire as Rev. H. C. Huxtable, the zealous advocate for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and were just beginning to know as the Bishop of Mauritius, preached in our Minster. He had only been consecrated a week previous and after a stay in England of another month he sailed for his Diocese, feeling that however great the need of that Diocese, and however great the probability of his obtaining funds for the supply of that need by making a longer stay in this Country, the place for a Colonial Bishop, as for any other Bishop, is his Diocese, at all times and under any circumstances. Some of us will remember how touchingly he spoke of the short Episcopate of his predecessor, but none of us could have thought as we listened to the speaker and remembered how fitted he seemed to be in every way for the post to which God had just called him, physically by his previous acclimatisation in the tropics, and intellectually by his former missionary experience, that Bishop Huxtable would pass away to his rest even more quickly than had Bishop Hatchard, and the Diocese of the Mauritius be again left without a Bishop.

In order to show how he was appreciated by those over whom he had been set in the Lord, the following extract from a Mauritius paper is inserted.

“A good and worthy man, the Head of the Anglican Church here, has passed to his eternal rest. HENRY CONSTANTINE, Lord Bishop of Mauritius, yielded his soul into the hands of his Maker, yesterday, the Lord’s day, after many months of suffering borne with exemplary fortitude. Strong in his belief in the mercy of the ALMIGHTY GOD ; upheld by his faith in the doctrines of the Church of which he was so earnest and distinguished a member ; confident in the promises of his Saviour, he died, as all Christians should, submissive to the will of Him who called him away, resigned to the decree of his Creator.

“The death of this right faithful servant of the Lord will be deplored by the whole community. As a clergyman he shewed himself able, pious, and indefatigable. Beloved by his parishioners, by the flock over whose spiritual interests he so zealously watched, honoured and esteemed by his reverend brethren, the probability of the succession in 1870 of HENRY CONSTANTINE HUXTABLE to the vacant see of the Colony, was hailed with the highest satisfaction ; and when it was

learnt that he had been appointed and consecrated Bishop of Mauritius the joy of all Churchmen here was unmistakable, and was demonstrated in a way and manner grateful and pleasant to a man who had determined to serve God and His Holy Church, with all his soul, and with all his might. All rallied round him, prepared themselves to listen to his counsels, to respect his decisions, to obey his lawful commands. But it pleased the great Disposer of events, in His inscrutable wisdom, to afflict with sore sickness this true and honest son of His Church; to try him with pains and sufferings beyond mortal endurance at last to take him from our midst, before he could put into execution all the designs he cherished, and which he rightly believed would, if carried out, have resulted in the peace and prosperity of the Anglican Church in Mauritius.

“If we measure life by its true worth, its usefulness, we shall find that his has been rich in good service to his Master’s cause. He was educated at King’s College, London, and landed at Madras as a Missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on New Year’s day, 1850. He was eight years in India and during that time was Principal of the Sanyespinam Missionary Institution for the training of Mission agents, native clergy, catechists and schoolmasters; and many natives now holding important posts in the native church of Tirnevelly, and other parts of the Madras Presidency and various government offices, were his pupils. He was obliged to leave India on account of ill-health, but he left behind him a name revered both by Europeans and natives. While in England he was Rector of Bettiscombe, but he often travelled about England for the S. P. G. and their recent reports bears testimony to his unflagging zeal in, and bold advocacy to the Missionary cause. On his last visit to England he travelled to the scene of his former labours where he received a most hearty welcome from his old parishioners and preached to a crowded Church. In 1867 he came to Mauritius as Incumbent of St. Mary’s and Secretary of the S. P. G. The regular attendants of St. Mary’s Chapel will bear a kindly recollection of the hearty Wednesday Evening Services and of his stirring addresses to them. The Tamils feel they have lost a friend who could speak to them in their own language, and who consoled so many of them when they were stricken down with fever.

“We repeat it, in all sincerity, a good and worthy man has passed away. God rest his soul!”

BURIALS.

August 7. Eliza Lovell, aged 65.
 „ 24. Frederick John Aplin, 7 months.

CANFORD.

BAPTISMS. July 16. Blanche Annie Eaton.
 „ 30. Elaine Augusta Guest.
 August 20. Fanny Mellish.

The following were the Resolutions adopted at the Diocesan Conference, which was held according to previous notice, at Salisbury, on the 9th of last month.

I.

"That this Conference is of opinion that it is desirable to institute a permanent Synod in the Diocese of Salisbury."

II.

"That the Synod consist of the following official Members : The Lords-Lieutenant and the High Sheriffs of the two Counties, being Communicants, the Dean of the Cathedral, the three Archdeacons, and the Chancellor of the Diocese ; and of Clergymen elected by the Clergy, and Laymen (being Communicants) elected by the Lay-Churchmen of the Parishes, to serve for each Division of the the Rural Deaneries of the Diocese, in the proportion of four Clergymen and six Laymen for each Sub-Deanery, undertaking to serve for three years."

III.

"That the duty of the Synod be twofold :—first, with the consent of the Societies now engaged in those duties, to take charge of the chief operation conducted by voluntary associations within the Diocese, such as those of Church Education, the supply of Clergy and of Churches, our Church Missions ; and secondly, to be of conference and counsel with the Bishop in regard of ecclesiastical affairs of importance to the Diocese."

In consequence, steps will be immediately taken for the election of two Laymen in each Parish, out of whom will be chosen the lay members of the Synod.

CANFORD.



THE Vicar's Annual School Festival was held on Monday the 24th. The Children numbering between 70 and 80 were entertained in the School-room, and spent a pleasant afternoon afterwards in the Vicarage grounds. The mothers of the children had tea with the Vicar who made an address to them on the value of the Sunday School system.

The numbers in attendance have increased in the past year, and there has been a great improvement in the afternoon attendance, but there are still a considerable number, especially of boys, from the age of 12 to 16 who are almost out of the reach of the instruction and influence of their Spiritual Pastors, unless their Parents will, by all means in their power, insist on their attendance at the Sunday School. The Vicar desires to form a class of elder boys, to be taught by himself alone, who shall remain in the Sunday School till they are of age to be confirmed. He earnestly presses on all Parents the duty of special care over the young during those trying and most important years between childhood and maturity ; those years are in truth the spring time of life, whatever seeds are sown then will determine what kind of harvest the later life will produce, and of all means which Parents can use to ensure the sowing of the good seed none can be more important than the bringing them up to a right and profitable observance of the Lord's Day.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

			Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon	Evening Service.	
1	F			11			
2	S			9			
3	S	13th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3	6.30	
4	M			9			Coal Fund 10.
5	T			9			
6	W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
7	T			9			
8	F			11			
9	S			9			
10	S	14th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	S. P. G. Sermons
11	M			9			Coal Fund 10.
12	T			9			
13	W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
14	T			9			
15	F			11			
16	S			9			
17	S	15th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3	6.30	
18	M			9			Coal Fund 10.
19	T			9			Dis. Vis. M. 5
20	W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
21	T	S. Matthew		11		7	
22	F			11			
23	S			9			
24	S	16th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	
25	M			9			Coal Fund 10.
26	T			9			
27	W			11		7	
28	T			9			
29	F	S. Michael		11		7	
30	S			9			

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 10.45, 6, P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
September 4. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
11. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
18. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
25. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.



THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minister.

OCTOBER, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

DIOCESAN SYNOD.



A Meeting of the Members of the Church of England in this Parish, which was held in our National School Room, on Tuesday, September 12th, General Maclean and Mr. E. T. Budden were elected as laymen to represent the Parish at the Rural-decanal Meeting at which will be elected the Lay Synodsmen for this Rural Deanery.

The Meeting for the Election of Synodsmen both Clerical and Lay is to be held at Wimborne, in the National School Room, on Monday, October the 2nd. The Laymen Meeting at twelve o'clock, and the Clergy at one. Holy Communion will be celebrated previously in the Minster at 11 o'clock.

COLLECTIONS IN THE MINSTER DURING THE MONTH.

Alms at the Holy Communion.

September 3. £2 4s. 3d. September 17. £1 2s. 11d.

 " 10. £1 2s. 3d. " 24. £0 13s. 9d.

September 10. For the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, morning and evening by the Rev. L. Dawson Damer £15 9s. 10d.

September 27. For the Dorset County Hospital, at the Harvest Thanksgiving Service by the Rev. H. Good, £8 8s. 4d.

THE Annual Meeting for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held on September 28th in the Town Hall; Lieutenant-Colonel Paget in the Chair. The Meeting was addressed by Revs. Dr. Fletcher, Lester Lester, and by the Deputation, Rev. H. Rooley, late Missionary of Bishop Mackenzie's Central African Mission. The Collection amounted to £5 2s. 8d.

The total amount collected during the previous year (1870) for the Society was as follows; Sermons (Rev Wharton Marriott) £13 6s. 4d., Meeting £7 0s. 0d., Boxes £7 13s. 10d., Subscriptions £21 6s. 6d., Total £49 6s. 8d.

On Sunday, October 8. (D.V.) the Rev. G. Abbott, travelling Secretary for the Additional Curates Society will preach morning and evening in the Minster in behalf of that Society.

DIOCESAN PRIZE SCHEME.

The following boys belonging to our National School were successful in getting either prizes, medals or certificates at the examination held under the above in February last.

Prizes and Medals.

Frederick Score. Harry Score.

Medals.

Charles Saunders, Walter Score, John Hallett, Jethro Corbin, James Reynolds, Frank Freeman, George Rose, Frank Clark, Harry Welstead, Augustus Score, Frederick Page, Thomas Miller.

Certificates.

Edward White, Henry Alcock, Charles Cross, James Watts, Arthur Wareham, Frank Barnes, Harry Score, Mark Welstead, Alfred Porter, John Coffin.

CANFORD. The Vicar proposes to open the Evening School on Monday, October 16th, it will be held in the school-room and is open to all men and boys who are employed in any work for wages, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays at 7, p.m., till 8.30, the fee will be two-pence a week to be paid on Mondays.

NATIONAL SCHOOL.

THE following is the Report of our National Schools given by H. M. Inspector at his Annual Inspection last July.

BOYS SCHOOL. The Boy's School is in very fair order, and has passed a creditable examination.

GIRL'S SCHOOL. The Girls have been exceedingly well instructed by Miss Hatten, and have passed a most successful examination.

The Average attendance of Scholars has been—Boys 100, Girls 106, and Night School Scholars 26.

PRESENTED FOR EXAMINATION.—72 Boys, 49 Girls, and 29 Night School Scholars.

PASSES.—Boys 65½: Girls 45½: Night School Scholars 27.

Besides this, there were amongst the Boys, 29 special passes in Geography and 20 for History; amongst the Girls 20 special passes in Geography.

The total Grant earned was £152 10s. for the Day School, and £10 0s. 0d. for the Night School, but of this £35 7s. 5d. was deducted, because a £30 Grant which had been annually made to Holt School was this year disallowed by the Government.

BAPTISMS.

- September 3. Martha Rose, daughter of Joseph and Mercy Cox.
" Clara, daughter of William and Mary Sophia Robertson
" 14. Alfred William, son of Charles and Harriet Freeborne,
of Hampreston.
" 27. George, son of David and Hannah White.

MARRIAGES.


- " 7. Edwin Henry Lingen Barker, of Tupsley Hereford, to
Eliza Anne Bamford, of Wimborne.
" 18. James Willis, to Anna Mary Bennett, both of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- Aug. 24. Frederick John Aplin, 7 months.
" 29. Walter Bayly Short, 11 months.
Sep. 15. Mary Legg Meader, aged 59.
" 19. Elizabeth Gill, aged 68.
" 21. Jane Habgood, aged 67.
" 27. Anthony Osborne, aged 52.
" 27. George Gomer, aged 85.

CANFORD.

DIOCESAN SYNOD.

 MEETING open to all adult male members of the Church of England resident in the Parish was held, in accordance with the request of the Bishop, on Monday Evening the 11th, in the Vestry for the Election of two representatives, laymen, (being Communicants) to attend a Ruri-decanal Meeting, at which 9 laymen and 6 clergy are to be chosen to act for 3 years as members of a Diocesan Synod, to be convened by the Bishop. The Meeting was well attended, the Vicar explained that the chief object of the proposed Synod was to create a closer interest in Church affairs among the Laity, and enable them to make their voices heard in all matters lying within their province by sending delegates to represent their views at the Synod. Sir Ivor Guest and J. Pyne, Esq. were unanimously elected.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

		Holy Communion.	Morning Service	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1 S	17th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3	6.30	
2 M			9			Coal Fund 10.
3 T			9			
4 W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
5 T			9			
6 F			11			
7 S			9			
8 S	18th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	Ad. Cu. Sermons
9 M			9			Coal Fund 10.
10 T			9			
11 W			11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
12 T			9			
13 F			11			
14 S			9			
15 S	19th S. after Trinity	8.12	10.45	3	6.30	
16 M			9			Coal Fund 10.
17 T			9			Dis. Vis. M. 5
18 W	S. Luke		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
19 T			9			
20 F			11			
21 S			9			
22 S	20th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	
23 M			9			Coal Fund 10.
24 T			9			
25 W			11		7	
26 T			9			
27 F			11			
28 S	SS. Simon & Jude		11		7	
29 S	21st S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	
30 M						Coal Fund 10.
31 T						

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 10.45, 6, P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 October 2. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.
 9. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 16. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 23. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 30. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.

THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

DIOCESAN SYNOD.

RURI-DECANAL Meetings for the Election of Synodsmen for this Rural Deanery were held at the National School-room, on October the 4th. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion previously in the Minster.

The Clerical Synodsmen elected to serve for three years are;—
 Rev. J. H. Carnegie, Rural Dean, Rector of Cranborne.
 Rev. C. H. Phinn, Rector of Long Crichel.
 Rev. R. Harkness, Rector of Wimborne St. Giles.
 Rev. Lester Lester, Presbyter of Wimborne Minster.

The Lay Synodsmen are—
 Lord Ashley, Wimborne St. Giles.
 J. H. Tregonwell, Esq., Cranborne.
 General Maclean, Dean's Court, Wimborne.
 Colonel Paget, Park Homer, Wimborne.
 Mr. Dibben, Crichel.
 Mr. E. T. Budden, Wimborne.

COLLECTIONS IN THE MINSTER DURING THE MONTH.

Alms at the Holy Communion.

October 1.	£2	10s.	3d.	October 22.	£0	9s.	2d.
,,	9.	£0	18s.	,,	29.	£0	16s.
,,	15.	£1	7s.	,,	29.	£0	16s.
			1d.				6d.

October 4, Offertory at Holy Communion for Widows and Orphans of Dorset Clergy £1 0s. 7d.

October 9. For the Additional Curates Society, morning and evening by the Rev. G. L. Abbott, organizing Secretary, £15 8s. 6d.

October 22. For the Organ Fund, £4 7s. 6d.

THE Annual Meeting for the Church Pastoral Aid Society will be held (D.V.) in the Town Hall, on Wednesday, November 8.

THE WORKMAN'S HALL.

IT has been decided to open, during the present winter, a Workman's Hall in the town. Its object is to provide the Working Men with a place where they can meet together for recreation without the dangers of the public house. The Town Hall has been taken for the purpose, its rent having been guaranteed for the first year. Forty-three members have already enrolled themselves and have agreed to the rules. Your kind help is asked in one or other or both of the following ways:—By a donation to the funds of the Institution; or by doing what you can to assist in getting up a series of Penny Readings, which it is proposed to have during the winter in their room. Donations towards the furnishing and the maintenance of the hall will be received by either of the Banks, and the names of any who may feel inclined to take part in the Readings will gladly be received by the Rev. Lester Lester.

The following Committee was elected at a Meeting held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, October 24, 1871.

President:—The Rev. Lester Lester.

Secretary:—Mr. John Baker. Treasurer:—Mr. George Fillmore.

Committee:—Messrs. James Searle, Charles Brake, David Haylett, Charles Warr, Alfred Pithers, Samuel Eaton, John Ball, James Archer, Frederick Randall, and Joseph Stickland.

I have inserted the foregoing in order to show the reason why I make the following suggestion.

It will be easily understood that the subscriptions of the members themselves will not be sufficient to cover all the expenses of such an institution; it is therefore proposed amongst other things, that there should be a regular series of Penny Readings, enlivened by music and singing, to take place fortnightly. Now, if those persons, both ladies as well as gentlemen, to whom God has given the taste for music, and also means and opportunities which have enabled them to cultivate that taste, would form themselves into a Society, whose simple bond of union were this, that all who join it engage to do what they can, to give their poorer neighbours opportunity during the winter evenings of sharing in that which they themselves enjoy so much, there is no knowing the pleasure such a Society might afford, the good it might do, and what a success those Penny Readings would be. What I hope is that some of those who read this will see the matter in this light, and if any should do so, will they kindly meet me in the Girl's School, on Tuesday next at 5, p. m., in order to talk the matter over, and to see whether such a Society might be formed, and if so, then to put its formation into other and better hands.

LESTER LESTER.

BAPTISMS.

- October 1. Ellen, daughter of James and Anna Mary Willis.
" Henry, son of William James and Jane Rabbits.
" Ann Selina, daughter of Frederick and Eliza Stone.
" Eva Mabel, daughter of Charlotte Stout.
" 3. Amy Florence, daughter of Charles Thomas and Mary Carlisle Clarke.
" 4. Peninnah, daughter of Edwin and Peninnah Whiffen.
" 18. Flora Maud, daughter of Edward and Christina Gossling.


MARRIAGES.

- " 7. Henry Pond, of Canford Magna, to Ann Snell of Wimborne.
" 12. Walter Henry Poole, of Ringwood, to Sarah Jane Miller of Wimborne.
" 23. William Davis, of Huntspill, Somersetshire, to Georgina Perry, of Wimborne.
" 26. George Orman, of Fordingbridge, to Sarah Galpin, of Wimborne.

BURIALS.

- " 26. Sophia Matilda Onslow, aged 27.
" 28. Louisa Hawes aged 73.

CANFORD.

 HE VICAR has started a Musical Class, held in the School-room, at 7 o'clock on Wednesday and Thursday Evenings, to which all men and boys are invited. There is no fixed charge for admission, but those who attend are asked to subscribe according to their means, the money to go towards the purchase of music.

The Night School has begun fairly, with twenty-five names on the Register. Any others who intend joining should lose no time in doing so, Mr. Dick and Mr. Thomas Meaby have kindly consented to assist.

BAPTISMS.

- October 8. William Charles Wentworth. Sarah Ann Cherrit.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

			Holy Communion	Morning Service	Afternoon	Evening Service	
1	W	All Saints		11		7	Teachers Meeting
2	T			9			
3	F			11			
4	S			9			
5	S	22nd S. after Trinity	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Teachers Meeting
6	M			9			
7	T			9			
8	W			11		7	
9	T			9			
10	F			11			
11	S			9			
12	S	23rd S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Teachers Meeting
13	M			9			
14	T			9			
15	W			11		7	
16	T			9			
17	F			11			
18	S			9			
19	S	24th S. after Trinity	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Dis. Vis. M. 4½. Teachers Meeting
20	M			9			
21	T			9			
22	W			11		7	
23	T			9			
24	F			11			
25	S			9			
26	S	25th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Teachers Meeting
27	M	[S. next before Advent.		9			
28	T			9			
29	W			11		7	
30	T	S. Andrew		11		7	

PAMPHILL SERVICE, 10.45, 6, P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
CANFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

The Members of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 November 6. REV. S. S KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 13. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 20. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.
 27. CAPTAIN BARRETT and MR. G. CHISLETT.

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

			Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
1	W	All Saints		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
2	T			9			
3	F			11			
4	S			9			
5	S	22nd S. after Trinity	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Teachers Meeting 8.
6	M			9			
7	T			9			
8	W			11		7	
9	T			9			
10	F			11			
11	S			9			
12	S	23rd S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Teachers Meeting 8.
13	M			9			
14	T			9			
15	W			11		7	
16	T			9			
17	F			11			
18	S			9			
19	S	24th S. after Trinity	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10. Dis. Vis. M. 4½. Teachers Meeting 8.
20	M			9			
21	T			9			
22	W			11		7	
23	T			9			
24	F			11			
25	S			9			
26	S	25th S. after Trinity	9	10.45	3	6.30	Coal Fund 10: Teachers Meeting 8.
27	M	[S. next before Advent.		9			
28	T			9			
29	W			11		7	
30	T	S: Andrew		11		7	

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THE PARISH

MAGAZINE.



Wimborne Minster.

DECEMBER, 1871.

CLARKE AND SON, Printers & Stationers,
HIGH-STREET, WIMBORNE.

THE DIOCESAN--SYNOD.

THE first Session of the Synod was held on November 14, 15, and 16, in the Chapter house of Salisbury Cathedral under the the Presidency of the Bishop. Out of 343 members no less than 320 attended. A full report of the proceedings may be obtained of Messrs. Brown & Co., Booksellers, Salisbury. Price 3d.

COLLECTIONS IN THE MINSTER DURING THE MONTH.

Alms at the Holy Communion.			
November 5.	£2 0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	November 19.	£1 13 3.
„ 12.	£0 12 8	„ 26.	£0 11 5.
„ 26.	Offertory for the Organ Fund £3 9s. 4d.		

CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting for this Society was held in the Town Hall, on the 9th instant. General Maclean in the Chair. The Revs. R. R. Cousens, Association Secretary and E. Headland, Rector of Broadland attended as deputation, and a Collection amounting to £5 13s. 0d. was made afterwards.

THE WORKMAN'S HALL.

THE Workman's Hall was opened on Monday, November 13, for the use of members: and on Thursday, November 23, the first Reading in connection with it was given in the Corn Exchange. The musical part of the Entertainment was undertaken by Mr. Whitehead Smith, assisted by Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Frank Blount and Messrs. T. & C. Joyce. The Readers on the occasion were Captain Barrett and the Revs. S. S. Keddle and F. G. E. Ashworth. The room was well filled, and it is hoped that this series of Readings may be a success.

The Committee of the Workman's Hall, begs to return its sincere thanks—First to the Directors of the Corn Exchange, who have allowed it to have the room at such a price that it is enabled to make use of it, and then to Mr. Whitehead Smith and those gentlemen who have so kindly launched the ship.

The next Readings will take place on Monday December the 4th, and Monday, December the 18th, and will be given by the Society which has been formed in the town for the purpose of carrying out these Entertainments.

The following Subscriptions have been received for the Hall.

Lord Eldon	£5 0 0	Captain Bankes	£2 2 0
Mrs. Bankes	2 0 0	Mr. Garland	3 0 0
Mrs. Clarke	1 0 0	Rev. Lester Lester ...	1 0 0
Rev. S. S. Keddle ...	1 0 0	Colonel Anderson ...	0 10 0
Colonel Paget	0 10 0	Mr. Wyndham	0 10 0
Mrs. M. Bartlett ...	0 10 0	Rev. H. Good	0 10 0
Miss Jones	0 5 0	Mrs. E. M. Ellis	0 5 0

DECORATIONS IN THE MINSTER.

I should be glad if any of those who in past years have so kindly taken part in the Christmas decorations of the Minster, and any others who may be willing to do so this year, would meet the Clergy in the Minster on Monday next, at 12 o'clock, in order that we may decide what is to be done in the matter this time, and distribute the work.

I should also be very glad, if any of those laymen in the Parish whose hearts sometimes tell them that they might do something in Church work, would come to my house on Tuesday evening December 5th, at 8 p.m. as I have a proposal to make to them. **LESTER LESTER.**

THE NEW LECTIONARY.

Agreeably to the advice of our Bishop given at the Meeting of the Synod last month, the New Table of Lessons will be used on and after the 1st of January next.

ADVENT THOUGHTS FROM A LAY SERMON.

NOT BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Q F all acts for a man repentance is the most divine! The deadliest sin is the supercilious consciousness of no sin,—that is death—the heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact; is dead: it is 'pure' as dead dry sand is pure. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew. Poor human nature! Is it not a man's walking in truth, always that: 'a succession of falls?' Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen, deep-debased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That his struggle be a faithful unconquerable one: that is the question of questions. We will put up with many sad details, if the soul of it were true. Details by themselves will never teach us what it is."

BAPTISMS.

- November 5. Earnest, son of Francis and Ellen Stratton.
 „ 13. Alice Lydia, daughter of Arthur Henry and Lydia Golding.

MARRIAGES.

- „ 4. William Thomas Parrett to Ann Elizabeth Fall, both of Wimborne.
 „ 9. George Down to Fanny Derham both of Wimborne.
 „ 20. Henry Lambert to Mary Cass, both of Wimborne.

BURIAL.

- „ 13. William Hopkins Eaton, Lay Vicar of the Minster, aged 35 years.

NOTICE.—THE PARISH MAGAZINE will be continued (D.V.) another year, Subscribers should fill up the form enclosed and send it to the Publishers as soon as possible.

WANFORD. It is proposed to have a special Service with a Sermon, on every Wednesday evening during Advent.

- BAPTISM. November 12. Hannah Polden.
 MARRIAGE. „ 4. George Tegg to Phoebe Adelaide Curtis.
 BURIAL. „ 26. Walter Cole, aged 6 months 68

SERVICES IN THE MINSTER.

	Holy Communion	Morning Service.	Afternoon.	Evening Service.	
		11			
		9			
unday	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	
		9		5	Coal Fund 10.
		9		5	
		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
		9		5	
		11		5	
		9		5	
Advent	9	10.45	3	6.30	
		9		5	Coal Fund 10.
		9		5	
		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
		9		5	
		11		5	
		9		5	
Advent	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	
		9		5	Coal Fund 10.
		9		5	Dis. Vis. M. 4½.
		11		7	{ Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
		11		7	{ Teachers Mee. 8.
as		11		5	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
		9		5	Ember Ser. 7½ a.m.
Advent	9	10.45	3	6.30	
as Day	8-12	10.45	3	6.30	
en		11		5	
		11		7	Teachers Meeting 8.
y Imocents		11		5	
		11		5	
		9		5	
Christinas	9	10.45	3	6.30	

SERVICE, 10.45, 6. P.M. HOLT SERVICES, 11 A.M. 3 P.M.
 CAXFORD SERVICES 11 A.M. 6 P.M.

of the Coal Committee will attend this month as follows,
 per 4. REV. S. S. KEDDLE and MR. LLOYD-JONES.
 11. GENERAL MACLEAN and MR. WHITEHEAD.
 18. REV LESTER LESTER and MR. BOOR.

